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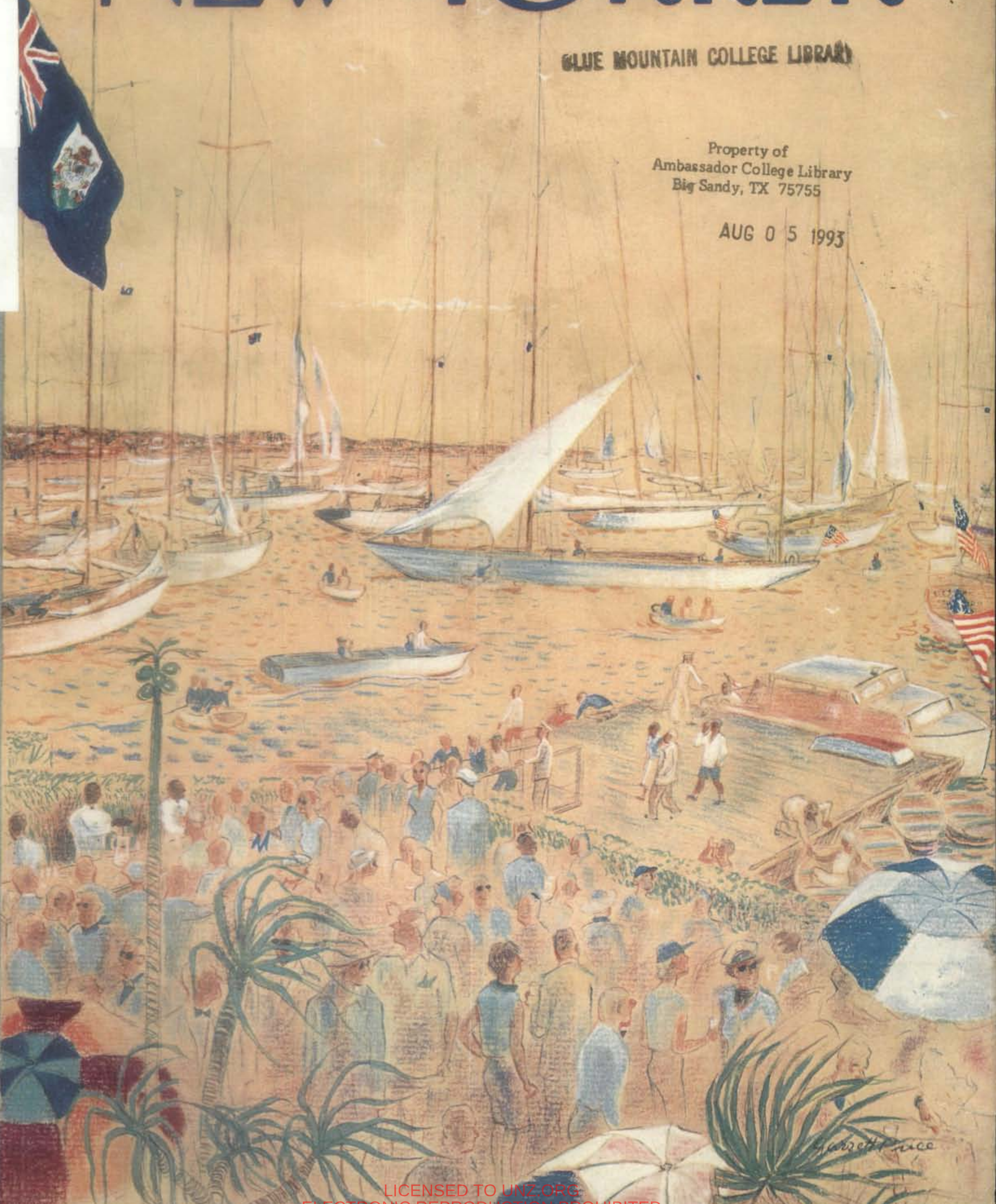

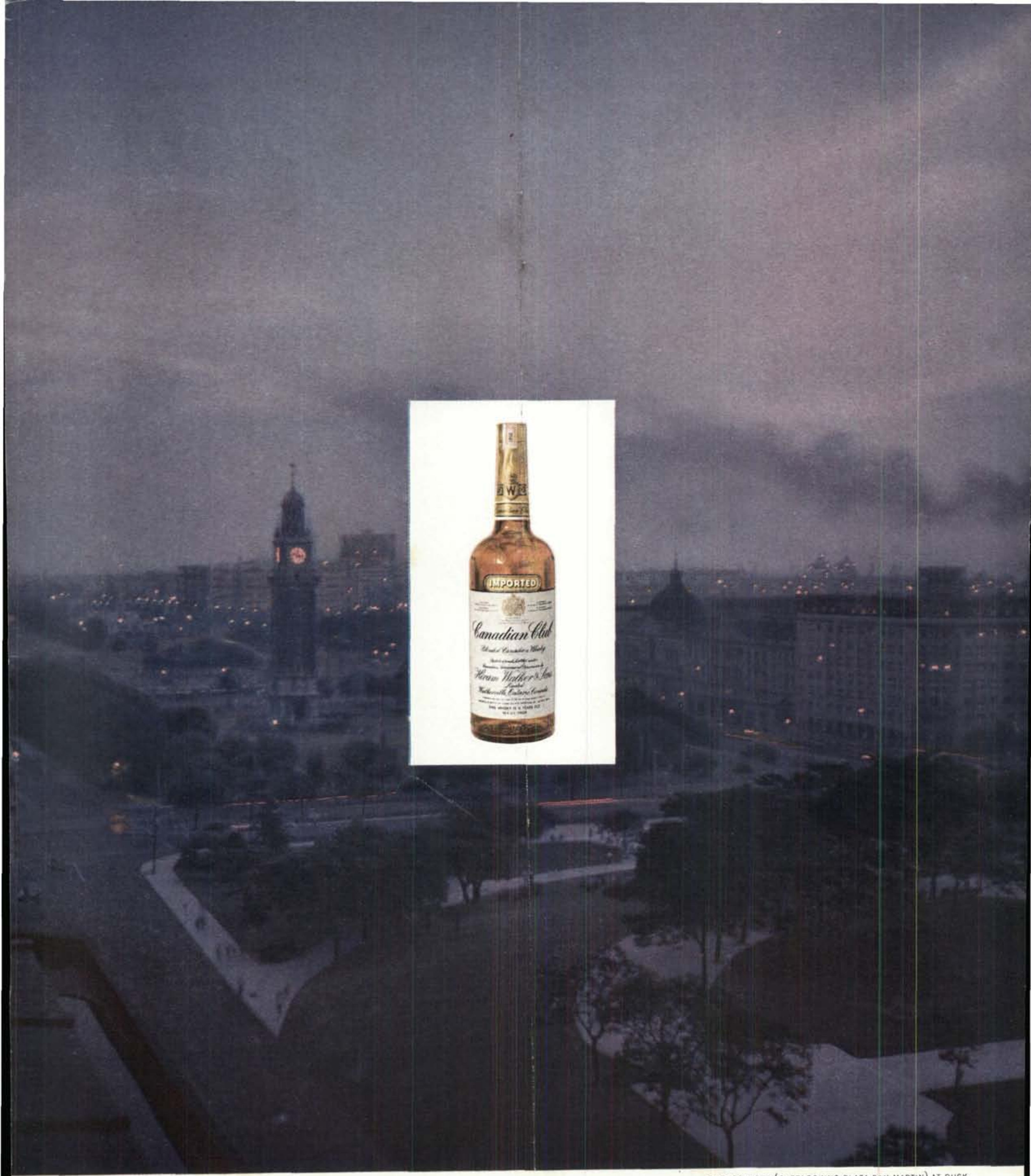
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A well-staged account, by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, of the emotional confusions of the younger set. June Walker and Chester Morris are abetted by a number of attractive younger people. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. It probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. With Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, Victor Kilian, Arthur Hill, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

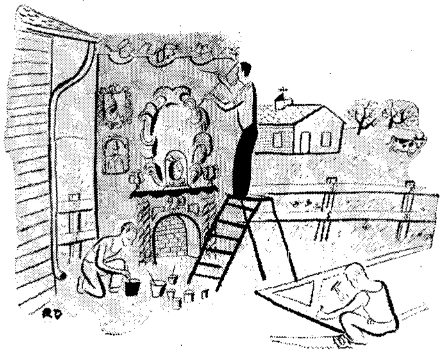
Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly effective theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 5, for six weeks.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Some droll doings involving Peter Lind Hayes, as a professor who gets mixed up with the F.B.I.; Mary Healy, as his wife; and Larry Blyden, as a clumsy Mr. Fixit. The play was written by Norman Krasna, an old hand at this sort of thing. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** Beatrice Lillie has replaced Greer Garson as the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 28.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, Closes Saturday, June 28, for six weeks.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is splendid in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Oh Captain!—An adaptation of an Alec Guinness film that isn't very subtle in its humor but is still genial. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and even if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it still makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. With Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. Sydney Chaplin is also in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Wynne Miller, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan, David Hurst, and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

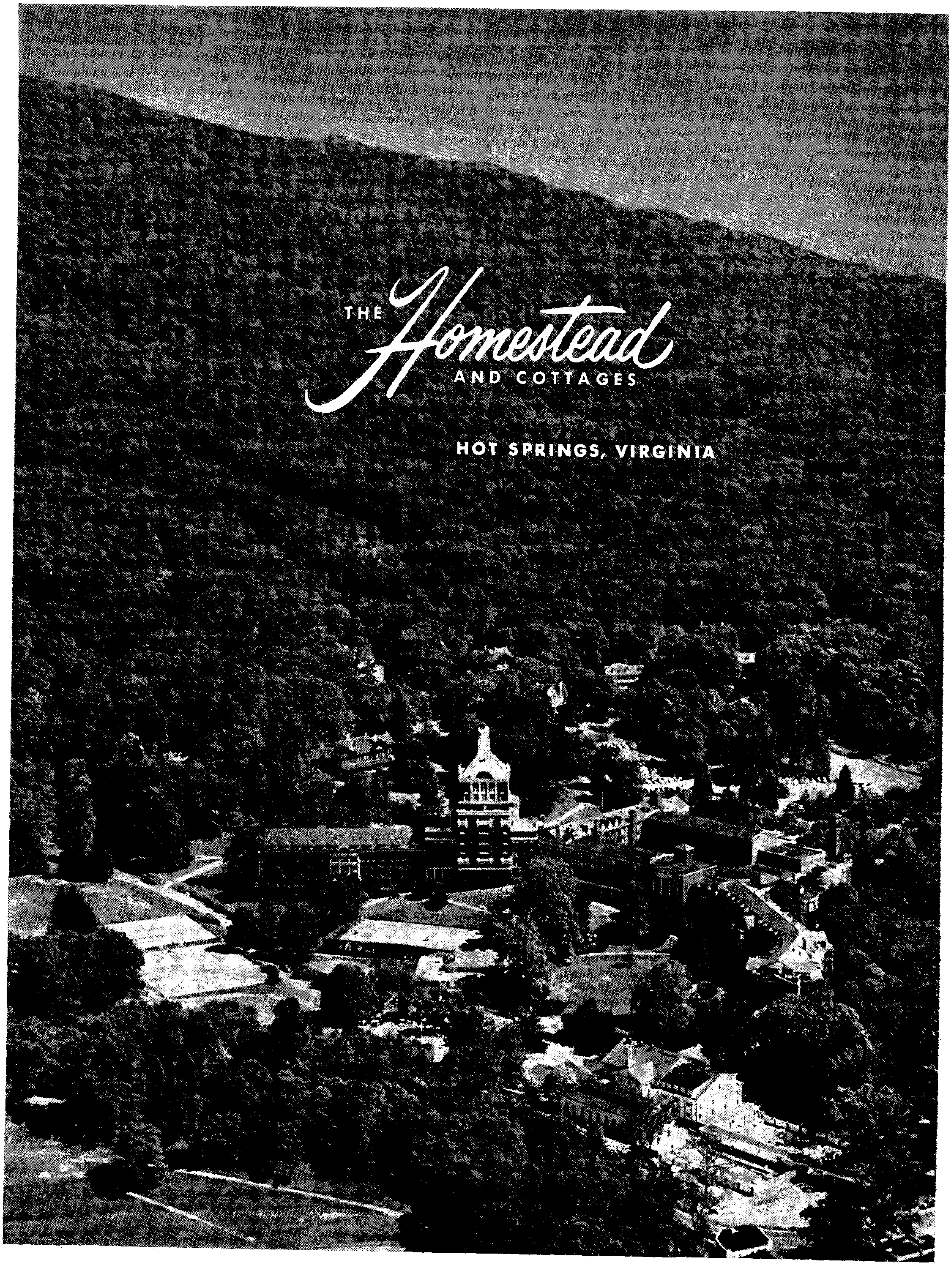
Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Peg Murray and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 18, June 21, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


THE Homestead AND COTTAGES
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One of the nicest places in the world for a vacation: The Homestead, more handsome and enjoyable than ever. It's a wonderfully well-run hotel, on a 17,000-acre estate with its own golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools—in the quiet, cool, beautiful Virginia Alleghanies.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Paul Stevens head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Garden District—Two plays—"Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer"—make up this Tennessee Williams double bill starring Ann Harding. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted and directed by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" will serve as a curtain-raiser. Previews Saturday through Wednesday, June 21-25, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, June 26. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Sundays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Joanne Spiller. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel, Robert Brown, and Beatrice Arthur. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

You Never Can Tell—The second item in a Shaw festival, with William Landis, Del Tenney, and Mary Grant. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Dance Drama Company—A company headed by Mark Ryder and Emily Frankel, in a program of ballet and modern, ethnic, jazz, and comic dance. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9123. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow in a return engagement. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8:30; Sunday, June 22, at 2:45 and 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 28, at 2:45 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. Preview Thursday, June 19. Opens officially on Friday, June 20. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Saturday, June 21, through Saturday, June 28: James Mason and Pamela Kellino in "Mid-Summer." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Opening-night curtain at 8:40; thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

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Beverly—Starting Monday, June 23: "The Most Happy Fella." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Starting Saturday, June 28: "The Happiest Millionaire." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: "No Time for Sergeants." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Starting Saturday, June 28: Shirley Booth in "Hay Fever." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Starting Saturday, June 28: Ann Sheridan and Scott McKay in "Kind Sir." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fitchburg—Friday, June 20, through Saturday, June 28: "The Moon Is Blue." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 22: "The Most Happy Fella." Starting Tuesday, June 24: "Song of Norway." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Starting Friday, June 27: "Diary of Anne Frank." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:15 and 9:15.)

Matunuck—Saturday, June 21, through Saturday, June 28: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

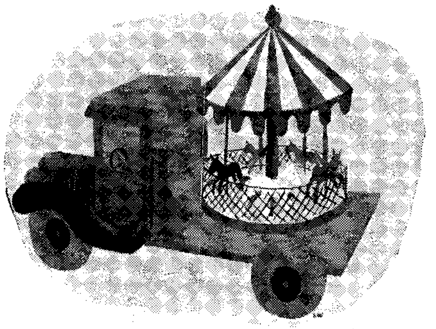
Millburn—Through Sunday, June 29: "The Most Happy Fella." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 21: "No Time for Sergeants." Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 28: "Compulsion." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 19, at 2.)

Ogunquit—Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Saratoga Springs—Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 21: "The More the Merrier." Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: "Monique." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: "No Time for Sergeants." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday, June 19, at 8; Saturday, June 21, at 2:30; Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, at 8; and Saturday, June 28, at 8.... ¶"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8:30; Sunday, June 22, at 3; Tuesday, June 24, at 8:30; Wednesday, June 25, at 3; Friday, June 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 28, at 3. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, June 28: "Damn Yankees." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9:30; and Sunday, June 22, at 8:30.)

Westbury—"Damn Yankees." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 21: Hugh O'Brian in "Picnic." Monday through Saturday, June 23-28: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The greatest show on earth, though not exactly the particular animal kingdom Ringling Brothers had in mind. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation. Renato Rossini, in whose guitar the smoldering passions of Spain and Italy often blossom into flame, strolls here and there every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶Leo LeFleur's solicitous orchestra does its final spate of tea-table music in the Palm Court on Friday, June 20, and its final spate of dinner-table music in the Edwardian Room on Sunday, June 22. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill there's music by Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which, in its enthusiasm for audience participation, tries to lure the customers right up onto the bandstand. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—One of the prettiest and most accommodating summer resorts in all the American Alps. Every night but Sunday, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's minute dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-

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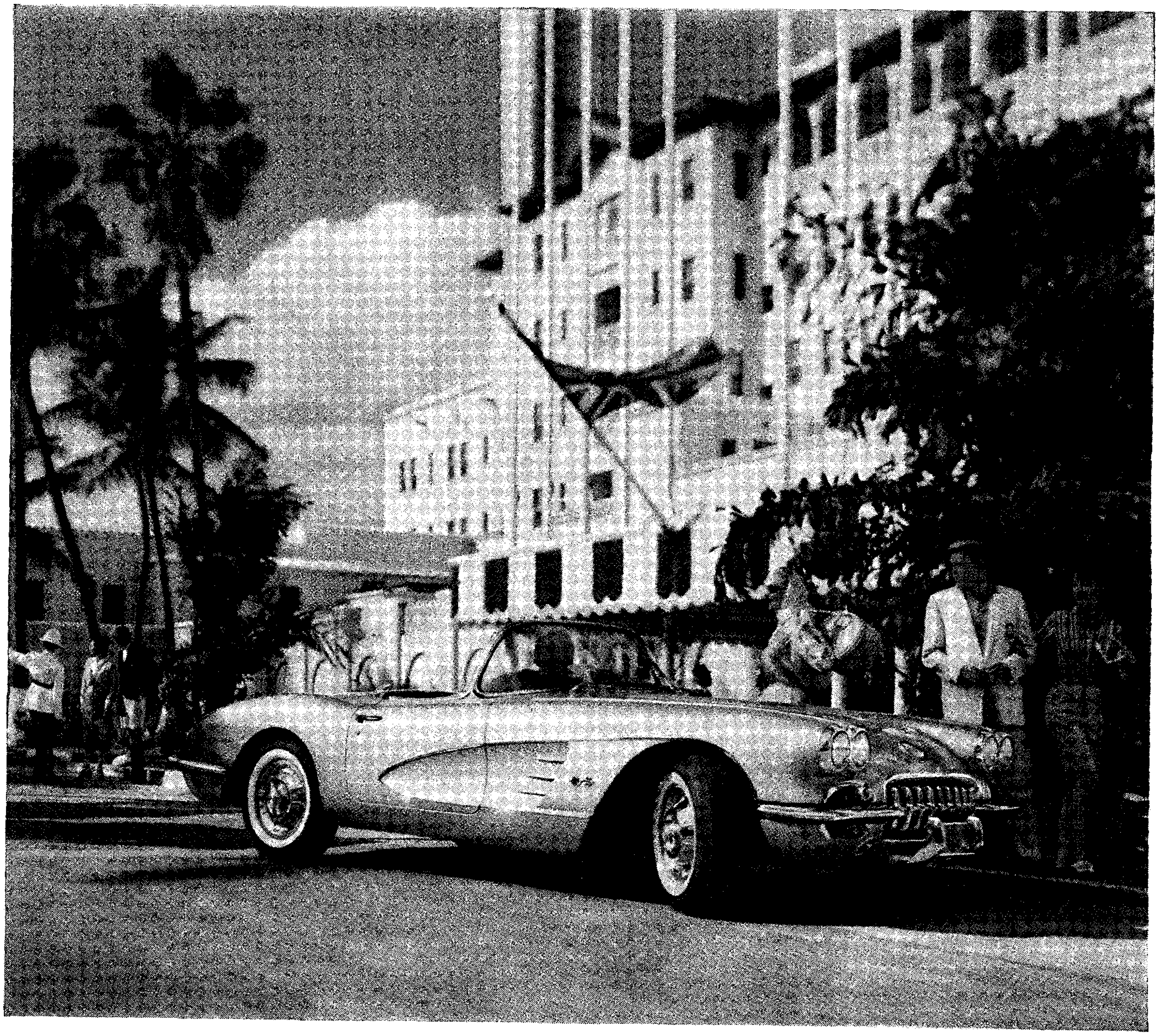

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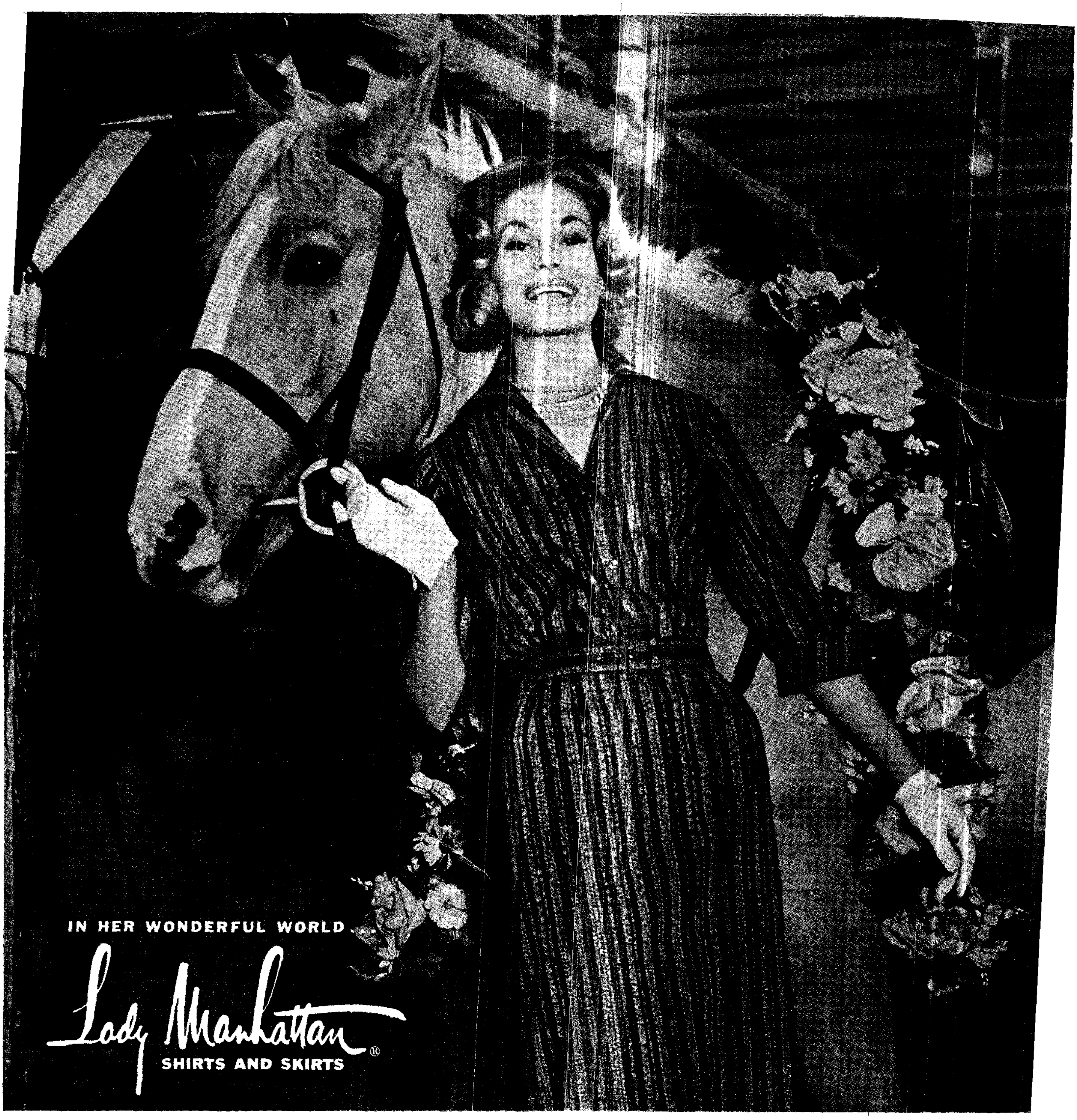

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club, which hasn't so far been recaptioned, still murmurs calm dinner music until nine; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The celestial phenomena up above the open terrace are the work of a divine force, not stagehands; the music is the work of Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band, which play for dancing after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays. Closed Mondays.

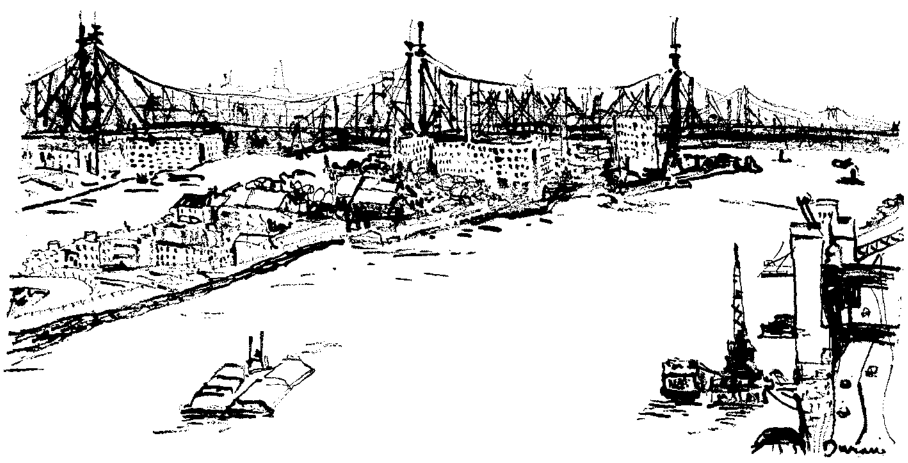
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, dim and beautiful, is offering a summer temperature well above average by reason of the orchestra of Xavier Cugat, about as Latin as they come in this country. After the theatre, Abbe Lane, a Latin explanation of why men leave home, starts singing; Tito Guizar sings at the dinner show. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by Jozsi Ribari's group (Neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Béla Babai orchestra supplies dance music from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Al Mello, a new hand at the piano, sits down to work at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Five is the opening hour for both bar and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for strings and for sybarites alike. The strings—Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers—are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil; she herself is one of our best after-dinner condiments. There's also piano by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The stage set, though enchanting, is too up-to-date to call to mind that adjunct to the Pitti Palace known as the Boboli Gardens, but the cuisine, mood, and management (Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years a mainstay of the Blue Angel) couldn't be more Florentine. A piano discourses decorously from eight until early morning. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the world of drawing-room pianism, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being moody. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make Château Yquem music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal aural amusement comes from Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is often lovelorn. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in an elegant new flowering, and offering an old Spanish mixture—provender and wine of the country, plus piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, drifting as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons, violins (the one plied by Kalman Banyak is especially vivid), and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an ample supply of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles over the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Old World toward a more 1958 concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's desultory, easy-to-talk-above piano from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): What is probably a



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tiny Italian opera company that has lost its way strolls down the aisles in mid-evening, and violins flow like wine from dinnertime on. The setting could be carnival in Venice. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size bar of the Stanhope Hotel has its last session by the guitar of Fernando Sirvent on Sunday, June 22. He operates from nine to twelve.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In a not quite bottomless well, Ella Fitzgerald sings sad, sings mad, sings hot, sings blue. The rest of the evening, a standard-gauge Copacabana charivari thunders away in its own imitable fashion. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway, at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): A vast, good-time-was-had-by-all conglomeration of showgirls, clowns (the battering-ram Bernard Brothers), tumblers, dancers, homemade rainstorms, flying bird cages, and whatnot that takes two hours to pass a given point. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Three jokers good enough to open any game—Orson Bean, Harvard '47, whose academic course in animal husbandry ran largely to the care and feeding of shaggy dogs; George Matson, whose pantomime commentary on womanhood (present company excepted) is outrageous and funny in approximately equal measure; and Dorothy Loudon, whose scalpel work on the average popular song leaves no words unturned. Randy Sparks, a newcomer from the West Coast, sings songs of the hills and the backwoods. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio (Jim Raney, who's a *Down Beat* medallist, and Beverly Peer are his colleagues) and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging but not altogether innocent little lambs (Ceil Cabot, Jenny Lou Law, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold) and a new but nevertheless very knowing big bad wolf (Mickey Deems). The architect of this project is Julius Monk; its rascally words and music come from Ronny Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, Mr. Deems, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Arthur Siegel and Carl Norman. Nine-thirty and twelve are the zero hours; Sunday is the holiday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The anteroom of the Downstairs Room, and also within the domain of Julius Monk. Its design—the whiling away of idle hours—is served by Isobel Robins, a pale-gold troupial whose evensong is laden with pique, piquancy, and a couple of tender passions; Ralph Strain, playing piano that is well versed in the Romance languages; and Don Evans, a keyboard man mercurial enough to suit any mood, and suit it well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Joey Carter, who finds jokes everywhere, even under spreading chestnut trees, is retailing them in bland fashion. Mardi Bayne, a girl new to this sector of the world, does the carolling. There's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. Mr. Carter is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Bayne is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The whole thing, tucked away behind the sort of jaunty Midtown Café, is probably something out of a dream, but the amusement—the straightforward, healthy ditties of a waif named Janice Mars and the piano of the composer Baldwin Bergerson—is as real as can be. All quiet Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Possibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs but large enough to house a revue in which four young people are involved. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark, and in Fia Karin the establishment owns a balladeer of distinction. This goes on twice nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's new and handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads his trio (in which Mousie Alexander operates) into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dakota Staton, who calls the tunes around here, revives an age when jazz wasn't afraid of rhythm and gusto. The counterpoint to her carbonated voice is a trio run by Jimmy Jones at the piano. Whitey Mitchell, now owner of a trio himself, adds a hard, brittle note to the proceedings. There are matinées Sundays as well as evening sessions, and the place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The quartet belonging to Tyree Glenn, a puissant winder of horns, and a quartet belonging to Peter Appleyard are breathing hard into what may be the biggest public-address system yet devised. On Monday, June 23, a group (Buck Clayton, Chubby Jackson, Mundell Lowe, and Sam Most) led by Jackie Cooper, who always wanted to be a drummer lad instead of a movie boy wonder, will take over the Appleyard portion of the deep breathing. The base of operations is a hyperthyroid King Arthur's court. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, for whom the world stopped back around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully as possible the music of that long-ago sphere. They are assisted in this memory course by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Mondays there are house guests on the stand. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Billy Taylor, whose twenty fingers (no thumbs) can do a four-minute mile with ease, dominates his trio, the back room, and one or two annals of modern music. He occasionally eases off with a solo in the left hand. George Wallington, also a positive progressionist, has a threesome on duty, too. The Wallingtons are away on Sundays; the Taylors are off Mondays. Every night except Sunday, Johnny Mehegan plays truly introspective piano from the cocktail hour until eight. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The forest primeval, alive at night with sounds that are not always identifiable. In a byway, through Wednesday, June 25, there'll be singing by the Hi-Lo's, practically the best of the group warblers, and music by Maynard Ferguson's orchestra (shouting from the housetops) and the Mitchell-Ruff duo (bittersweet). The next night, Dinah Washington, a voice of decision, and Cal Tjader's quintet will join up with the Mitchell-Ruff team, which is staying on. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty every night but Monday, Toshiko Akiyoshi is devoting her midyear holiday from the conservatories of music to an exposition of her attitude toward modern American piano. The result is sometimes hard-headed, hard-hitting common sense, sometimes wistfulness. She's supported by bass and drums. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The hurricane warning is always prominently displayed, and with reason. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such

Dixiecrats as Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music to shiver timbers by, done in primordial style. On Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, the housewreckers should include Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): If people would only stop talking, they'd discover that there's music up on the little bandstand. The quartet of Bobby Hackett, one of the great silver-tongued trumpeters, will be in residence through Saturday, June 21; Buddy Greco's trio will be moving in on Monday, June 23. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-0274): Any resemblance between this small planet and the one the rest of us live in is coincidental. Bobby Scott, a piano man full of up-to-date calisthenics, and Sam Donahue's quartet should be around for a while. Sundays, the doors open at five; nothing doing Tuesdays. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet in which Lee Konitz and his old co-worker and tenor-sax man Warne Marsh are concerned is still seeking the fifth dimension in American music. Sundays, the seminar runs from six until twelve. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, which comes from a new world not yet completely explored. A quintet in which, when his timepiece synchronizes with everyone else's, Thelonious Monk plays piano almost beyond compare is on the hot seat every night but Monday, when Mal Waldron's band does the housework.... **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor, in the middle of the Hotel Duane, and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice sometimes joins in. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Chaim Soutine and His Circle—Paintings by a group of Russian and Polish artists (including, along with Soutine, Pinchus Kremegne, Mané-Katz, and Arbit Blatas) who emigrated to Paris around the time of the First World War; through June 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Open Saturdays.)

The Three Utrillos—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and architectural photographs and models by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of this year's Academy and Institute awards, including Abraham Rattner, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, Jean de Marco, Henry R. Shepley, and Edward D. Stone; through Sunday, June 22. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Outdoor Sculpture Show—Rhys Caparn, Sidney Gordin, Ibram Lassaw, and others of the New Sculpture Group; through Friday, June 20. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Such painters and sculptors as George L. K. Morris, Reuben Tam, and William King; through Friday, June 27.... **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A painting apiece by a number of artists, including Harold Baumbach, Geoffrey Holder, and Ralph Rosenborg; through Friday, June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)... **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Oils by Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Goodnough,

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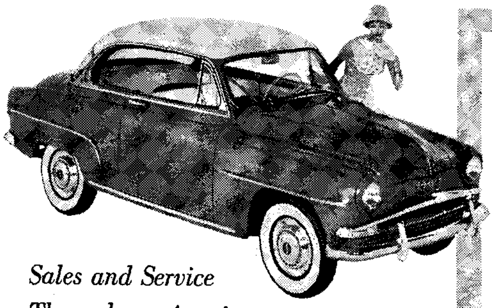

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Larry Rivers, and others; through Saturday, June 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A new building at 100 Church Street is the theme of a guest exhibition of paintings by ten artists, among them Carroll Cloar, Gregorio Prestopino, and Jimmy Ernst; through Friday, June 27. . . . **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Adolph Gottlieb, Jacques Lipchitz, Saul Steinberg, and several others in a showing of paintings and sculptures, along with selections from their own art collections; through Saturday, June 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, John Costigan, and others; through Sept. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The gallery group (painters and sculptors), including Byron Browne, Seong Moy, and Hugo Robus; through Aug. 29. . . . **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.: John McClusky, George Tooker, and other painters, plus one sculptor, Jared French; through Friday, June 27. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: The roster here lists both members and guests, among them painters Lawrence Calcagno and Seymour Boardman and sculptress Louise Kruger; through Friday, June 27. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Participants in a showing of oils include Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Friday, June 27. . . . **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by I. Rice Pereira, Julian Levi, Milton Hebald, and others; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, June 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pierre Matisse, Ernst Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through July 25. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Loren MacIver, Jean Dubuffet, Theodore Roszak, and others in a painting-and-sculpture exhibit; through Friday, June 27. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Six European painters and sculptors—Afro, Renato Birolli, Alan Davie, Peter Lanyon, Luciano Minguzzi, and Mirko—and one American sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal; through June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: German artists, among them Willi Baumeister, Emil Nolde, and Hans Uhlmann, in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: A review of the season, consisting of paintings by Klee, Miró, Léger, and others; through Saturday, June 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **TRETYAKOV**, 11 E. 57th St.: Large academic paintings by a group of Russians, mostly of the nineteenth century and interesting for the view they give of life under the Czars; through Saturday, June 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Chinese Folk Art—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 17. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Sculptures, oils, drawings, and prints by a dozen artists; through Saturday, June 28. (Galeria Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 29.

MUSEUMS

(Warning: The Metropolitan, the Brooklyn, and the Museum of Natural History and their adjuncts may all be closed because of labor difficulties.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot and Honoré Daumier; starting Thursday, June 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is closed at present for carpentry and such, and the date of reopening is uncertain.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Approximately thirty paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, and figures) by younger-generation Israeli artists; through July 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 2—Monday, June 23: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24: Alexander Smallens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Stell Andersen, piano, and Aldo Parisot, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Puccini program, with Licia Albanese, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Goldman Band—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15.)

Jazz Concert—Billie Holiday and the Dave Brubeck quartet. (Loew's Sheridan Theatre, Seventh Ave. at 12th St. WA 9-2166. Saturday, June 21, at midnight.)

Salmaggi Outdoor Opera—"Aïda." (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, June 27, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

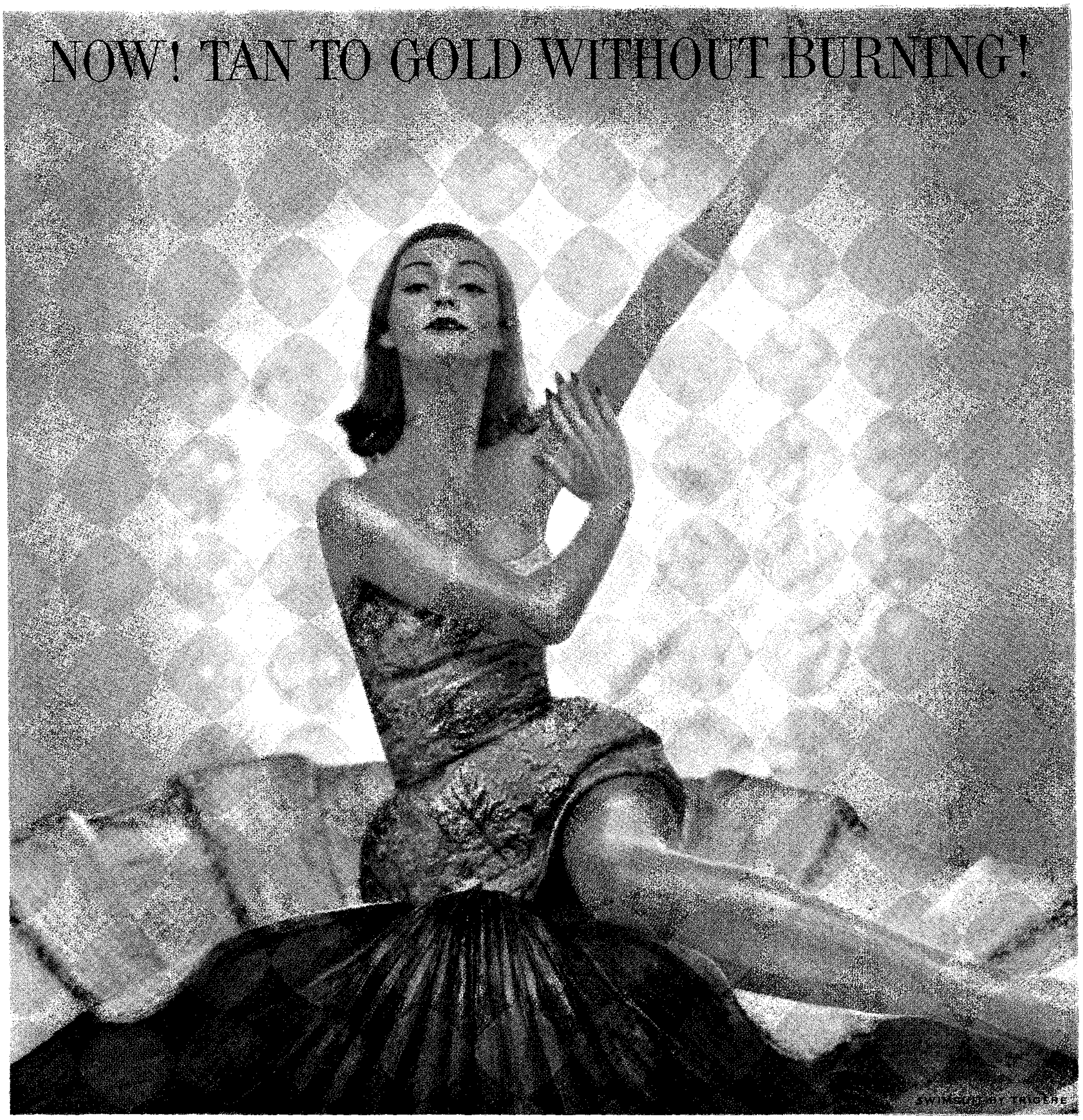
IN THE COUNTRY

Castle Hill Concerts—Odetta, folk singer; Pearl Primus, ethnic dancer; and Ram Gopal, Indian dancer. (Ipswich, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Johnny Busso vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Re-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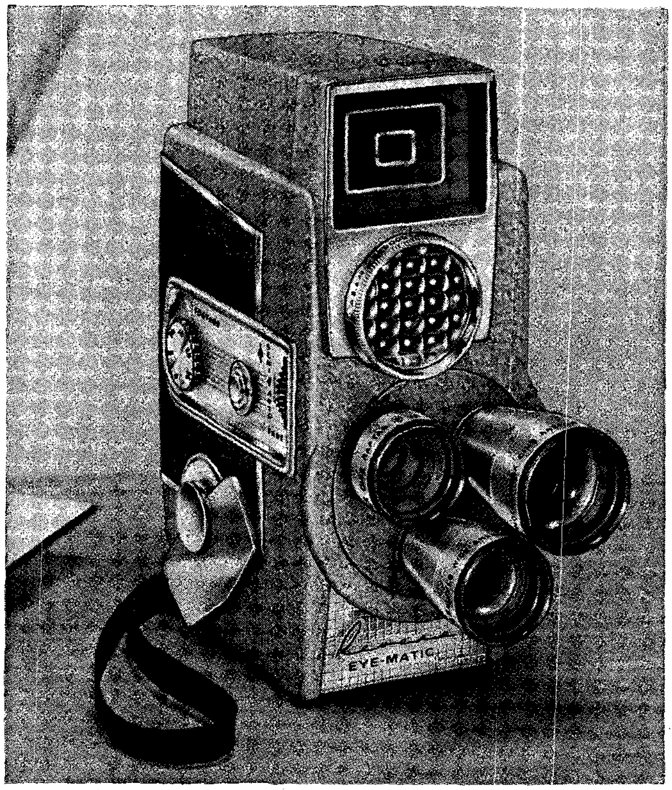


CA-2—Electric Eye-Matic 8mm Spool Turret Camera—*Completely automatic* with super-fast WOLLENSAK f/1.8 3-lens turret system for taking normal, wide angle and telephoto shots; simplified drop-in load; lightweight. F.E.T. inc. **$\$169^{50}$**

CA-4—Electric Eye-Matic 8mm Magazine Turret Camera—Same features as Model CA-2 with convenience of fast magazine load. F.E.T. inc. **$199.50**

Sets its Own Exposure by Energy of Light

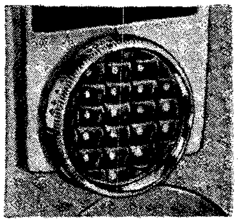
No Batteries—*Just Aim and Shoot!*

Here is the world's first completely new *automatic* camera—backed by more than six years of electronic and engineering research.

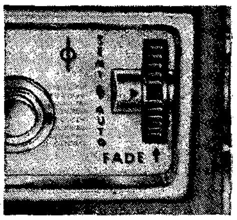
The Revere Electric Eye-Matic is the easiest movie camera in the world to operate. Just aim and shoot! Capture the action the instant it happens. Sweep from sunlight to shade or floodlight to shadow without resetting! Whatever the light condition, indoors or outdoors, the Exposure Computer Lens electronically adjusts the iris opening instantly and continuously, like the action in the pupil of your eye. All done by energy of light, *without aid of batteries.* You get perfectly exposed pictures every time.

Included also are such outstanding features as: automatically computed lens setting always visible through the viewfinder for special effect references; insufficient light signal; extra-large, tinted, optical glass viewfinder; viewfinder parallax adjustment; extra-long-run governor-controlled spring motor and many more. Compare the Revere Electric Eye-Matic with any other camera and you'll agree there's nothing like it anywhere!

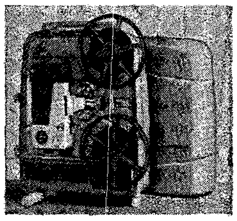
REVERE CAMERA COMPANY • CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



Exposure Computer Lens—Rectangular cells measure light only in the actual picture taking area. No over or under exposures due to extraneous light . . . you are always assured of perfectly exposed pictures.



Exposure Control Dial—In addition to completely automatic operation, this Revere "exclusive" permits you to make movies with a variety of special effects, professional fades and unusual dramatic scenes.



"777" 8mm Projector—Fitting companion to your Revere Eye-Matic Camera. Simple forward and reverse; ¾" F/1.6 lens; 750-watts; 2-400 ft. reels; lubricated for life; self-contained carrying case. **$127.50**

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gatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 21.)

Horse Shows—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, June 19-22.)...¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Saturday, June 28.)

Polo—At Meadow Brook Club, Jericho: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 21, and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON ROAD RACE CENTER**, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, June 21-22, at 2.... **WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.**: Saturday, June 28, at 10.

Tennis—Professional matches: Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Frank Sedgman, Pancho Segura, Tony Trabert, Rex Hartwig, Don Budge, and Jack Kramer. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Thursday, June 19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 21-22, at 2.)...¶ Amateur matches: New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Arlington, N.J. Through Sunday, June 22.) Sears Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21.) Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 21, through Sunday, June 29.) New York State Women's Championships. (Beach Point Club, Mamaroneck. Monday through Saturday, June 23-28.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California; through June 30. (If the Planetarium is not closed because of labor difficulties, the schedule is: Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Final auction of the season, Thursday, June 19, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, Sèvres bisque and other porcelains, silver, and decorative objects; from the collection of the late Ella Morris de Peyster.

Bob Cousy and Art Pinder on a Jantzen International Sports Club skin diving voyage off the Florida Keys. Photo by Tom Kelley.

Exceptional swim trunks worn by "Mr. Basketball," newest member of Jantzen Sports Club

Bob Cousy, world-famous Celtic from Boston, is wearing what many sportsmen consider the finest trunks in existence.

This is not a new style. We developed it two years ago, and it features an elastic waistband that keeps the top snug and comfortable, no matter how many times you dive or how rough the surf. High divers, swimmers and skin divers agree that they're the best *diving* trunks ever made.

The trunks above are slightly different from the first models developed in 1956, but only in the waistband design. The basic construction is the same, and, like the Volkswagen, it will *stay the same.* The elasticized fabric is tough but comfortable, and there is a built-in supporter.

One style, black or white, sizes 28 to 40, $4.95; sizes 42 to 44, $5.95. All comfortable *all day.* At better men's stores.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. The piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gigi—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a handsome affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

No Time for Sergeants—Andy Griffith recreates the odd character he depicted not so long ago on Broadway—a Georgia wool-hat, combining equal parts of innocence and chicanery, who as a private upsets the workings of the Air Force. He is just as funny in two dimensions as he was in three, and among his stalwart supporters in the general uproar are Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, and James Milhollan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rooney—John Gregson is most appealing in this English film about a Dublin bachelor running like the wind before a pack of women anxious to lead him to the altar. Barry Fitzgerald, playing an ancient who is related to some of the pursuing females, is also his usual diverting self. Quite a jolly affair all around. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Rouge et Noir—A blurred version of the Stendhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through the afternoon of June 24.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, with Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor in the cast. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 25.)

REVIVALS

The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet (1956)—A Russian item which offers a score by Prokofieff and the dancing of Galina Ulanova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 20.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 19.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 19.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 25.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 20-21.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's version of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; June 22-24.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through June 21.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 25.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; June 22-24. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting June 25.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 25.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 20-21.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 25.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 23-24.)

The Silent World (1956)—Life underwater, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau. A French film, with an English narration. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 25.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 22-23.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, June 21-25, at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 24: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi, Suzy Parker.
From June 25, at 8:30: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins. (Opening night will be a benefit for the National Urban League.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Extra performance Saturday, June 21, at 10:30 A.M.; no reserved seats.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
June 19 (tentative): "Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patisson, Anne Vernon.
From June 20 (tentative): "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 24 (tentative): "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From June 25 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 24: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From June 25: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 24 (tentative): "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
From June 25 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 24 (last showing at about 5): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From June 24, at 8:30: "The Case of Dr. Laurent" (in French), Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel. (Opening night by invitation only.)

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ROONEY.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
June 19: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
June 20-24: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn; and "Manhunt in the Jungle," a semi-documentary film.
From June 25: **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival; and "The Swan," revival, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 25: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

BARONET, 3rd. Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 24 (tentative): "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
From June 25 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 25: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES,** revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 22 (tentative): "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.
June 23-24 (tentative): "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
From June 25 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 24 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
From June 25 (tentative): "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
June 19: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
June 20-24: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn; and "Manhunt in the Jungle," a semi-documentary film.
From June 25: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
June 19: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 20-21: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival.
June 22-23: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
June 24-25: "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 24 (tentative): "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
From June 25 (tentative): "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 25 (tentative): "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 21: "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
June 22-24: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.
From June 25: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
June 19: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
June 20-24: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn; and "Manhunt in the Jungle," a semi-documentary film.
From June 25: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
June 19: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS,** revival.
June 20-21: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
June 22: "House of Bamboo," revival, Robert Ryan, Robert Stack; and "Violent Saturday," revival, Victor Mature, Richard Egan.
June 23-24: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and "The Proud and Profane," revival, William Holden, Deborah Kerr.
From June 25: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **HIGH SIERRA,** revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 23: "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
From June 24: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through June 25 (tentative): "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 24: "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
From June 25: **THE OLD MAID,** revival; and **THE SILENT WORLD,** revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 19: **MARTIN LUTHER,** revival; and "Trouble in the Glen," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Orson Welles.
From June 20: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET,** revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 24: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From June 25: "Horror of Dracula," Peter Cushing; and "The Thing that Couldn't Die," William Reynolds.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through June 21: **A HATFUL OF RAIN,** revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
June 22-24: **DIAL M FOR MURDER,** revival; and **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival.
From June 25: "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 24: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.
From June 25: "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano; and "Screaming Mimi," Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
June 19: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
June 20-24: "Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn; and "Manhunt in the Jungle," a semi-documentary film.
From June 25: "Summer Love," John Saxon; and "The Big Beat," William Reynolds.

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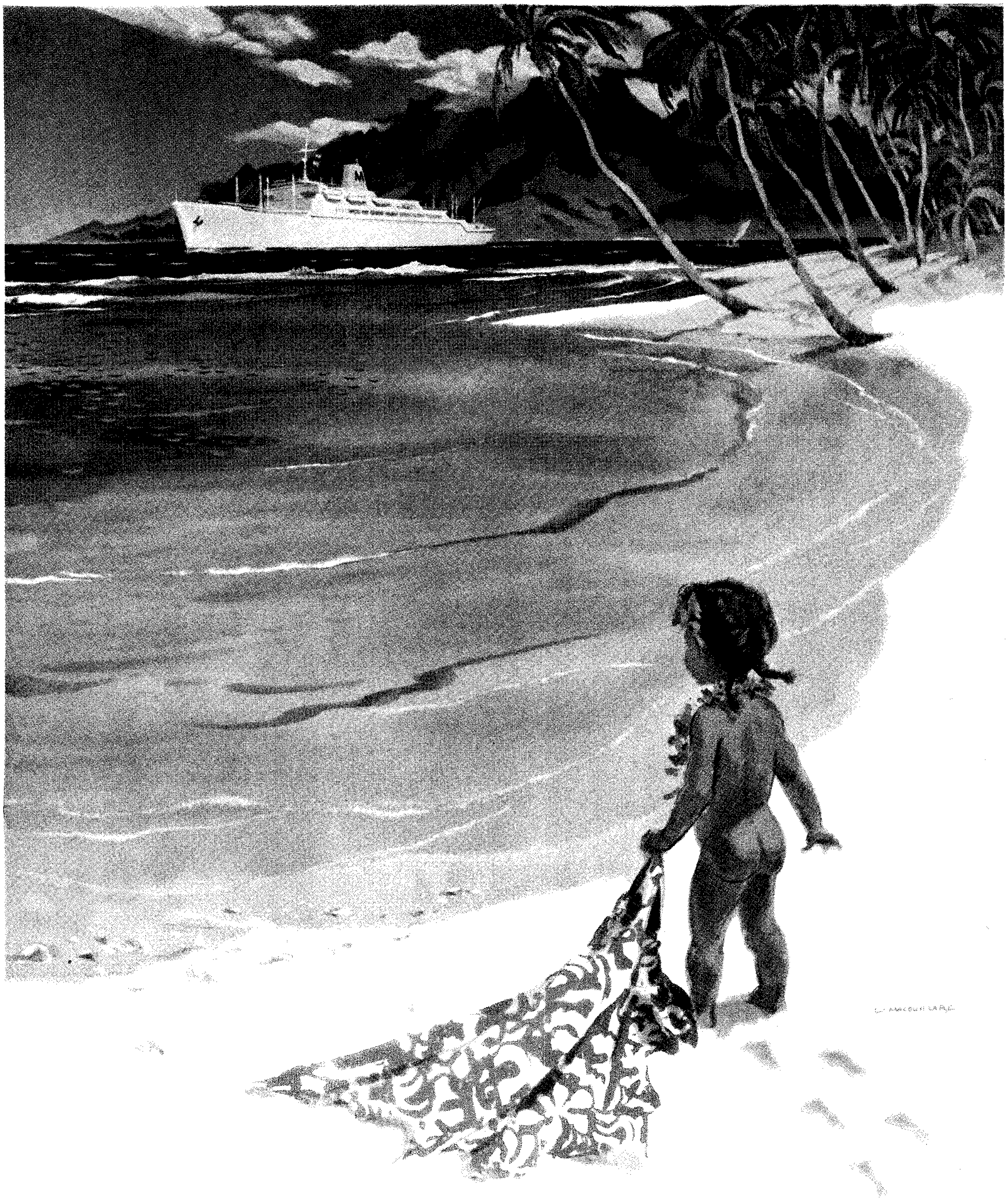

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What makes Rolls-Royce the best car in the world?

"There is really no magic about it—it is merely patient attention to detail," says an eminent Rolls-Royce engineer.

1. "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise comes from the electric clock," reports the Technical Editor of THE MOTOR. The silence of the engine is uncanny. Three mufflers tune out sound frequencies—acoustically.

2. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for seven hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is test-driven for hundreds of miles over varying road surfaces.

3. The Rolls-Royce is designed as an *owner-driven* car. It is eighteen inches shorter than the largest domestic cars.

4. The car has power steering, power brakes and automatic gear-shift. It is very easy to drive and to park. No chauffeur required.

5. There is no metal-to-metal contact between the body of the car and the chassis frame—except for the speedometer drive. The entire body is insulated and under-sealed.

6. The finished car spends a week in the final test-shop, being fine-tuned. Here it is subjected to 98 separate ordeals. For example, the engineers use a *stethoscope* to listen for axle-whine.

7. The Rolls-Royce is guaranteed for *three years*. With a new network of dealers and parts-depots from Coast to Coast, service is no problem.

8. The Rolls-Royce radiator has never changed, except that when Sir Henry Royce died in 1933 the monogram RR was changed from red to black.

9. The coachwork is given five coats of primer paint, and hand rubbed between each coat, before *fourteen* coats of finishing paint go on.

10. By moving a switch on the steering column, you can adjust the shock-absorbers to suit road conditions. (The lack of fatigue in driving this car is remarkable.)

11. Another switch defrosts the rear window, by heating a network of 1360 invisible wires in the glass. There are two separate ventilating systems, so that you can ride in comfort and silence with all the windows closed. Air conditioning is optional.

12. The seats are upholstered with eight hides of English leather—enough to make 128 pairs of soft shoes.

13. A picnic table, veneered in French walnut, slides out from under the dash. Two more swing out behind the front seats. The backrests on the front seats are individually adjustable.

14. You can get such optional extras as an Espresso coffee-making machine, a dictating machine, a bed, hot and cold water for washing, an electric razor or a telephone.

Jet Engines and the Future

Certain airlines have chosen Rolls-Royce turbo-jets for their Boeing 707's and Douglas DC8's. Rolls-Royce prop-jets are in the Vickers Viscount, the Fairchild F.27 and the Grumman Gulfstream.

Rolls-Royce engines power more than half the turbo-jet and prop-jet airliners supplied to or on order for world airlines.

Rolls-Royce now employ 42,000 people and the company's engineering experience does not stop at motor cars and jet engines. There are Rolls-Royce diesel and gasoline engines for many other applications.

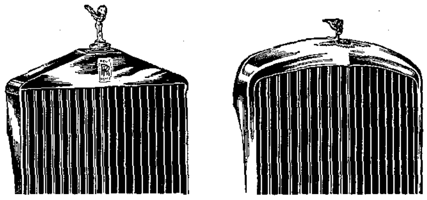
The huge research and development resources of the company are now at work on many projects for the future, including nuclear and rocket propulsion.

15. You can lubricate the entire chassis by simply pushing a pedal from the driver's seat. A gauge on the dash shows the level of oil in the crankcase.

16. Gasoline consumption is remarkably low and there is no need to use premium gas; a happy economy.

17. There are two separate systems of power brakes, hydraulic and mechanical. The Rolls-Royce is a very *safe* car—and also a very *lively* car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.

18. Rolls-Royce engineers make periodic visits to inspect owners' motor cars and advise on service.



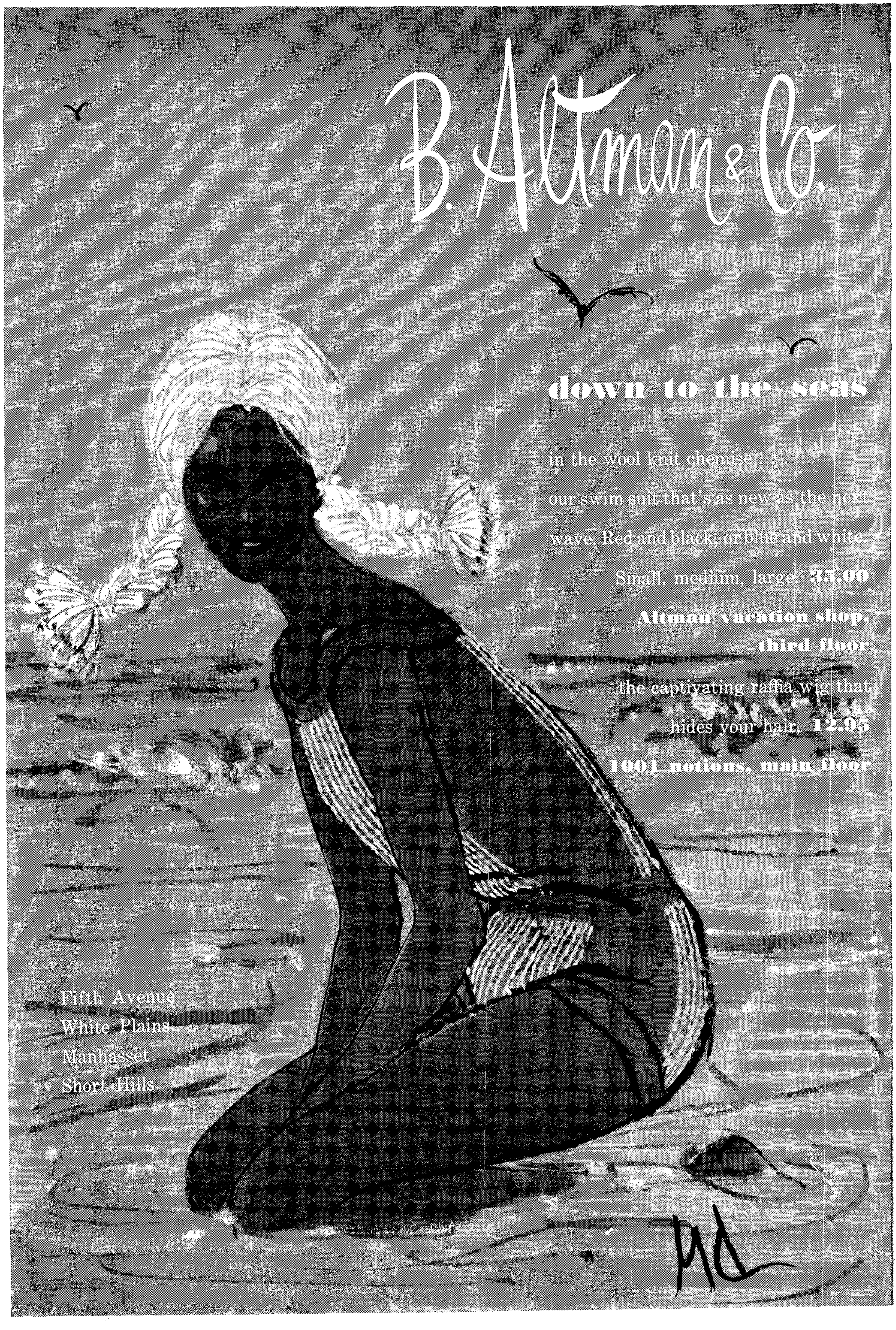
ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY

19. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiators, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. The Bentley costs $300 less, because its radiator is simpler to make. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The car illustrated in this advertisement—f.o.b. principal ports of entry—costs **$13,550.**

If you would like the rewarding experience of driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone to one of the dealers listed on page 56. Rolls-Royce Inc., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, CIrcle 5-1144.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD—$13.550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down to the seas

in the wool knit chemise . . .
our swim suit that's as new as the next
wave. Red and black, or blue and white.
Small, medium, large. **35.00**
Altman vacation shop,
third floor

the captivating raffia wig that
hides your hair. **12.95**
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Fifth Avenue
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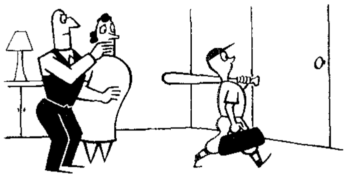
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

APPARENTLY, the St. Louis Cardinals are much more friable than they used to be, for a paper in San Francisco recently ran the headline "GIANTS CRUSH CARDINALS, 3-1." Now, we don't want to suggest that our city's eldest franchise has got in with a group of orange squeezers who don't know real pulverization when they see it. There's been too much of such carping already. When a boy leaves home, a mother's duty is to hold her tongue, we always say.



While voices around us cried that the West Coast was, variously, a vile limbo, an obscure religious sect, a figment of Walter O'Malley's fevered imagination, and a tar pit of busherism certain to fossilize whatever it enveloped, we kept mum. As a reward to ourself for restraint, therefore, we *will* offer some advice about the science or art of baseball-headline verbs. These we have seen evolve from a simple matter of "WIN" and "LOSE" into a structure of periphrasis as complex as heraldry in feudalism's decadence. New York City, now a quaint port known principally for her historical monuments, once boasted three—we swear it, *three*—baseball teams and a dozen daily newspapers. The lore accumulated here should be passed on to headline writers in all the fresh, brash towns likely to be visited as the major leagues, driven by a dark fatality, continue their migration toward Asia.

The correct verb, San Francisco, is "WHIP." Notice the vigor, force, and scorn obtained, quite without hyperbole. This table may prove helpful:

3–1—WHIP
3–2—SHADE
2–1—EDGE
1–0—(Pitcher's name) BLANKS*

Turning back and working upward, we come to 4–2, known professionally as "the golden mean," or "absolute zero." The score is uniquely characterless. The bland terms "BEAT" and "DEFEAT" are called in from the bull pen (meaning an area in which pitchers not actually in the game may "warm up"). However, 4–1 gets the coveted verb "VANQUISH." Rule: Any three-run margin, *provided the winning total does not exceed ten*, may be described as a vanquishing. If, however, the margin is a mere two runs and the losing total is five or more, "OUTSLUG" is considered very tasty. You will notice, S.F., the trend called Mounting Polysyllabism, which culminates, at the altitude of double digits, in that trio of Latin-root rhymers, "ANNIHILATE," "OBLITERATE," and "HUMILIATE." E.g., "A'S ANNIHILATE O'S."

Special cases:

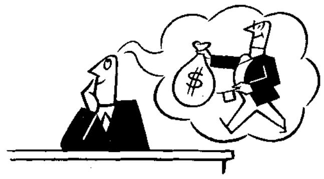
1. If the home team is on the short end of the score, certain laws of mutation apply. "SHADE" becomes "SQUEAK BY." For "OUTSLUG," put "WIN OUT IN SLOPPY CONTEST." By a judicious exploitation of "BOW," the home team, while losing, can be given the active position in the sentence and an appearance of graciousness as well.

2. Many novice banner writers, elevated from the 2-col. obscurity of Class A ball to the black-cap. screamers of the big leagues, fumble the concept of "SWEEP." It *always* takes a plural object. Doubleheaders and series can be swept, but not regulation single games. (The minimal "WIN STREAK" is three games long; five makes a "SURGE.") A team that neither sweeps nor is swept splits. A headline familiar to New Englanders is "SOX SPLIT."

3. Which brings up the delicate matter of punning, or paronomasia. Each Baltimore journal is restricted by secret covenant to one "BIRDS SOAR" every two weeks. Milwaukee, with a stronger team, is permitted twelve instances of "BRAVES SCALP" before the All-Star game. "TIGERS CLAW" and "CUBS LICK" tend to take care of themselves. As for you, San Francisco, the lack of any synonyms for "giant" briefer than "behemoth" and "Brobdingnagian," together with the long-standing failure of New York's own writers to figure out exactly what giants *do* (intimidate? stomp?), rather lets you out of the fun. In view of this, and in view of the team's present surprising record, you may therefore write "GIANTS A-MAYS." But don't do it more than once.

Free

IN one of the pleasantest of our daydreams, the head of a foundation comes to us, hat in hand, and begs us to accept a substantial income for life simply to go on being ourself. "Here's financial independence. Now do whatever you've always wanted to do," our imaginary benefactor says. "Society urgently needs men of your stamp. Absurd to let you waste another moment over anything so trivial as earning a living!" In the light of that durable daydream, it should be easy to understand the interest with which we read,



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*Below, in smaller type, you may have "Twirls 3-(4-, 5-)Hitter." Two-hitters are "spun." For a one-hitter, write "Robbed of No-Hitter."

the other day, that the American Heart Association was awarding grants, on very nearly our terms, to three distinguished medical scientists. Starting July 1st, each of the men—Dr. David B. Sprinson, professor of biochemistry at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons; Dr. John V. Taggart, professor of medicine at the same college; and Dr. Lewis W. Wannamaker, associate professor of pediatrics at the University of Minnesota Medical School—is to receive approximately thirty thousand dollars a year for the rest of his working life (in academic circles, working lives are expected to end at sixty-five), in order to follow his scientific heart's desire wherever it may lead.

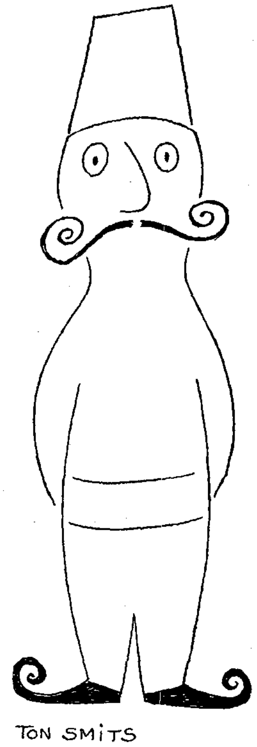
The American Heart Association awarded the first such grant, formidably known as a Career Investigatorship, in 1951; two more grants were made in 1953. The A.H.A. describes itself as more interested in people than in projects; Career Investigatorships are intended to foster unrestricted research of a basic sort by relieving scientists of the strain of teaching, the distractions of administration, and the time-consuming and often vain pursuit of short-term aid. Out of the stipulated annual grant comes a salary of from thirteen to eighteen thousand dollars; ten thousand dollars to cover laboratory costs and the costs of travel and technical and secretarial assistance; and a lagniappe of two thousand dollars to whatever institution happens to be harboring the Investigator. The A.H.A. also makes an allowance of five hundred dollars a year for each dependent. (Of the three new Investigators, one is a bachelor, one has three children, and the other has four.) If the dollar goes down in value over the years, the A.H.A. is prepared to increase the amount of the grant correspondingly. Moreover, when an Investigator reaches sixty-five he is entitled to enjoy the benefits of the A.H.A. retirement plan.

It's no use, by the way, *asking* to become an Investigator. The A.H.A. Research Committee accepts no applications in this category but has on its books the names of a hundred or so possible candidates, nominated by deans of medical schools and other knowledgeable people. Investigators are expected to report on the state of their work at least once every two years; otherwise, they're free to do what they please and go where they please. The winners of Investigatorships are subject to such prolonged and minute scrutiny that the A.H.A. doesn't feel it's taking much of a chance in setting them up for life. "Moral turpitude," whatever that may be, is the only officially recognized reason for withholding an Investigator's annual stipend. On the other hand, if an Investigator should get fed up with pure research and want to return to full-time teaching or to a medical practice, the A.H.A., of course, wouldn't stand in his way.

Including Investigators, the A.H.A. is currently supporting a hundred and eighty-three scientists, of whom sixty per cent are engaged in basic research. Not all this research is in fields directly related to the treatment of heart disease. Dr. Sprinson, for example, is working in the area of intermediary metabolism, while Dr. Taggart's main interest is the kidney. Dr. Wannamaker's research is concerned with the origins of rheumatic fever, a leading cause of heart disease in children. We congratulate all three of them on their new-found independence and wish them Godspeed in their discoveries.

American

A VISITING Frenchman who has his feet on the ground—financially, at least—tells us that he found himself short of handkerchiefs and, after looking the situation over with some care, bought himself a dozen at one of the Woolworth stores for seven cents apiece. This seemed to him a delightfully reasonable price. His hotel laundry, however, charged twelve cents apiece to wash and iron them. This seemed to him a hideously unreasonable price. "What are you doing about it?" we asked him. "But naturally," he said, waving his arms, "like all sensible Americans, I buy more at Woolworth's when I need them, and then I throw them away."



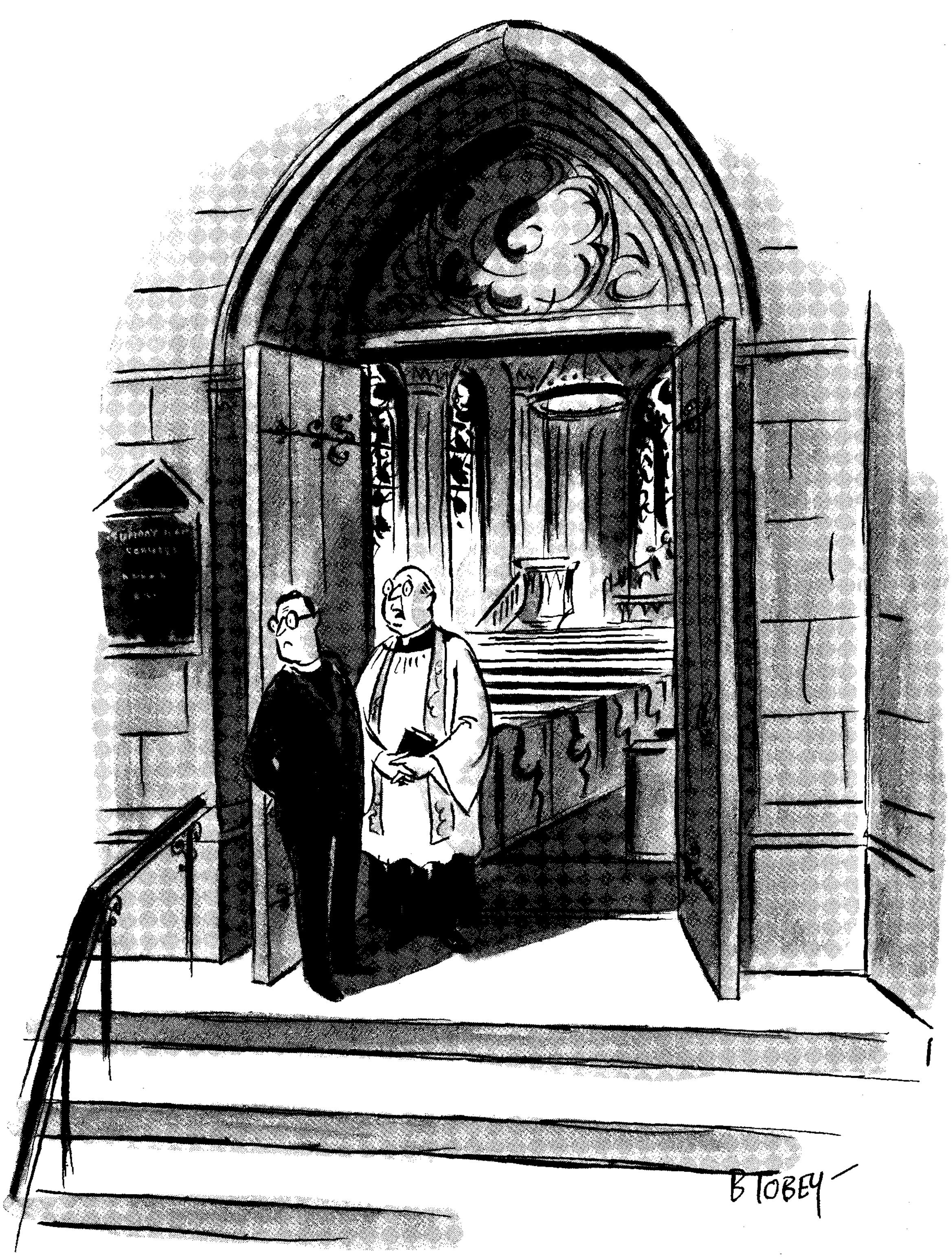
Culler of Copleys

THE historical section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new American galleries was selected and hung by Mr. Albert Ten Eyck Gardner, associate curator of American art, and he culled its Copleys, Stuarts, Pratts, Morses, Homers, Eakinses, and Sargents in an office dominated—whether by accident or design—by a large portrait of George A. Hearn, donor of the Hearn Funds for the purchase of work by living American artists, which peers at Mr. Gardner, over a partition, from the adjacent corridor. This does not bother Mr. Gardner, who is a cheerful man in his forties and a living American artist himself. "I used to be abstract, but I am now representational," he said when we called on him recently. "I've been in the museum game, or whatever you want to call it, since 1931, when I went to work in the library of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. I was born in Cattaraugus, in western New York, about forty miles south of Buffalo, but I left when I was two for Philadelphia, where I received an irregular education at a Montessori kindergarten, at public school, and at the Academy of Fine Arts. My father was interested in turpentine forests in Georgia, and in oil wells and gold mines elsewhere, but I was interested in art. The librarian of the Philadelphia Museum had been a pupil of Paul Sachs at Harvard, and in 1932 he arranged for me to be Sachs's private librarian in Cambridge. I took Sachs's famous museum course; worked in the Rubel Asiatic Research Bureau, at the Fogg Museum; and in 1938 became acting curator of Oriental art at the Nelson Gallery, in Kansas City. I went to the Palace of Fine Arts at the San Francisco Exposition the next year, as assistant to the man who ran it, and set up a guard system and a complaint desk. After that, I went back to Philadelphia and collected several hundred old prints of museums for a book about museum history, which I didn't write, and then I helped Professor Sachs organize his notes and get things indexed for a book that *he* didn't write."

In 1941, the late Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Met and a fellow-Philadelphian, brought Mr. Gardner to Fifth Avenue, where, starting as an administrative assistant, he climbed the Museum ladder. He attained his present post a couple of years ago, and on the way married a library secretary, who is now an assistant curator of European paintings. He has greatly enlivened the institution's monthly *Bulletin* with articles on an exhibition of 1870 statuary, the Museum's façade, its collection of William Sidney Mounts, its paintings by women, and its Giuseppe Fagnanis, in which he has treated Museum members to such passages as:

> In 1870 . . . every connoisseur adorned his private gallery, library, or parlor with some elegant production of the chisel. In the gloom of the fashionably dark interiors of the day these white figures and portrait busts loomed up stark and cold with a whiteness of polar purity in dramatic contrast to the surrounding red plush portieres and ebonized woodwork. . . . Victims of all kinds prisoned in Carrara marble fed the insatiable Victorian appetite for pathetics. . . . The "breathing marble" preserved in countless portrait busts memories of departed friends. The sculptors were perhaps the favorite artists of the time because their works were so suitable for those twin Victorian sanctums the Parlor and the Cemetery.

> It seems that these heads [on the Museum's original façade] were subjected to the most drastic and incontrovertible aesthetic judgment almost as soon as they were put in place, for in 1900 two of these damsels were struck by lightning, which knocked off the lower half of their faces. . . . It [the East Wing extension of the Museum] has become a familiar old landmark, mellowed by many associations, no less than by that mixture of gases, acids, and abrasives that passes for fresh air in New York.



"Well, it's finally happened. No one showed up."

> [Mount's] preoccupation with the barnyard was thought to be not quite in keeping with [the contemporary critics'] romantic ideal of an artist "seeking The Beautiful." Fortunately Mount paid these refined gentlemen little heed. To him a pig was just as paintable and possibly as beautiful as any soulful-eyed Clarinda.

> One work of art that was a notable exception to the general level in this Woman's Building [at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair] was a mural decoration painted by Mary Cassatt. . . . The Ladies of the Board [of Managers] were not only embarrassed, they did not know whether they were being outrageously teased or flatly insulted. Modern Woman was quite too sacred a subject to be treated flippantly. . . . Miss Cassatt had evidently been exposed altogether too long to the debilitating shams of foreign society and had forgotten how seriously organized American women could take themselves. She was, unfortunately, so prominent as an artist, and so well connected socially, that the mural could not be withdrawn; besides they had been forced to pay for it. It could, however, be ignored, and in the official history of the Fair no picture of it appears.

Though Fagnani exhibited quite frequently at the annual shows of the National Academy of Design, apparently he was never received into the brotherhood of New York artists. Perhaps it is significant that the Union League was the only club or group of which he was a member in New York, an organization which, while it maintained a polite interest in art through its art committee, is one that has never been notable as a gathering place for Bohemians.

The independence of this last observation may be evaluated when we consider that it was the art committee of the Union League that gave birth to the Metropolitan, in 1870. As archivist, a position that he held from 1945 until 1955, Mr. Gardner exhibited a similar freedom of spirit. "I went through a seventy-five-year accumulation of files in the secretary's office, and the first thing I threw away was a Japanese ceremonial cake that had been sent to a former staff member in 1926," he told us. "I came across a necktie that had been presented by a silk manufacturer in 1918, and transferred it to our Costume Institute. I took a wedding ring and watch fob left from some estate, sold them on Third Avenue for three dollars and fifty-eight cents, for the gold, and deposited the money in the General Fund. I've kept a number of curious letters, offering unsuitable objects, in a folder marked 'Curious Letters.' One was written in 1908 by a Texas lady to Mr. J. P. Morgan, then president of the board of trustees, and offered him the body of her deceased husband, which she described as a very pretty corpse. I don't suppose it was ever brought to Mr. Morgan's attention."

Weekends, Mr. Gardner and his wife, who have an apartment in town, escape the gases, acids, and abrasives of New York at a New Jersey house that they built themselves. "I garden, write, build stone walls, and play the piano and harp there," he said.

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Automotive Intelligence: A small sign in the window of a garage in Huntington, Long Island, reads, "Foreign Cars Washed."

Young Reflections

In Central Park the other afternoon, a five-year-old advised a contemporary that his father was going to make a speech at his club. "What's a speech?" he was asked. "I'll make a speech," said the five-year-old, and went on, "Doors are dangerous. You mustn't throw toys. You mustn't pinch necks, because it makes you cough. God isn't an animal and mountains don't die. When you play with a hoop, be careful or you'll get a splinter in your finger. You mustn't throw your car in the river, because it will get rusty and you may need to ride in it." The contemporary looked properly edified.

Eheu-Fugaces Frolic

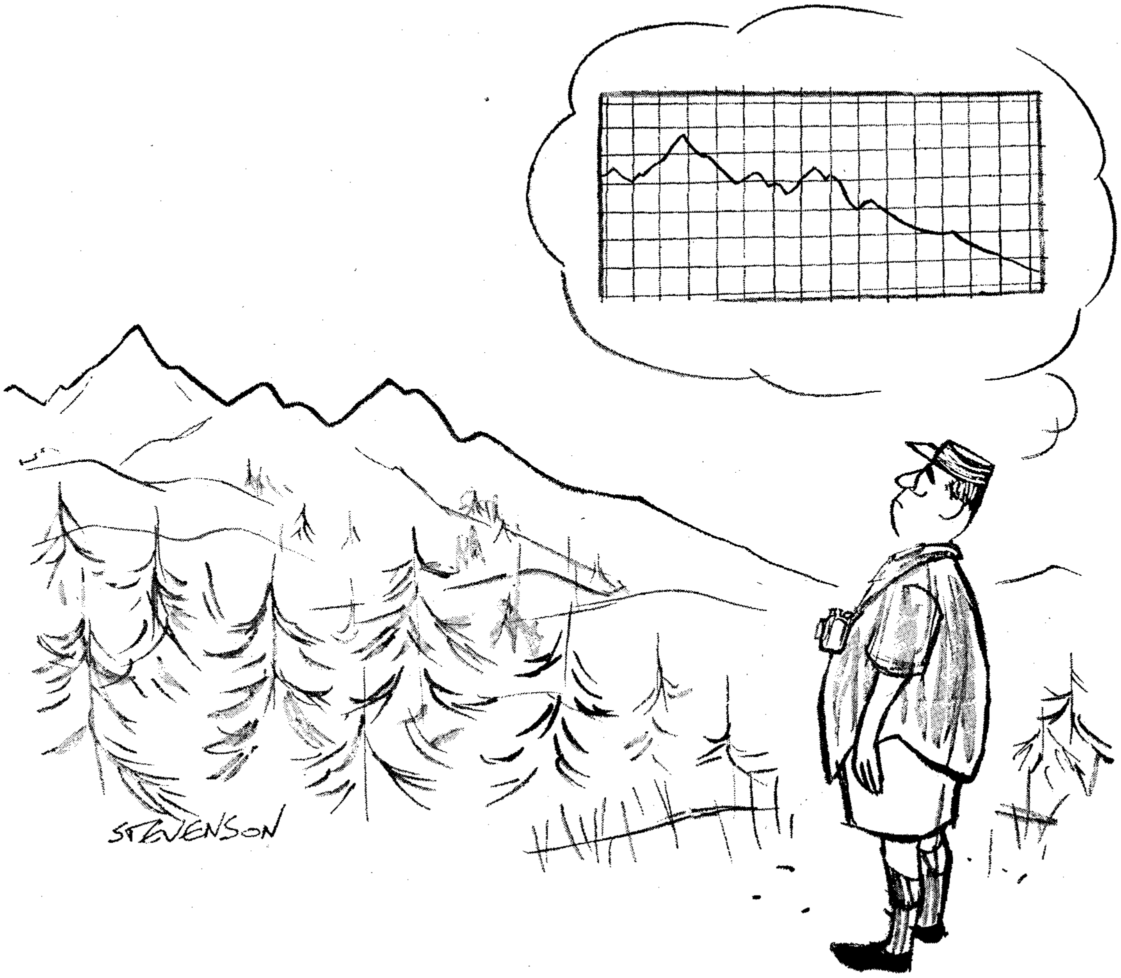
Macdougal Alley! What bygone days its name evokes—built, as it was, in the eighteen-thirties to accommodate the horses and carriages of Washington Square residents immediately to the south, and then, seventy years later, its carriage houses and stables having become obsolete, remodelled as artists' quarters by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and others. Gaslights! Skylights! Highlights, forever dimmed, of the world of Henry James! Why are we carrying on this way? Well, we went down there the other afternoon to take in an "Open House at Historic Macdougal Alley," for the benefit of Greenwich House Camp, and we're still in the grip of a rather synthetic nostalgia. Having been provided (by a Camp committeewoman who was certainly born several decades after the Stanley Steamer) with a list of the open houses and their occupants, we worked our way methodically up those on the north side of the Alley and down those on the south, starting with No. 7, Mathew J. Kovary. Only the living room was open, but peeks, over "PLEASE DO NOT ENTER" placards tied to green ribbon barriers, were afforded into the kitchen and a bedroom.

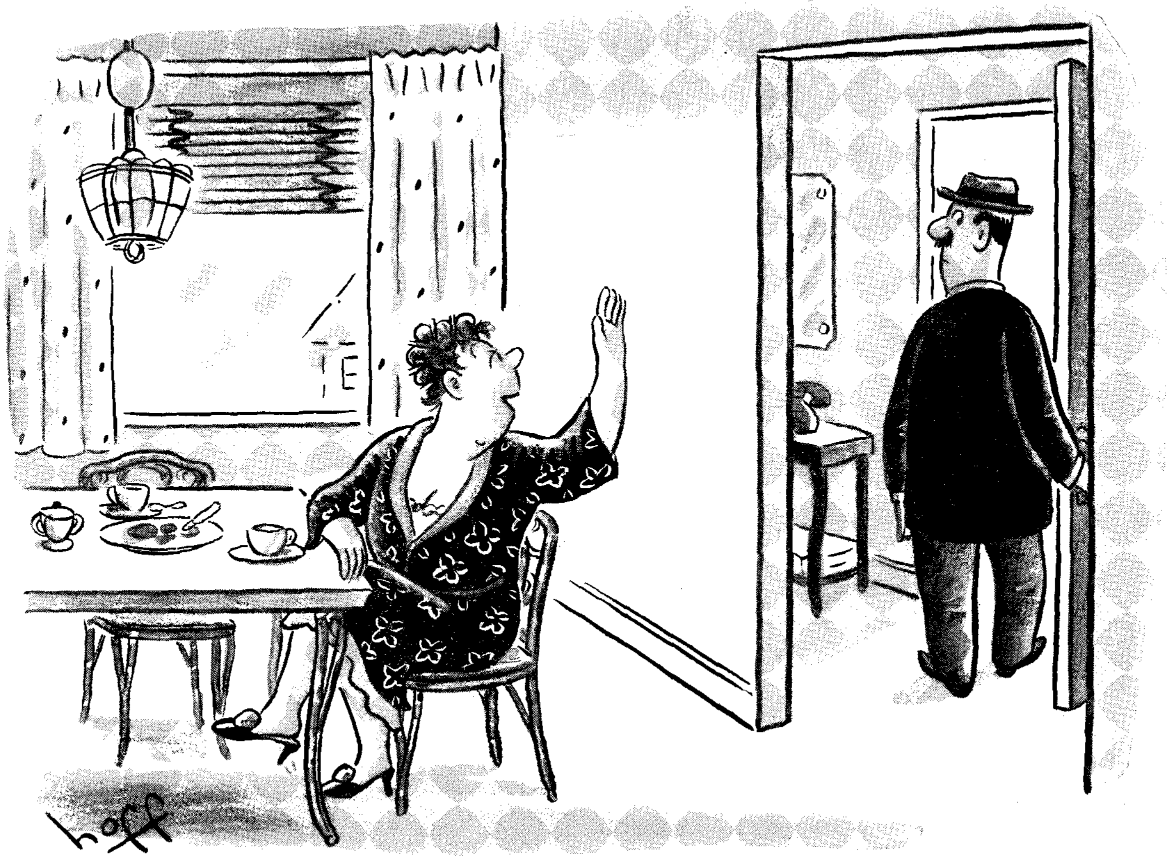
Mrs. Kovary, who was on hand, said, "I'm seeing all the things I forgot to remove, like loaves of bread and aging bananas."

"Everyone says these houses are so tiny," a visiting lady said, "but this living room is larger than ours."

"I hope you notice the absence of bicycles and playpens," Mrs. Kovary said. "You should see under the bed."

"Watch your step," Mr. Frank Betancourt, in No. 9, kept saying to philanthropists as they gained his threshold. We went upstairs, to a studio with brick walls painted white, a big skylight, and a big, two-bed balcony, where we admired two small Riker mounts of butterflies, one containing a tiger swallowtail and a meadow fritillary, the other a black swallowtail





"Sayonara."

and a common sulphur.

"I'm Mr. Betancourt's mother," said a matron who seemed to be in charge. "It just happens that my son's godson collects butterflies and gave him these."

In front of the house, as we left, we encountered a lady who was selling raffle tickets for a painting and holding a large boxer in leash. "My name is Elizabeth Dralle," she said. "I'm an industrial designer, and I live around the corner. I'm taking care of Frank's dog. His name is Slugger. He knows me."

Slugger lunged at us, and we hastened to No. 13: books, Surrealist paintings, and two young men sitting on a couch watching television.

On we went to No. 15, William Chisholm: gas lamp burning at the entrance; Mrs. Chisholm, the Chisholm coat of arms, and piles of *National Geographics*, *Cues*, and *Coronets* inside; downstairs, below street level, a panelled taproom. "All done over years ago," a lady said. "Imagine how much more it would cost to do it over today!"

We looked in at the back of the old Whitney Museum, to the east, now headquarters of the National Recreation Association, where office workers were busy arranging for national recreation, and, crossing the alley, entered No. 21, Arthur J. Brothers. Two ladies were serving tea and coffee at a table laden with goodies.

"You're Mrs. Brothers, aren't you?" a tourist said to one of them. "Is it true that there's a long waiting list of people who want to live in Macdougal Alley?"

"Well, it's much longer than the Alley," Mrs. Brothers said. "I've been here twenty-one years. I was born in Virginia, but my husband was born on Madison Street, and so was his father before him. This used to be the coach house of the Moris, the Bleecker Street restaurateurs. Primo Carnera once lived here. I don't know how he got up and down that staircase."

We ascended a fragile curved staircase and, in a bedroom containing a curtain printed with enormous butterflies the like of which have never been seen on land or sea, made the acquaintance of Mr. Joseph Sulley, who said he used to be on the Greenwich House Camp Committee. "I'm now with the School Settlement, in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn," he said, "but I was with Greenwich House till early this spring, and I still feel myself to be part of the family. There have been several murders in the Alley, and at least one sensational divorce. A Wall Street man conducted a spectacular raid on his wife in the Alley, or perhaps it was the other way around. One of the houses has a ghost, stemming from one of the murders. Mrs. Joseph Prendergast, in No. 8, can give you all the macabre details. Her husband is executive director of the National Recreation Association."

Covered with gooseflesh, we trudged past a crowd of eager ladies and a few disgruntled-looking men milling around an open-air bar and refectory table (highballs, one dollar; cocktails, seventy-five cents) in front of the delivery entrance of the New York University Faculty Club, and went into No. 12, whose tenants include Alfonso Ossorio, the painter, and his brother Robert: lots of brilliant-colored Ossorio abstractions, a few Jackson Pollocks, some gigantic artificial floral pieces, and Mrs. Vivian Woolley-Hart, who, gazing at an Ossorio canvas, said to her escort, "He's awfully good, that man, if you like that sort of thing."

"I'm Robert Ossorio," a young man said to us. "We worked so hard today to get the place in order."

"You're so brave," a lady with a fan said to him.

"It's in a good cause," he said.

We finished up at the Prendergasts', which was full of smiling ladies, smiling potted plants, and smiling old maps, but Mrs. Prendergast—golden-red hair, lavender-and-silver striped frock—looked so young and pretty that we couldn't bear to bring up anything macabre.

Cat Story

A LADY we know, who lives in a large apartment house on the East Side, reports that she found a strange black cat miaowing outside her door last week. A kindly type, our friend went to the refrigerator, filled a saucer with milk, and set it out in the hall for the cat. Then she went shopping. When she returned, the cat was gone, the milk was gone, and the saucer, clean as could be, contained a note that said, simply, "Thank you." The whole matter has left our lady very unsettled.

TWO OLD TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

ONCE upon a time, there was a country so large that messengers journeying from the capital to the frontier were often never heard from again. The royal palace was immense, the palace grounds occupied thousands of acres, and rescue parties had to be sent out to locate important personages who had got confused and lost their way in the rose garden. The King's guard was made up entirely of men who were seven feet tall, and the horses that drew his enormous gilded coach were as broad as Percherons. And the courtiers often had trouble staying awake during the King's witty remarks, which, like his gestures, were modelled on those of his royal father, known in history books as Charles the Ponderous. At court concerts, the program listed various symphonies, concertos, *divertimenti* for strings and oboe, quartets, quintets, and what have you, but the musicians played only the largo and lento movements, omitting both the allegro vivace at the beginning and the presto at the end, in the belief that they were impossible to play and would no doubt be nerve-racking to have to hear. At the court balls, there was an interval of an hour or so between minuets, during which the dancers fanned themselves and recovered their breath. A simple audience with the King went on all day, without accomplishing anything. The royal proclamations, read in every square and market place in the kingdom, took up so much time and were so packed with polysyllabic words of Latin derivation that when the inhabitants were free to return to their plows and shoemaker's benches, their looms and churns and shops, they found that their minds were slow and listless, and very little work was done in this once prosperous kingdom. The imports exceeded the exports by several milliards of pounds sterling, and the currency was so inflated that arithmetic was no longer useful in settling accounts and bookkeepers had to resort to differential calculus and a slide rule.

It took the King a long time to realize that something was wrong and another five years to consider carefully what he ought to do about it. The council of state had not met since his father's time, and when it finally convened, at his order, the King's opening remarks took three weeks, after which the council adjourned and met again in the following autumn. The chancellor of the exchequer estimated expenditures for the next nine years at rather more than thirty times expenditures for the past nine years, and revenues at one one-hundredth of expenditures. The evening papers reported that in general the chancellor's tone was optimistic and appeared to satisfy the King and council. During the next three days the members of the council rose, one after another, and begged for a further adjournment, on the ground that they needed time and statisticians to consider the difficulty that had been placed before them. The only dissenting voice was that of the royal astronomer, who, with long, long pauses after each word, said, "My lord, the stars are moving much more quickly than they used to, or else we are moving more slowly, and it is my opinion that the root of the trouble lies—"

"Louder!" called a voice at the back of the council chamber, which held five thousand people. "We can't hear you back here."

"No one knows exactly what day of the week it is," the astronomer said. "And speaking for myself, I cannot say that I am even sure of the month. Every year the earth grows more out of touch with the sky."

"In your royal father's time," the astronomer continued, when the council convened the next morning, "many people had watches and could tell the time of day, and the clever ones were able to keep track of what day of the week it was, and even to predict more or less accurately the end of one month and the beginning of another. It is my opinion that we should, with Your Majesty's approval and encouragement, construct a timepiece."

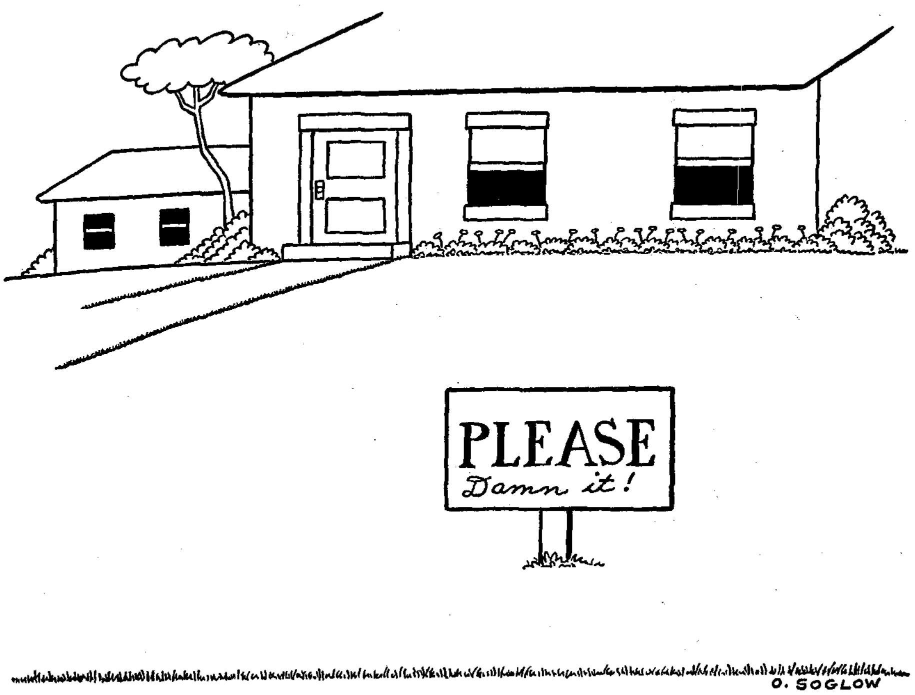
"But if there were so many watches in our father's reign, why construct one?" said the King. "There must still be a timepiece somewhere."

"Your Majesty," said the astronomer, "I have inquired exhaustively into the matter, and while it is true that here and there, in remote districts, it is still possible to locate a timepiece, they have not been wound for decades, the works are corroded with rust, and they do not keep time at all, let alone the precise mathematical time that would serve our present purposes. What we need, in my humble opinion, is a watch that can be wound and will run."

"We seem to remember a watch heavily encrusted with jewels that was presented to us by a visiting potentate," said the King, "on our tenth birthday. But it was all so long ago. No doubt that watch has been mislaid."

The chancellor of the exchequer rose and stated categorically that the watch in question had not been mislaid. "I cannot put my hand on it at a moment's notice," he said, "but I know I saw it listed in a survey of the royal assets, five or ten years ago."

"If it was listed in the survey," the King said, "then it must be somewhere. In the sub-basement of the treasury, perhaps. But I dare say that, like the others, it has grown rusty. But tell me," he said, turning back to the astronomer, "were not the watches that people carried during the reign of our father very small—so small they could be carried in a man's vest pocket? And were not the works flimsy? And did



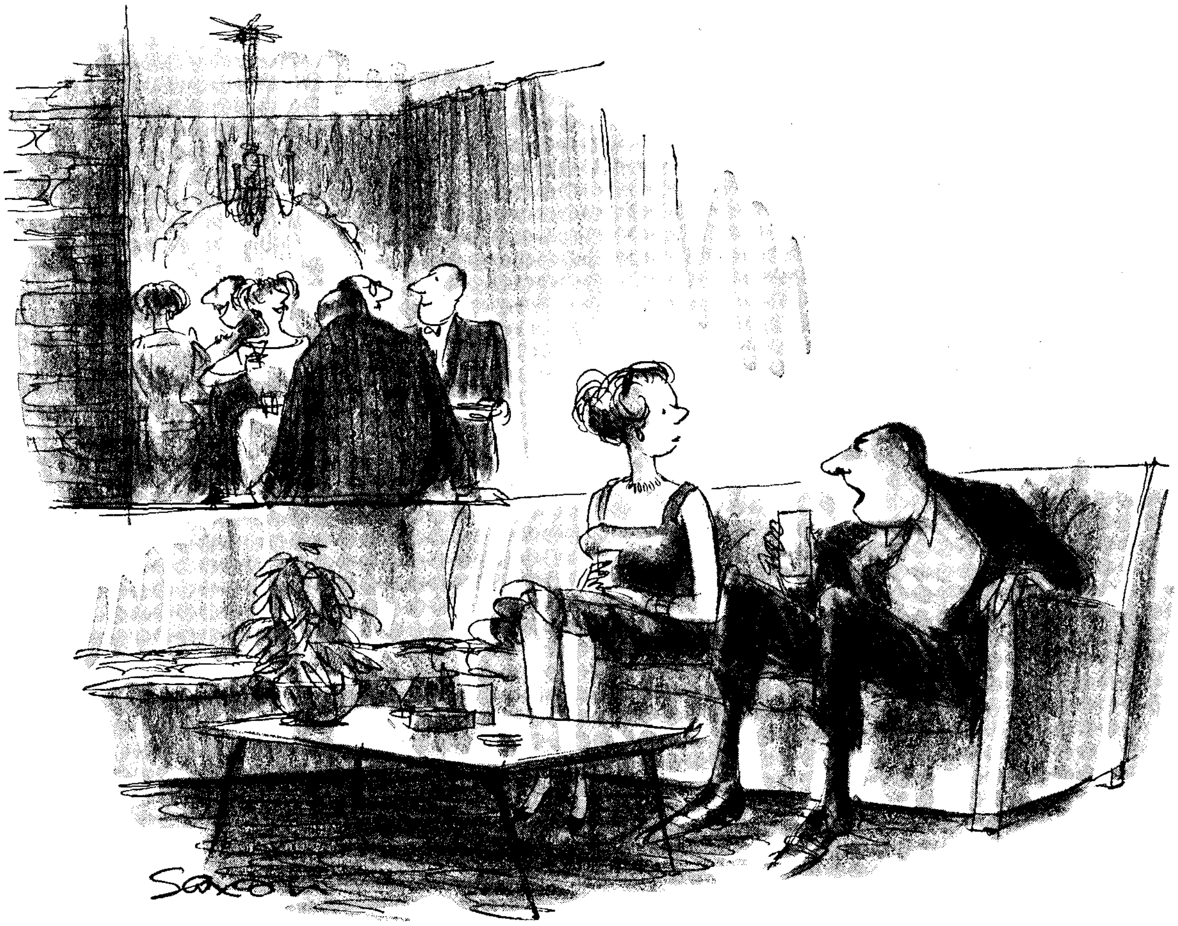
not these watches have to be wound once a day?"

"Even so, Your Majesty. The cases were sometimes of silver and gold, but the works that hurried the hour and the minute hand round and round and in this way indicated the rushing of time were exceedingly delicate, and the watches had to be wound once a day, preferably at bedtime."

"That's what we thought," said the King. "And if you dropped one of these watches, did it not break, and have to be left at the watchmender's for weeks at a time while it was being repaired, with the result that the person or persons who carried it had no way of telling the time?"

"There was that difficulty," the astronomer admitted. "And would be again, unless we constructed an alternate watch, to be referred to on those occasions when—"

"It seems hardly fitting that a kingdom the size of this be run according to an instrument so undependable and so unimpressive," said the King. "If you are truly convinced that a watch will bring the earth closer to the sky and, incidentally, improve the condition of the treasury, then we will construct a watch and see that all civil, ecclesiastical, and court activities conform to it. But we will construct this timepiece of some appropriate material. Something solid, durable, and rustproof, that will not need tinkering with or constant winding. Let the watch be constructed of marble."



"Would you like me to tell you your trouble? Your trouble is you don't know how to give."

• •

THE construction of a marble watch, the first ever attempted, so far as anybody knows, went on without interruption, diligently, for fifteen years, during which time the inhabitants of the kingdom grew threadbare, and the treasury used up its last resources on the quarrying and cutting of snow-white stone. The court astronomer had a nervous breakdown and was replaced by his assistant, who in turn died of a broken heart. The work was carried on by one person and another up until the very day the kingdom was invaded by an army from one of the very small but active neighboring kingdoms. The enemy troops were in possession of the capital before the people realized that their country had been invaded. The King escaped with his life and the blueprints of the great Timepiece.

He hid first in the hut of a fisherman on the shore of a lake so broad that even on a clear day you could not see the opposite shore. Then he was sheltered by a charcoal burner whose hut was in the shadow of a mountain so tall that the snow-covered peak was usually hidden by clouds. And finally he was driven to accept the hospitality of a poor poacher who lived by snaring rabbits in a wood so dense that no man had ever penetrated more than halfway through it. In the course of these successive flights, the King lost weight, learned to move quickly, to eat and sleep in snatches, and to speak sometimes with admirable conciseness, on the run. Since there was no court, there were no court proclamations that needed composing. The poacher's wife and daughter were busy with their own affairs, which were never affairs of state, and so he could not offer his opinion about the way they were conducted. The occasional messengers and spies brought only discouraging news, and the King devoted himself to the study of natural history. Many of the birds and beasts that he watched were, he could not help noticing, extremely small, and some of the insects were so minute that they might easily have served as parts of the old-fashioned watches that people carried during the reign of his father. Even so, it appeared that by their smallness and quickness they were often able to escape from or defend themselves against their natural enemies. The ants particularly commanded the King's respect and attention. After observing them for some time, he settled the question of the royal succession by marrying the poacher's quite charming daughter, and thereby rid himself of the only one of his problems that was at all pressing.

After a short interval, a mere nine or ten months, she presented him with a son, and during the baptism of the Heir Apparent at a forest spring a messenger arrived with mud on his boots and his horse in a lather. The enemy—never, it seemed, very large in number—had grown weary of subjugating so inactive a country, had provoked a war with another small neighboring state, and had not been heard of for nearly six months. It was presumed that either they had been defeated in battle and perhaps perished or else they had simply got lost somewhere between the capital and the frontier and were wandering around, helpless and incapable of further harm. At all events, there was no longer any reason why the King should not return and rule over his people. Unfortunately, the messenger added, the enemy's last outrageous act before they departed on their warlike expedition had been to pull down the royal palace, but the Royal College of Architects was already at work on the design for a new palace that would far surpass, in size and splendor, the one that had been destroyed.

The King and Queen and Heir Apparent travelled all the way through crowds that were half naked but not listless, and that indeed often cheered quite energetically. The King pitched a tent in the rose garden, now overgrown with brambles, and sent for the College of Architects. Together they went through the plans for the new palace, while the Queen looked over the King's shoulder.

"Much too extensive," he said, astonishing everyone by the quickness of his decision and the brevity with which it was conveyed. "By your own least conservative estimate, the quarrying and cutting of that much marble will take fifty years. Possibly longer. I am not a young man and this tent leaks. Since it is traditional that the king live in a marble palace, I must, I suppose, follow the custom of my ancestors, though wood, I have recently discovered, is easier to heat and less clammy on damp days—Did the enemy carry watches?"

"No, Your Majesty," said the Architect Royal. "They were so quick in everything they did that they seemed not to know or care what time it was."

"The great Timepiece was not destroyed along with the palace?"

The Architect Royal shook his head. "There was talk of destroying it, but the enemy general paid a visit to the site of this magnificent experiment and was so impressed that he said, 'Let it be. If we destroy it, nobody will ever believe that people are as foolish as they really are.' "

"I see," said the King, and for several minutes he remained deep in thought. At last he roused himself and said, "Fine. There ought to be just enough marble in that uncompleted watch to construct a palace the size of the poacher's hut, for which Her Majesty is, quite naturally, homesick. A week ought to be ample time for drawing up the plans and executing them. And if you can locate an ant's nest, will you transport that also to the palace courtyard, and then go on about your business."

ALL this, being the King's decree, was done, and in no time at all the want of equilibrium between exports and imports was a thing of the past. At court concerts, musical compositions were played straight through from beginning to end. At court balls, the minuet gave way to the waltz and the mazurka. The Queen got over her homesickness, and the King, observing the ant colony whenever he had some decision of great moment to make, soon brought on an era of such prosperity that he is referred to in all the history books as "Charles the Expediter" and by the common people, affectionately, as "Charles the Flea."

II

ONCE upon a time, there was a half-crazy woman who lived off the leavings of other people, who shook their heads when they saw her coming, and tried not to get in conversation with her. They wanted to be kind, but there is a limit to kindness, and the half-crazy woman was so distracted that anyone listening to her began to feel half crazy, too. Since people avoided her, she talked to any stray dog or cat that came along, and sometimes even to the old willow tree that grew by her door. One autumn evening when the weight around her heart was too heavy to bear, she went outside to the sty where she kept her thin, disgruntled pig and said sorrowfully, "Pig, you won't die of hunger, will you?"

The pig said, "No, I won't die of hunger."

"Thank you for that," the half-crazy woman said, but she was not satisfied. The pig had had nothing to eat for three days.

She went back into the house and saw the fire burning low on the hearth and said, "Fire, you won't go out, will you?"

The fire said, "No, I won't go out."

"Thank you for that," the half-crazy woman said, and tried not to worry, even though there was only an armful of faggots to last all night.

But then she remembered the bread baking in the oven. She opened the oven door and looked in and saw the loaf baking from the heat of the stones in the chimney and thought, What if I should forget to take it out? What if the loaf should burn?

She said anxiously, "Loaf, you won't burn, will you?"

The loaf said, "No, I won't burn."

"Thank you for that," the half-crazy woman said, and thought, Now I have nothing to trouble me.

But the wind, rising, shook the walls and rattled the door of her poor cottage, and so she lit a candle and went up the ladder that led to the attic. The attic was low and she could barely stand upright. She heard the wind straining at the eaves and thought how old the house was, and how poorly built, and she put her hand up and said, "Roof over my head, you won't blow away, will you?"

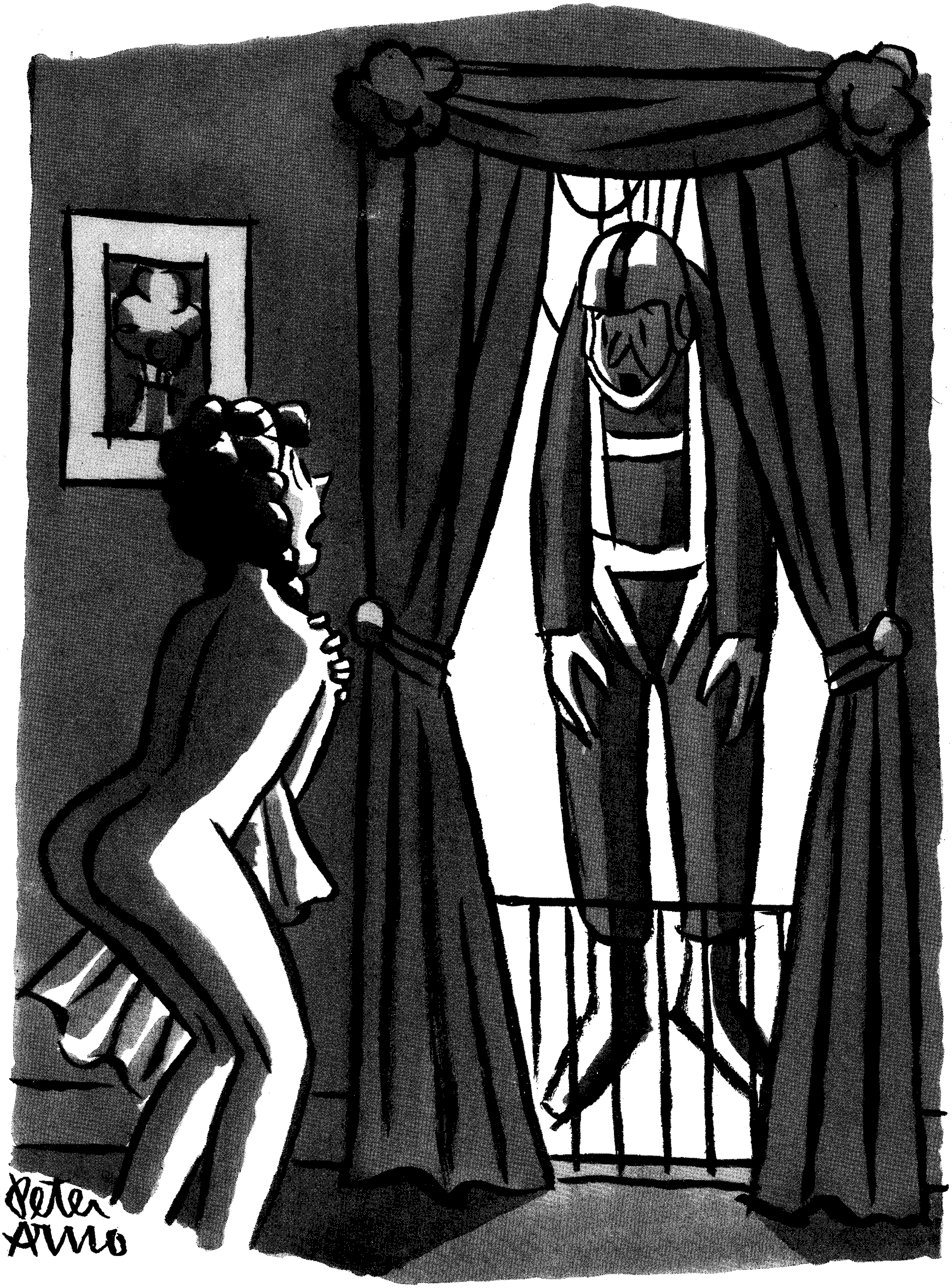
The roof said, "No, I won't blow away."

"Thank you for that," the half-crazy woman said, and tried to feel happy, but happiness doesn't come for the asking, and there was a musty smell in the attic that she couldn't account for. It was not the smell of old clothes, or of dust, or of leather, exactly, but something of all of these things, and it added to the weight around her heart. It must be the smell of Death, she thought, and in that very instant felt his presence there, in her empty attic. He was standing behind her, close enough to make the hairs on the back of her neck stiffen and rise. "Death, you won't ever leave me, will you?" she cried, and was frightened at the sound of her own words.

"No, I won't ever leave you," Death said. "You don't have to worry. Go downstairs and take the loaf out of the oven before it burns and throw some wood on the fire before it goes out and feed the pig before it dies of hunger."

"Thank you for that," the half-crazy woman said, and climbed down the ladder and took the loaf, which was a golden brown, out of the oven, and threw some faggots on the fire, which blazed up brightly, and took some meat scraps that she had been saving for her own supper out to the pig. The wind had died down suddenly, and the half-crazy woman saw that it was going to be a calm clear night with millions of stars in the heavens. She found a stick and scratched the pig's back until it grunted with pleasure. Then she went into the house and cut a slice from the warm loaf and ate it by the fire. The weight was gone from around her heart. She thought of the presence waiting in the attic and listened but there was no sound. The house was still. And the half-crazy woman knew for the first time what it is to have peace of mind.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL



"Don't just stand there, lady! Call the Hundred-and-Thirty-first Airborne Infantry."

AS MAN TO MAN

WAITING on the platform to see his wife and daughters off on the evening train, Mr. Page looked cool and collected; the linen suit he had worn all day in the courtroom still had a morning freshness. But as he stood there—crisp, smiling, holding his stiff straw hat in his hand—he felt rumpled within. He disapproved of the journey he had come to speed (What possessed his wife to leave the relaxed comfort of a North Carolina summer and drag their two half-grown girls on a tour of the northeastern seaboard?), and he was tired and depressed. That his son Alex was beside him, presumably sharing his distress, did nothing to lift his spirits.

Alex was not a figure to tranquillize the mind or eye. He was a tall boy, just turned sixteen, with a visible blond fuzz on his upper lip. His long arms and legs and his magnificent upthrusting neck gave an adult the impression of growth so rank and rapid as to be alarming. This impression was the more disquieting because Alex himself appeared to share it. He seldom spoke (and when he did, he blushed), and there were moments when he reminded his exasperated father of some great creature of the deep woods who had strayed, blinking and confused, into the glare of civilization. Mr. Page, who subscribed to high ideals of family feeling, reproached himself for not regarding his son with pride, but in some curious way the boy's uncertainty got under his skin and made him feel uncertain, too.

The train had come in and should have gone out by now. The Page girls, Jane and Lucy, were already settled in their Pullman compartment; through the double glass of their window, as through the water of time, they looked more fragile than usual to their father, and older in a touching way. He wished they were not going so far from home. He wished, more fervently still, that since they *were* going, they would go quickly—and their mother with them. Mrs. Page, however, remained on the platform, having a lovely time and wearing her husband's patience thin. Protracted farewells made Mr. Page nervous. He was tempted to fling his wife bodily upon the train, but he only bowed, fanned himself with his hat, and made polite rejoinders to her compliments. Alex said nothing.

The train stirred in its torpor. Mrs. Page emitted a squeal and leaped aboard. Over the shoulder of a porter, she called, "Now, you boys talk to each other!"

Mr. Page suppressed an oath. To be called a boy was bad enough, but what made him curse himself for a blind fool was that, suddenly and at last, he glimpsed the core of his wife's strategy. Her summer plans had been laid, with feminine cunning, toward only one end—to leave *him* alone with Alex. Why, she had as much as said so three months before!

She had been sitting by the fire one March evening, darning a sock and looking like Candida. In a dreamy voice that should have put any man on guard, she had remarked, "You know, Jack, I don't believe I'll go to Swan's Neck this year."

"You don't?" Mr. Page had said, startled. "Why not?"

For a number of years, the Pages' summers had followed a pattern. In June, when school closed, Mrs. Page and the children would take up residence in an old-fashioned boarding house at Swan's Neck, a quiet resort on the Carolina coast, and Mr. Page would go down for weekends as often as his law practice allowed. The Swan's Neck beach was unspoiled by artificial distractions, and its summer colony "went native," as their happy saying was, and set their cares to mildew with their discarded shoes. To Mr. Page, his weekends at the Neck were wonderfully refreshing. Salt air relaxed him, and when he swam out beyond the breakers, his children would exclaim at his daring. Mrs. Page would flatter him, too. In honor of his visit, she would wear a ribbon in her hair and red polish on her toenails. After supper, when the children were tucked away, they would sit drinking beer with other married couples, and she would laugh at his favorite jokes as if she'd never heard them before. At daybreak on Sunday, Mr. Page usually went fishing with Alex in the sound. The damp, shrimpy smell of their rowboat, the gray water, polished with dawn, the young blue heron in the marsh grass near the shore—these simple things gave him the deepest sort of pleasure. And, watching Alex gaze with silent concentration at his dropped line, he would often experience an emotion, visceral in intensity, that seemed to be inspired not so much by his son as by the universal nature of their connection. Whenever this happened, Mr. Page would bring to breakfast the hearty, consecrated appetite of one who has been to early church.

But, much as he liked his weekends at the beach, he liked also his solitary life at home. Emptiness gave his house order and spaciousness; in the evenings, unless he chose to seek company, he could sit for hours on his side porch, sipping a cold drink, untangling legal perplexities, and steeping himself in silence. The whole arrangement struck him as eminently satisfactory. He was amazed that Mrs. Page should make bold to tamper with it.

"Why not?" he had asked again. "What's the matter with Swan's Neck?"

"I don't object for myself," she said sweetly. "I'm thinking of the girls."

Mrs. Page was not a stuffy woman but she could not mention the welfare of her young except on a note of piety. Her husband proceeded with caution. "I thought the Neck was paradise for them," he said.

"But they're outgrowing it," said Mrs. Page. She went on, in a meandering way, to present her arguments. With the girls at an impressionable age, she honestly thought it was time to try something else. Suppose she took them to New York and Boston, and then on to Canada? How did that sound?

"Like a chore for you," said Mr. Page.

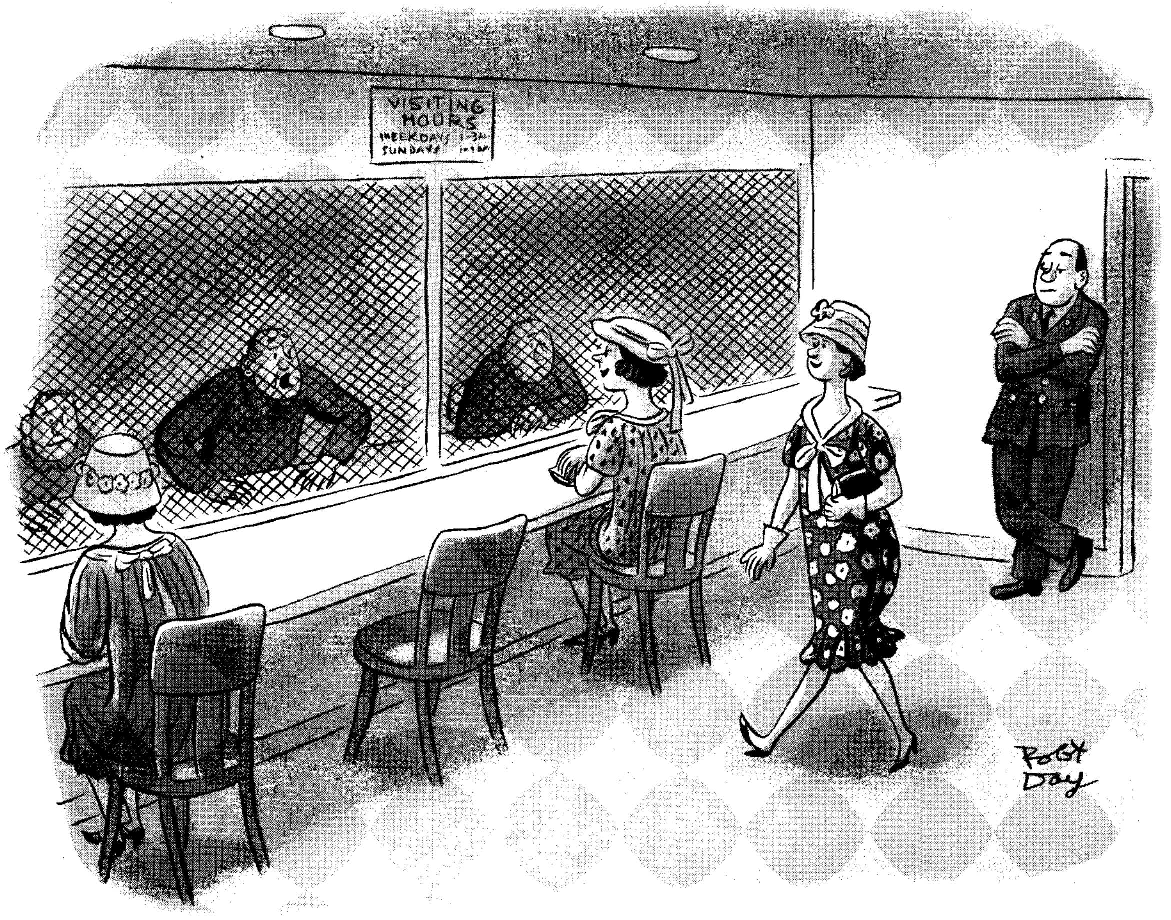
"I'm thinking of the girls," she repeated. She added, as if to give her concern authority, that when Alex came home from his New England boarding school at Easter, he had been dismayed by the insularity of his sisters. "He said compared to Northern girls their age—"

"Hold it, Alice," Mr. Page said. "So long as I'm solvent, you can go anywhere you choose. But spare me Alex's pearls."

"You don't appreciate Alex," said Mrs. Page.

"I do," said Mr. Page.

"You don't know him very well," Mrs. Page said. "You keep your distance from him. You never associate



"Catherine! What the devil is going on out there?"

with him as man to man."

"Damn right I don't," said Mr. Page. "That would be ridiculous. By the way, what do you propose to do with Alex?"

"Why, nothing. Leave him here," Mrs. Page answered, with an air of innocent surprise at the question. "You-all can bach it together."

"Do *what?*"

"*Bach* it," Mrs. Page repeated firmly.

Now, scarcely three months later, Mrs. Page's romantic and taxing scheme was a *fait accompli.* She and the girls were gone, and here Mr. Page was, glaring at a stretch of empty track and wondering how he had allowed this monstrous thing to happen to him. And here was Alex. Alex blinked and blushed. "Excuse me, Pater," he said. "You've got lipstick on both cheeks where Jane and Lucy kissed you."

"Christ!" said Mr. Page, stung equally by the indignity of looking clownish and by hearing himself called "Pater." He rubbed his cheeks with his handkerchief. "Now I've probably smeared the damned stuff. Lipstick, at their age!"

The spectacle of a parent distraught seemed to steady Alex, for his next remark had the ring of confidence. "Girls mature earlier than in your day, sir," he said. "It's a recognized fact."

"You don't say," said Mr. Page. "Well, let's get out of here."

Briskly they walked to Mr. Page's car, a well-worn station wagon. "Shall I drive her, Pa?" asked Alex.

Couldn't the boy stick to one form of address, however affected that form might be, Mr. Page thought peevishly. "If you like," he said. With a sense of tossing away his destiny, he surrendered his car keys.

Alex drove in a style of studied negligence. He permitted the fingertips of his right hand to rest with an effect of boneless lassitude upon the periphery of the wheel; with his left hand he reached out the window and clutched the roof. As he nosed the car into its home driveway, his father said incredulously, "Well, here we are."

"Yep," Alex said. "The old bus seems in fair shape, but you ought to have automatic transmission."

"Your mother's car has it," Mr. Page said. "I don't mind shifting gears."

"It's a strain, though—especially for people in later life," said Alex. "Look, Pop. Maybe I should take the Mater's car for a spin every day or so. An engine runs better if it's kept in use."

Maliciously, Mr. Page imagined his wife's reaction should he write her that he had placed her new car, which was her darling, in her other darling's tender care. "There are two schools of thought on that," he said.

"I'd hate to have it rust away," said Alex.

Mr. Page opened the front door of his house. The hall had a hushed, deserted air.

"Like a tomb in here," said Alex.

"Nice, though," his father said. "We'll have to find our supper in the icebox. This is Emma's prayer-meeting night."

"That reminds me," said Alex. "There's a colored boy in my dorm up at school—a plenty good guy, too."

"I'm sure he is," said Mr. Page.

"I've had some terrific discussions with him about the racial problem."

"Look here, Alex," Mr. Page said hastily. "Don't you go talking to Emma about her race. Your mother left her in the kitchen when she went away and expects to find her there when she comes back. So lay off. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," said Alex.

"Good," said his father. "I'll go have a shower."

HALF an hour later, Mr. Page found Alex in the butler's pantry, perched upon a corner of the table, ripping long shreds of breast meat off a roast chicken with his fingers. On the table stood a bottle of milk and a half-eaten spongecake. "Wade in, Skipper," he said. "Help yourself."

"I'm not hungry yet. I'll have a highball now and eat something later," Mr. Page said. Mixing a whiskey-and-soda, he explained, "I've had a tough day in court, picking a jury. I need a drink."

"Alcohol is a depressant, sir," said Alex. "It only makes you *feel* stimulated."

"I'll settle for the illusion," his father said. Though he spoke lightly, he was troubled. Did the boy always talk

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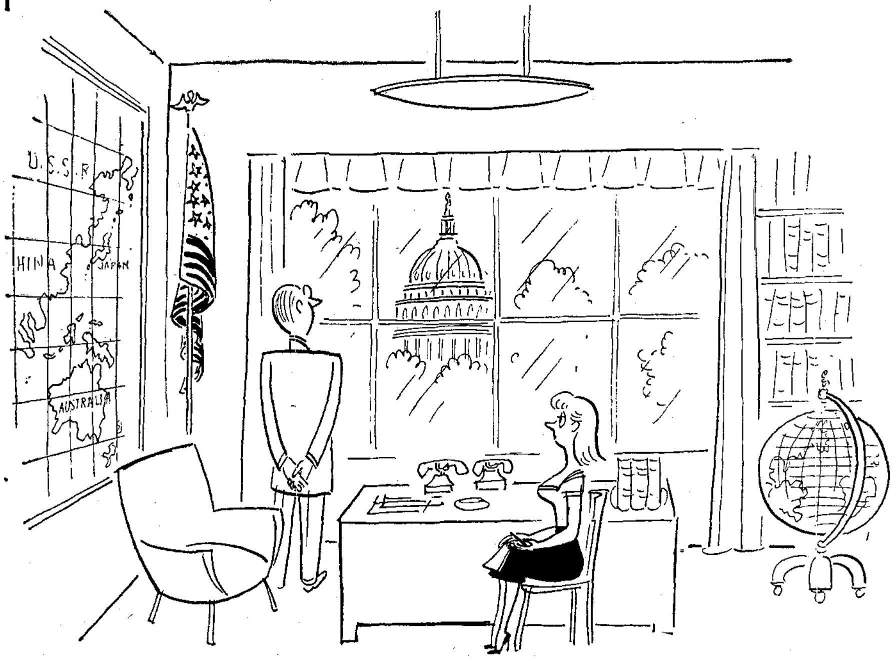

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in that ex-cathedra manner? As Mrs. Page had maintained, he really didn't know Alex very well, especially now that he was going to school in the North. He took the matter, with his glass, to the porch, where he could ponder it undisturbed.

Darkness came on. A soothing channel of cool air, spicy with phlox, flowed up from the garden, and Mr. Page was able to chuckle at Alex's heavy pronouncements. Before long, he forgot the boy altogether and turned his mind to the professional problems of the morrow. Inspiration for many a legal coup had come to him in the summer silence of that porch.

Currently, Mr. Page was representing the sole heir in a suit involving the disposition of a considerable estate. This heir was the favorite nephew of the testator—a gentleman with the comical name of Orthodox Creed Smart—who, dying without wife or issue, had left the nephew everything, in an unambiguously worded holograph will. His client, Mr. Page felt, stood on firm ground, but the disinherited kin of the deceased felt differently, and had come into court to question the competence of their late relative. Their question was not one to be dismissed as frivolous by the jury, for old Mr. Smart, frugal and shrewd in most departments of life, had afforded himself one imprudent luxury; he had expressed his opinions. In public and in private, and especially in the letters column of the local paper, he had championed various bizarre causes, such as organic farming, the integration of the races, and modern art. (In his latter days, he had actually done some abstract painting, examples of which the contestants of the will sought to introduce as damaging evidence in court.) Furthermore, despite his Christian name, he had been a professed and gleeful agnostic whose hobby had been to scandalize the sensibilities of devout churchmen.

Recalling these facts, Mr. Page smiled in the dark. But he smiled ruefully, aware that in freedom of thought a jury often imagined the glitter of madness.

Inside the house, the telephone rang. Alex answered it. Mr. Page strained to listen.

"Hello," he heard Alex say, and then, in a swaggering teen-age tone, "Hi, Hazel. You married yet?" There followed a passage that was monosyllabic on Alex's side, and then the boy said, "Cripes, I wish I could. . . . Honest, I'm kind of stuck here. Mom and the kids took off today. . . . Yeah. It's bleak for Pop. He and I are sort of baching it. . . ."

Sufficiently punished for the sin of eavesdropping, Mr. Page got up and began moving porch chairs in an effort to drown out the rest of Alex's conversation.

In a few moments, Alex appeared in the doorway. "Hazel Blake gave me a buzz," he said.

"She did?" Mr. Page said. Suddenly, Hazel's precocious charms assumed the attributes of deliverance. "You going to meet her somewhere?"

"She was at the Blue Light. She wanted me to come eat pizzas with her and a bunch of kids."

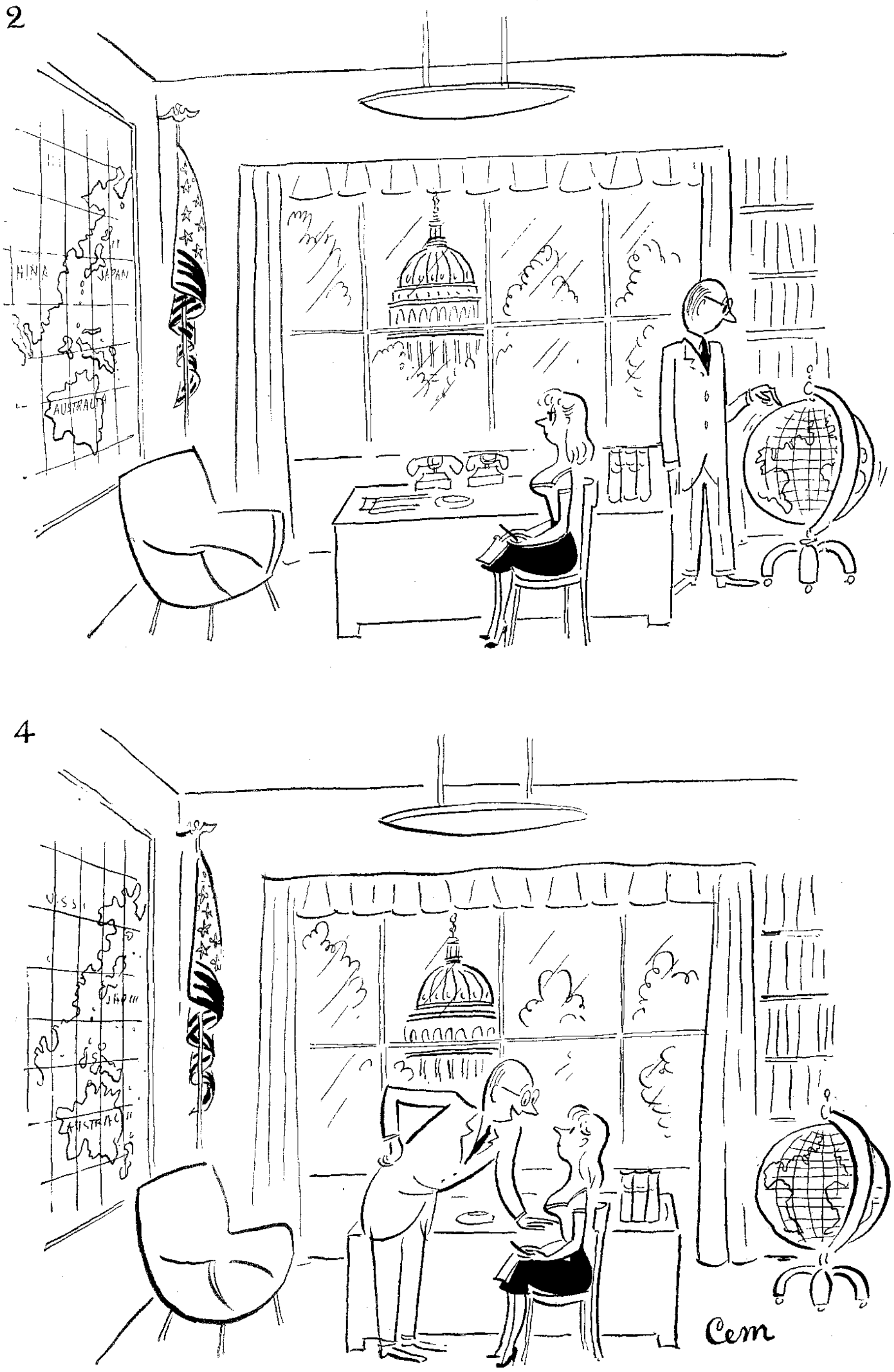
"Well, why don't you?" Mr. Page said, a shade too quickly. "You could take your mother's car."

"Gee, thanks!" said Alex. For an instant, tantalizing to his father, he appeared poised for flight. But then he said, "I guess I'll stick around tonight."

"You may be missing a ball," said Mr. Page, trying to encourage his son with a bit of his own argot.

"Nobody down here knows how to make pizzas," said Alex. He lumbered across the porch and collapsed on a couch.

Mr. Page could think of no further argument in favor of Hazel's invitation. "I think I'll go sweeten my glass," he said.



"Miss Burchard, how about you and I having dinner tonight at a little spot I know over in Virginia?"

• •

"How many ounces do you measure to the drink?" Alex inquired.

"I pour by eye," said Mr. Page.

"Hadn't you better eat something?" asked Alex.

In the pantry, Mr. Page decided against more whiskey. He made himself a tomato sandwich, swallowed it and some milk that was lukewarm from standing out, put away the unused food, and wiped up the seedy juice of the tomato. The act of bringing order out of a small chaos restored to him a degree of self-assurance. Nothing committed him to Alex's society. He could go to the movies; he could go to his office downtown; he could go to bed. But to flee his own flesh and blood seemed both cowardly and unnatural. He returned to the porch.

From the couch, Alex asked, "Did you get some supper?"

"So to speak," said Mr. Page.

"Feel better now?"

"I felt all right before, thanks," Mr. Page replied. In an effort to clear his mind of irritation, he cleared his throat.

"Catching cold?" asked Alex.

"No," said Mr. Page. "Physically, I'm fine, and I'm glad to see that you look fit, too." He went on, in a vein of genial cliché, to say that Alex's last school report had pleased him and Alex's mother. "I was never the student you seem to be," he said. "I was proud of your A in American history."

"It didn't mean much," said Alex. "My history master's an old woman."

"Too bad," Mr. Page said. "Of course, academics are known as the third sex."

"The third sex!" Alex crowed with delight. "That's terrific."

"It's not original with me," Mr. Page confessed. "Speaking of Americana, I have the new 'Jefferson Papers,' if you'd care to see them. Makes good lively reading."

"I don't know," said Alex. "I guess I'll just shoot the breeze with you."

Mr. Page marshalled his reserves of stoicism. "Shoot!" he said gallantly. As if to protect himself, he placed a hand before his face.

"Something on your mind, Pater?" asked Alex.

Surely, Mr. Page thought, this was the moment to tell the boy to go to hell? He composed himself, and then, since he preferred the sound of his own voice to that of his son's, he launched into an instructive monologue on the laws of inheritance in North Carolina, and described the ebullient character of the late Mr. Smart and the attempt under way to discredit his will. "You can see it's a tricky business," he said. "If I agree to having his pictures shown, for instance—"

"Why not?" Alex interrupted. "Churchill and Eisenhower are painters."

"Not of old Smart's school," his father told him. "If the jury sees his stuff, they'll be baffled. On the other hand, if I object to their seeing it and the judge sustains me, they'll assume it's pornographic. Whereas it's merely unintelligible. And when we get into his religion, God alone can get us out!"

"If you ask me," said Alex, "you could explode the myth."

"The myth?"

"The myth of Christianity, of course," said Alex. "People down here have never studied comparative religion. Nobody here knows that the same legends run through all the faiths. Take the birth of Venus. . . ."

For twenty minutes, more or less, Mr. Page "took" the Greek divinities.

"Take Confucius," said Alex.

"It's getting late," Mr. Page said. "Suppose we save Confucius."

"O.K., sir," said Alex amiably. "But

if you'd explain all this comparative-religion stuff to those Little Abners on the jury, you'd rock the Bible Belt."

"I sure would!" agreed Mr. Page.

"Then why not try?" Alex demanded.

"Because I want a favorable judgment," Mr. Page said.

FOR some time after he was in bed, Mr. Page lay awake. As he rehearsed the evening, he remembered a time when the presence of a son had been a blessing on the house. What a likely small boy Alex had been! Poor chap. He had started life with a fair chance of success and, like better men before him, had been ruined by a fatuous mother, who had indulged him and flattered him, and, having made him into a monster of complacency, had flitted off and left him with his father! Recoiling from this train of thought, Mr. Page gathered about him the mantle of his frustrations and sank into dreams.

With morning light, he felt more optimistic. Alex, he was suddenly sure, would renew old acquaintanceships in town, and the nights would soon find him carousing with his fellows in various joints and drive-ins; his whereabouts might even become a source of paternal concern. In sanguine anticipation of such anxiety, and taking care to tiptoe past Alex's door, Mr. Page descended to the dining room feeling that the day was his.

And so the day was. Mr. Page, making a perfunctory plea for dismissal of the case against the Smart will, on grounds of insufficient cause, was so persuasive that, to his surprise, the judge granted his request. Later, Mr. Page cleared a title, accepted a retainer, and helped a young couple on the verge of divorce to reconcile their differences. He came home buoyant with good humor.

On the living-room sofa, clad in T shirt and slacks, Alex lay at languid ease. "Greetings, Pater," he said. "You're running late."

"Busy day," said Mr. Page. "I'll make a quick change. Tell Emma she can serve dinner in ten minutes."

"Aren't you having a drink?" asked Alex.

"Uh . . . I guess not," said Mr. Page. (He had counted on a quick one, but Alex's interest in the matter put him out of the mood.) "Emma likes to leave before dark."

"The habitual drinker of your age needs an ounce of alcohol before his evening meal," said Alex. "It's a recognized fact."

"Later, maybe," said Mr. Page.

"Drinking *before* eating is better for you," said Alex.

At table, Mr. Page inquired about the life at Alex's school—the food, the teams, the dramatic club. He asked Alex's opinions of various big-league ballplayers and gave his own. It was, he thought, a very suitable father-and-son conversation, and it was abysmally dull.

They were finishing dessert when Alex said, "How did your case go, Pa? The one about the will?"

"I asked the judge to throw it out, and he did."

"Without a trial?" asked Alex.

"Yes," his father told him. "I stole some thunder from you. The fact that Ike and Sir Winston are painters was most impressive to His Honor."

THRIFT SHOPPE
ANTIQUES

"So you lost your opportunity," said Alex.

"Opportunity?"

"To cast a stone at bigotry."

"Yes, I guess I lost it," Mr. Page said. Rising hastily, he retreated to his library, locked the door, sat down at his desk, and began, in his mind, to compose a letter to his wife. He meant to inform her that her son was in danger of suffering bodily harm at the hands of a man who found his company insupportable.

Outside, in the drive, a car stopped. A horn tooted. There were cries, bass and treble, of "Alex! Hey, Alex! Al-ex-za-a-ander!" and the sound of laughter. Feet ran up the path. The doorbell sounded a series of staccato rings.

Mr. Page heard Alex galloping down the hall, opening the door, greeting guests. "Sh-h-h!" Alex said. "Pipe down. My old man . . ." There was a gust of whispers and giggles as the crowd skidded past the library door and on through the living room to the porch. In a few minutes, feet scurried over the grass outside the window. A car door slammed. A motor raced. A car drove off.

For a dutiful moment, as Mr. Page speculated upon the meaning of Alex's shushing of his friends, and their subsequent furtive behavior, he tried to feel uneasy. But he shrugged and unlocked the door. Whistling cheerfully, he went to the pantry, fixed a Tom

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THE USUAL CLOUD

Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, announced this evening that the Soviets today conducted another nuclear weapons test at the usual Siberian test site.—*From an A.E.C. news release.*

From the usual testing site in old Siberia
(Or new Nevada),
Let us bid bon voyage to the usual particles
For whom, for where?
Oh, Tovarischi, gathered in the purposeful dawn,
Our black glasses scanning the young sun's night,
Is this new cloud, no bigger than the hand of man,
Bound for the hardy bracken of an Arctic inlet?
Or for the nostrils of the Lama of Tibet?
Giants of Patagonia, beware!
Flee the spring rain
Lest gentle showers shrink you to dwarfs, millennia hence.
Sailors of Australia, your guns, unlimbered and blazing,
Cannot stay the Pacific's attacking air.
Grazing cows of all the Santiagos,
Choose your blades well,
And oats, peas, beans, and barley, grow, grow,
But grow clean of root
In Akron's and Bizerte's soil, and, alas,
Odessa's, too,
For true democracy reigns everywhere at last,
Set free by our usual blast.

—DANIEL LANG

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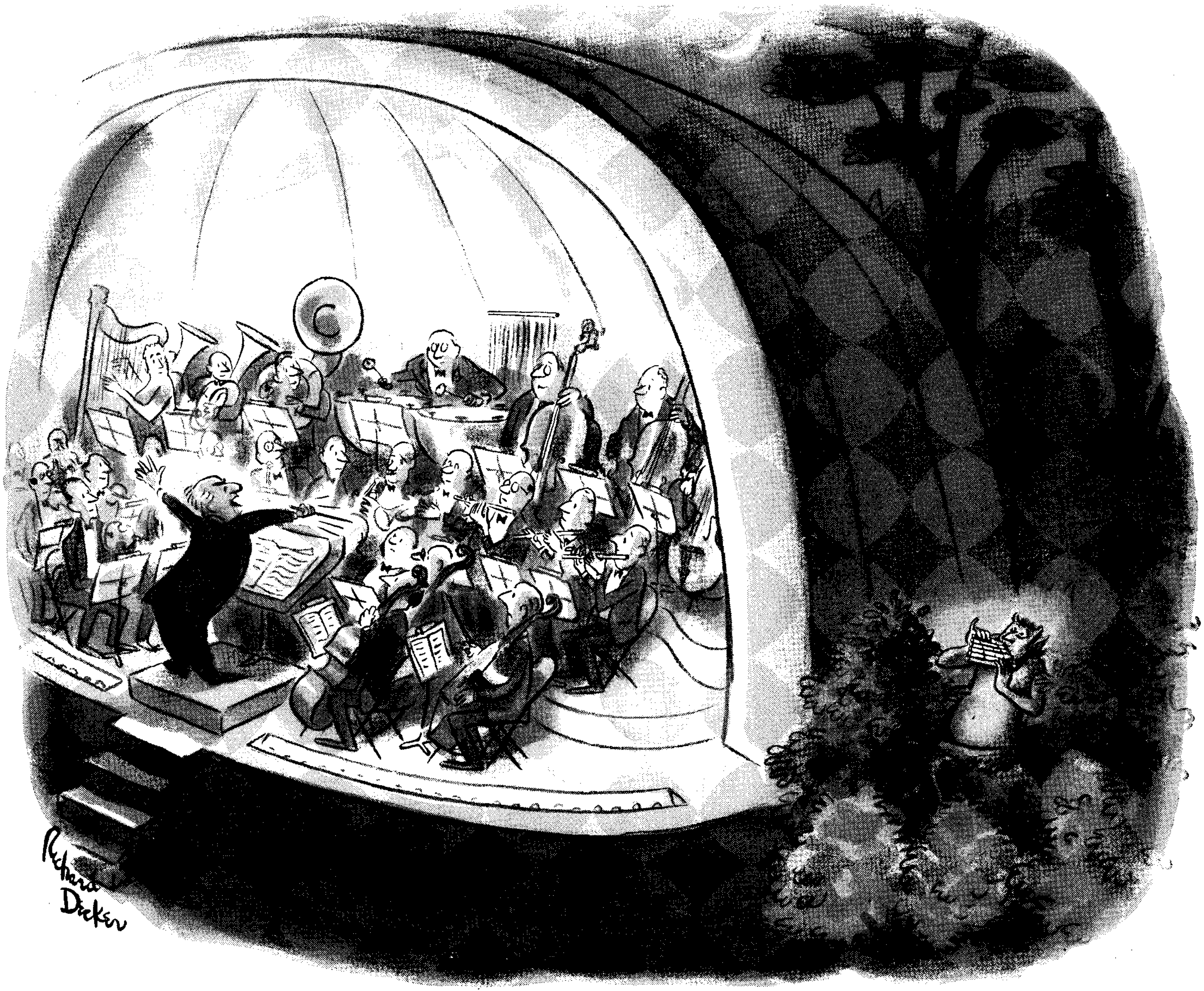

"All right, you flutes, who's the wise guy?"

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Collins, double-strength, and carried it to the dark porch. He eased himself into a rocking chair.

"Well, Pater," a familiar voice said, "all set to relax?"

Mr. Page discerned Alex's bulk stretched on the couch. "I thought you'd gone," he said.

"I'm right here," said Alex.

"Oh," said Mr. Page. He trusted himself to say no more.

"Some local characters came by," said Alex. "I'm sorry they made such a racket."

"Your friends are always welcome," Mr. Page said stiffly. "Who were they?"

"Hazel, and Flick Williams," Alex said dismissively. He added, as if he hated to, "Annsley was with them."

"Nice girl," Mr. Page said. Annsley Haywood was the daughter of his law partner.

"Yeah," Alex said grudgingly, "but she's kind of upstage since she's been to school in Virginia."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr. Page.

"I guess she's just a crazy, mixed-up kid," Alex said. "I guess they all are. They wanted me to go to a drive-in to see a Western. How banal can you get?"

"Still, they're your old friends," Mr. Page protested. "You might get in touch with Annsley tomorrow and fix up a more exciting evening."

"She's going to the Neck tomorrow," said Alex. "Mrs. Haywood's opening their cottage and the whole family's going down for the summer. Except Mr. Haywood, of course."

"Of course," said Mr. Page, half sick with envy.

Alex hoisted his frame to a sitting position. He leaned forward and clasped his great hands around his knees. "To hell with the Haywoods, Pop," he said. "What's the matter with *you*? You're nervous, aren't you?"

"Me?" Mr. Page said weakly.

"Yes, you," said Alex. "It seems to me you're terribly nervous lately. It makes you turn to alcohol."

"Now, let's get one thing straight, Alex," said Mr. Page mildly. "I am *not* the town drunk."

"Of course not, sir," said Alex. "And I guess a man your age needn't bother about the side effects."

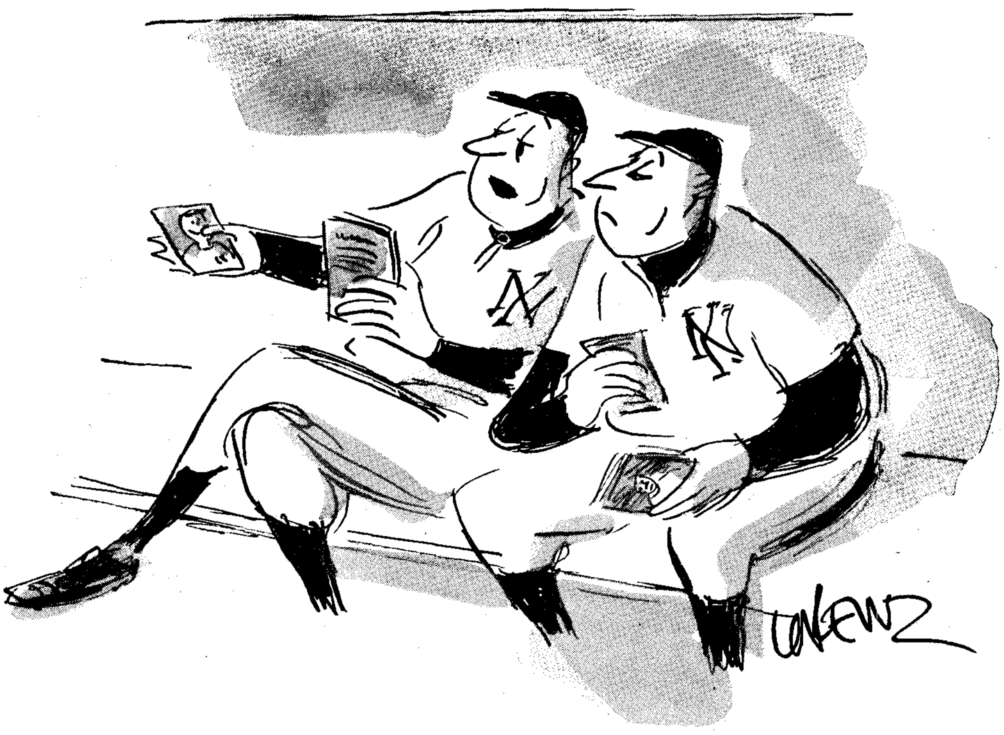
"What side effects?"

"The—oh, you know, the hidden damage," said Alex, seeming to shrink from the subject. "But you could become a plateau drinker."

"A *what*?"

"You could saturate your system with a little alcohol all the time. Just enough to push reality down."

Mr. Page sipped his Collins. Reality,



"I like this Bubblemint series. They've managed to catch the deep blue of my eyes."

• •

he was grieved to note, remained unsubmerged.

"The Bowery bums are plateau drinkers," said Alex.

"Poor guys!" said Mr. Page.

"What I was thinking—don't you need a hobby?"

"Why?"

"To resist apathy," said Alex. "Have you heard of this new science called geriatrics?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"The treatment of the aged," Alex said solemnly.

"Just for the record, Alex, I'm forty-five," said Mr. Page.

"So what?" said Alex. "You've got ten, twenty creative years ahead. This master up at school is fifty and *he's* not apathetic. Last year he taught himself to play the guitar."

"Your history master?"

"No. Chem," said Alex.

"I gather he doesn't drink?"

"Well, the fellows say he goes on a binge in Boston every payday, but he's not on a plateau. Look, Skipper, lots of men in their later years . . ."

As Mr. Page had often said to his wife, he accepted a certain monotony—regular hours, habits, and obligations—as the *sine qua non* of a stable society, but the monotony of the ensuing week was of a kind he had never before suffered. He rose early, and always with a fresh optimism; he labored diligently; he returned home, honorably weary, and found Alex in wait for him.

Alex, though he usually greeted his father from a sofa, was not weary. Bright-eyed with idleness, he was ready with the lively quip and the agile gambit. Far into the night, he explored cloudlands of philosophy, gave advice, and delivered opinions. Occasionally, he was halted by the demands of the telephone, but he inevitably returned to the porch, deploring the interruption, and—as if he'd kept a finger on his place in a book—took up where he had left off.

Without the solace of liquor, Mr. Page sat through the long summer evenings. But though he was courteous, he was careful not to encourage the flow of his son's ideas. He spoke only when silence would have been churlish, and after a time Alex's voice became a background sound—like a distant surf, Mr. Page thought. That flight of fancy was not a happy one, though. Surf reminded him of Swan's Neck and of the boy who had sat silent in a dinghy, fishing.

What had happened to the boy, Mr. Page asked himself, with a spasm of real concern. He knew about adolescence, of course (it was one of his wife's favorite themes)—how it was a time when kids got unsettled, and went through "phases," and tried out different personalities, and in general made bloody nuisances of themselves—but if that was Alex's trouble, it must be more acute than in most cases. Surely that compulsive talking couldn't be natural?

"How does Alex seem to you, Emma?" he asked one morning as he was being served breakfast.

"Quiet," Emma said. "Like always. He got the habit from the girls not giving him no chance to talk."

"Quiet?"

"Yes, sir. He lays around, not troubling nobody. Like he's thinking."

"Do you think that's a healthy sign?"

"Thinking?" Emma weighed the question. "He don't complain." Her usually impassive face appeared to glow from within. "He *eats* good," she said.

Mr. Page was disappointed in Emma. From her, endowed beyond most of her sex with the power of detachment, he had hoped for a shaft of wisdom, and he saw sadly that he had hoped for too much. No woman could remain shrewd where a growing boy was concerned; Alex's every excess, gastric or intellectual, bemused and charmed Emma.

But what man could he consult? He could hardly buttonhole his partner, or any of his other friends, and say, "Look, my son's driving me crazy!" In a small town, dependent on gossip for its chief diversion, such a remark might affect a boy's whole future—his marriage, his career.

That day was difficult for Mr. Page. His private dilemma caused him to be rude in court and techy in the office. He stayed late, but the time came at last when he had to leave. As he was nerving himself to go home, he had an unexpected visitor.

The visitor, an old friend named Bruce Mallard, whom Mr. Page had not seen for years, was a roly-poly, uncomplicated man who had achieved modest success as a free-lance journalist. He was in town to say goodbye to his invalid eighty-year-old mother before he left for three months in Africa, to gather material for an article he hoped to sell to the *Reader's Digest.* It had been a painful farewell, he said; he realized that he and his mother might never meet again.

Mr. Page was touched. "If you're free," he said, "why not come home with me to dinner? Alice is away with the girls, but she left a good cook to look after Alex and me."

"Good! I'll come," said Bruce Mallard. "I haven't seen Alex since he was a little shaver at the Neck, six, seven years ago."

"Well, he's changed some," said Mr. Page. "A whole lot, in fact. It's queer about Alex."

"Oh," said Mallard. "You mean he don't like girls?"

"No. Not that, for God's sake," Mr. Page said, feeling that a new dimension had been added to his anxiety. "But I'm worried. It's not just that he's growing up; his whole character seems to have changed since he went off to school. Maybe you can figure him out." Then, encouraged by the solicitude in his friend's face, he listed the symptoms of Alex's peculiarity—the swing from daytime lethargy to nocturnal garrulity, the grand airs of infallibility, the slovenly personal habits.

"I'll look at him," Mallard said. "But it sounds like a case for the experts. You can't let these things go too far, you know."

A quarter hour later, when he and Bruce Mallard reached the house, Mr. Page was surprised and somewhat taken aback to find Alex looking alert and spruce. He had shaved his upper lip; he wore, instead of his usual dishabille, a conventional cord suit, shoes and socks, even a necktie, and when he greeted the guest, he did so with the ceremonious aplomb of a young man who has been abroad in the world. Bruce Mallard gave his host an odd look, dubious and speculative. Throughout dinner, while Mallard rattled on about Africa, Alex remained the deferential listener. Once, he did flush and lean forward, as if to snatch the conversation, but, perhaps because Mallard's grip on it was unbreakable, he held his peace. Afterward, sitting with the two men on the porch, he continued to hold it.

Mr. Page was torn between relief and disappointment. He could not, in good conscience, wish his son to play the ass, and yet if Alex refused to reveal himself, how could Bruce Mallard judge him?

But at last Alex showed his colors.

"What I hope to do," the guest of the evening had been saying, "is to write a sort of continental anatomy of Africa, with no punches pulled."

Alex came and stood against the porch railing, gazing down at Mallard. "Sir," he said, "why do you want to write for *Reader's Digest*?"

Mallard appeared stunned by the question. "Why do I— Why, sonny, the *Digest* has the largest mass circulation of any magazine on earth!"

"Do you like to write for the masses?" said Alex.

"I'd get a kick out of reaching ten million readers, if that's what you mean," said Mallard.

"But *would* you reach them?" Alex asked, and, without waiting for an answer, proceeded in the style his father knew well to prick the balloon of Bruce Mallard's ambition. With complete assurance, he argued the case for the few against the many. "This Harvard professor spoke to us once in chapel," he said in his summation. "I happen to be an agnostic, but we have compulsory chapel at school. This Harvard guy spoke on Ralph Waldo Emerson. He told us if you want to get the truth across, you can't talk down. You have to give it straight and aim it at the intellectual aristocracy. From them, it seeps down to the masses. It . . ." Out of breath or ideas, or both, Alex paused.

"You've ignored one little consideration," said Mallard. "Money."

"What's money compared to a writer's integrity?" Alex inquired.

Mallard spoke in a humble voice. "What do *you* think I ought to do?"

"Why not try the *Atlantic Monthly*?" said Alex.

At this moment, the telephone shrilled. "Excuse me," Alex said. "I'm expecting a call." He went into the house, closing the door behind him.

"He's pretty bad, isn't he?" said Mr. Page.

"That kid?" said Mallard. "Oh, he's young and impractical, but I don't see anything much *wrong* with him."

"But that's how he talks *all the time!*" said Mr. Page. "I come home from work, and what do I find? Alex ready to talk for hours on every conceivable subject. Alcoholism is one of his pet themes, damn it. That's why I didn't offer you a drink."

"I'm A.A.," said Mallard.

"Religion. Geriatrics." Mr. Page laughed in a broken way.

"I don't get it," said Mallard. "Are you complaining like this because your own son stays home and pals with you?"

"I tell you, Bruce, this week has been hell," said Mr. Page.

"He wants to talk to his father," said Mallard. "So he's peculiar. I bet Alice talks to her daughters."

"That's different," said Mr. Page, thinking of three pretty voices engaged in continuous chatter. "Jane and Lucy take after their mother."

"Three guesses who the boy takes after," said Mallard.

"Oh, go climb a tree," Mr. Page said sheepishly.

Alex's telephone call was lengthy, and Bruce Mallard took his leave before it was over. "I'll walk. I need the exercise," he said, declining his host's offer to drive him to his hotel. "You stay here where you belong, with your son. And appreciate him, for God's sake!"

From the porch steps, Mr. Page watched his friend walk across the grass, down the street, and out of sight. He felt forlorn and discouraged, as if he were the last rational being left on earth.

A FEW moments later, Alex hurried out onto the porch. "I want to talk to you, Dad," he said.

Mr. Page wheeled to face Alex. "You do, eh?"

he said menacingly before it dawned upon him that his son had spoken in a new tone, boyish and urgent, and had addressed him unaffectedly as “Dad.”

“About my call,” said Alex. “That was Annsley Haywood, at the Neck.”

“It was a long call,” said Mr. Page.

“You know how girls like to yak,” Alex said. “She was talking from the pay booth at the drugstore in Swan’s Neck, and I kept track of every coin she dropped in. She’ll want it back when I draw my first pay.”

“Pay?” said Mr. Page.

“I’ve got a job,” said Alex. “Starting tomorrow.”

Mr. Page said nothing. He was done with snatching at bubbles.

Alex explained that the contractor who was building a motel at Swan’s Neck had been in town that day, recruiting labor. Flick Williams had got wind of his presence; together the two boys had gone to see him. “And,” Alex said, as if recounting a miracle, “he hired us! I couldn’t talk about it with you before, with Mr. Mallard here.”

“What do you know!” said his father, sinking into a chair.

“There’s one hitch, though,” said Alex.

Naturally there was, thought Mr. Page. Here it came.

“I’m under age,” said Alex. “My father has to sign my working papers.”

“I see,” said Mr. Page. For as long as he dared, he pretended to deliberate. “O.K., I guess I’ll sign.”

Alex heaved a sigh. “Then everything’s fixed,” he said. “I sent a note to Annsley by the man that hired us. That’s why she called me. She says Flick and I can stay with them. If we teach the little kids to swim, Mrs. Haywood won’t charge us board.”

“You’ll be stinking rich by September,” said Mr. Page.

“Not if Annsley can help it,” said Alex. His voice hardened. “She’ll always be wanting to go to a show or a pizza palace and expecting *me* to pay.”

“You’ll need a car,” said Mr. Page, reckless with good fortune. “Better take the station wagon. I’ll use your mother’s.”

“Jeepers!” said Alex. “For a summer that started like a trap, this one has really opened up!” Immediately, he was contrite. “I don’t want you to think I haven’t enjoyed it here with you. It’s like Mama said—a privilege.”

“What else did she say?”

“Just that you were a man of many parts, and she wanted us to talk to each other.”

“She’s a remarkable woman,” said Mr. Page. “She would do anything for her children.”

“You know, it was tough going at first,” said Alex. “But once I really started talking, it was *easy*.”

“You impressed Bruce Mallard,” said Mr. Page.

“I tried,” said Alex. “Golly, it’s weird what a difference one day can make in a person’s life. This morning, I was wondering how I was going to get through the summer, and then Flick called, and we were hired, and now, in less than seven hours—we have to leave by 5 A.M., Flick says—I’ll be on my way to the Neck. The whole picture’s changed.”

“I know,” Mr. Page said sincerely. “Hadn’t you better turn in? And how about a can of beer before you do? It might be relaxing.”

“Do you think it’s safe?” asked Alex.

“Safe? One can of beer before bedtime?” Mr. Page scoffed. Then, sensing in Alex’s hesitation an inexplicable tension, he asked, “What’s all this, anyhow? Your worry about the dire effects of alcohol?”

“Oh—nothing,” said Alex.

“I don’t want to force the stuff down your throat,” Mr. Page said. “If you don’t like it, just say so.”

“I like it,” said Alex. “Maybe too much. I used to be quite a drinker.”

“Is that so?” Mr. Page said in an offhand way. “When?”

“Last fall. Up at school,” Alex said. “My roommate smuggled in two cases of Schlitz. He’d labelled ’em ‘Books.’ ”

Mr. Page managed a polite chuckle.

“All through November, every Saturday night after lights-out, him and me and Bingo White, the colored boy, used to drink in the dark. Sometimes three or four cans apiece. We could have been shipped.”

“That would have been a blow to your mother,” said Mr. Page.

“Then I swore off.”

“That was smart,” said Mr. Page.

“We were caught,” Alex said. “Our housemaster was snooping around one night and caught us in the act. He didn’t report us—which was big of him—but he told us what alcohol did to people our age.”

“What does it do?” asked Mr. Page, honestly curious.

Alex leaned forward into a patch of moonlight, which gave him an unearthly pallor. His hair, crew-cut and in need of trimming, stood on end. His voice sank to a whisper. “Alcohol blasts the germ plasm,” he said.

From a stranger, or even from a neighbor’s child, that fantastic statement would have been low comedy. But Alex was not a stranger—or no more than a man’s son has to be—and in a shy, oblique, and masculine way he had asked a question. It was, his father perceived, a question that demanded a delicate answer.

“Your history master, I presume?” said Mr. Page.

“Jesus God!” Alex said in awe and reverence. “How could you know that?”

“Easy,” Mr. Page replied, with a shrug. “You said he was an old woman.”

An expression of exquisite relief slackened Alex’s strained countenance. “Then I— I won’t be . . .” he stammered hoarsely. “That is to say—I mean—scientifically . . .”

“It’s scarcely a recognized fact,” Mr. Page said, and at once was ashamed of himself. Mimicry was seldom appropriate, and now, aimed at a sensitive boy, it was barbarous.

But to his infinite surprise, Alex laughed—a fine, free burst of cackles—and, still laughing, he went into the house to get his beer.

HALF an hour later, Alex stood in the lighted doorway. “The beer was swell,” he said. “I had two cans.”

“Don’t overdo a good thing,” said Mr. Page. Then, recalling the boy’s frank comments upon the ease with which the human voice, once set in motion, could function, he deemed it prudent to reëstablish his distance. “Good night, Alex,” he said with firm friendliness and finality. “Good luck on the job.”

Left to his solitude, Mr. Page listened for a few moments to the stirring of a light wind in the treetops and studied the pattern made by the moonlight on the lawn. Deciding that he was too tired to enjoy even this peacefulness—with Alex gone, there would be plenty of other quiet nights—he went indoors, locked up, and put out the downstairs lights. There wasn’t a sound in the house. As Mr. Page climbed the stairs to bed, he said to himself—and he was curiously pleased to realize where the words came from—“It’s like a tomb in here.”

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

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Snugly-belted, full-skirted fashions were in the ascendancy Tuesday night at the opening of Noel Coward’s hilarious “Nude With Violin” at the Curran Theater. Only here and there was a new chemist noticeable in the foyer and these mostly in black topped with fur stoles.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Saucy enough, God knows.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

M. MAURIAC'S AUTOMOBILE

EARLY in the autumn of 1944, François Mauriac told me that living in France between 1934 and 1940 had felt "like being in an automobile that wouldn't respond to the steering wheel, the brakes—anything." He said that "morally" that period had been worse than the Occupation, when everybody had at least known what to be against. In the years before the war and in the nine months of stalemate, there had been a sense of helplessness and doom. Catastrophe, coming at last, had brought relief from anticipation more painful.

M. Mauriac at that time had but recently returned to his large apartment, at 38 Avenue Théophile-Gautier, in the posh and uninteresting region of Passy-Auteuil, as modern and drab as upper Park Avenue. The apartment occupied not only the entire fifth floor of No. 38 but part of the corresponding floor of an adjacent building; a passage had been knocked through the intervening walls. M. Mauriac clearly belonged in a quarter dedicated to success, because he was a man of inherited wealth and an author of recognized fame, and since 1933 had been a member of the Académie Française. (The Nobel Prize did not come until later, but it was already in the cards.) "The Academy elected me at the early age of forty-seven [he was then fifty-eight] only because they believed me fatally ill of a throat cancer," he said modestly. "They love vacant seats and all the excitement that goes with elections." He had returned to the Avenue Théophile-Gautier from a village east of Paris; he had been hiding there from the Gestapo, which had decided a month or so before the Liberation of Paris to arrest him for writing for the Resistance press—especially for Les Editions de Minuit, the secret source of a score of books circulated in France under the nose of the Occupant. For several weeks before arriving in the village, he and his wife had been passed from one friend's flat or house to another's—an odd life, he admitted, for an Immortal. Then, for ten days after the Liberation, the German front line remained between Paris and the Mauriacs' village of refuge. While still in Paris, the Master had given his colleagues of the clandestine review *Les Lettres Françaises* a paper to be read publicly on the day of the Liberation, and, sitting next to an illegal radio set, he heard it broadcast by Julien Bertheau, a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française; the Liberation had not yet liberated M. Mauriac. When the Allied advance overran their hiding place, the Mauriacs came back to Paris—too late for the first public ecstasies. Now the automobile nightmare and its sequel of defeat were over, and M. Mauriac and I talked of those horrors as things past. I imagined that he might once have spoken of the arrested throat cancer in the same way; he was a man twice reprieved. He spoke in a hoarse whisper, as if he suffered from laryngitis, but without tiring progressively, as a man with a sore throat does. Neither of us foresaw that the repair job on the brakes and the steering wheel would prove such a botch that within a few years he and his countrymen would be back in the same old *taxi de cauchemar*. In the words of General John J. Pershing, another great man I once interviewed, "Who the hell could have foreseen this?" (That was in 1940, and I had asked the fierce old man whether he had expected the revival of German militarism.)

The mood of the beginning of that autumn of Liberation was magical. The Germans of the Western Front were in full flight, and the Allied units pursuing them met only the resistance of fragments, easily cut off and pocketed. Cold weather had not yet arrived to remind the Parisians that they had another winter to sit out without fuel. (In the Mauriac apartment, which was well decorated with the useless appurtenances of central heating, one small enamelled stove, in the smallest room, indicated the family's winter social center.) It was still a glorious novelty, Frenchmen said, to look out onto the street and see no slime-green uniforms, to go to sleep without fear of the knock on the door summoning to *Nacht und Nebel*, to read newspapers full of irreverence and unfettered polemic. (These are satisfactions that in

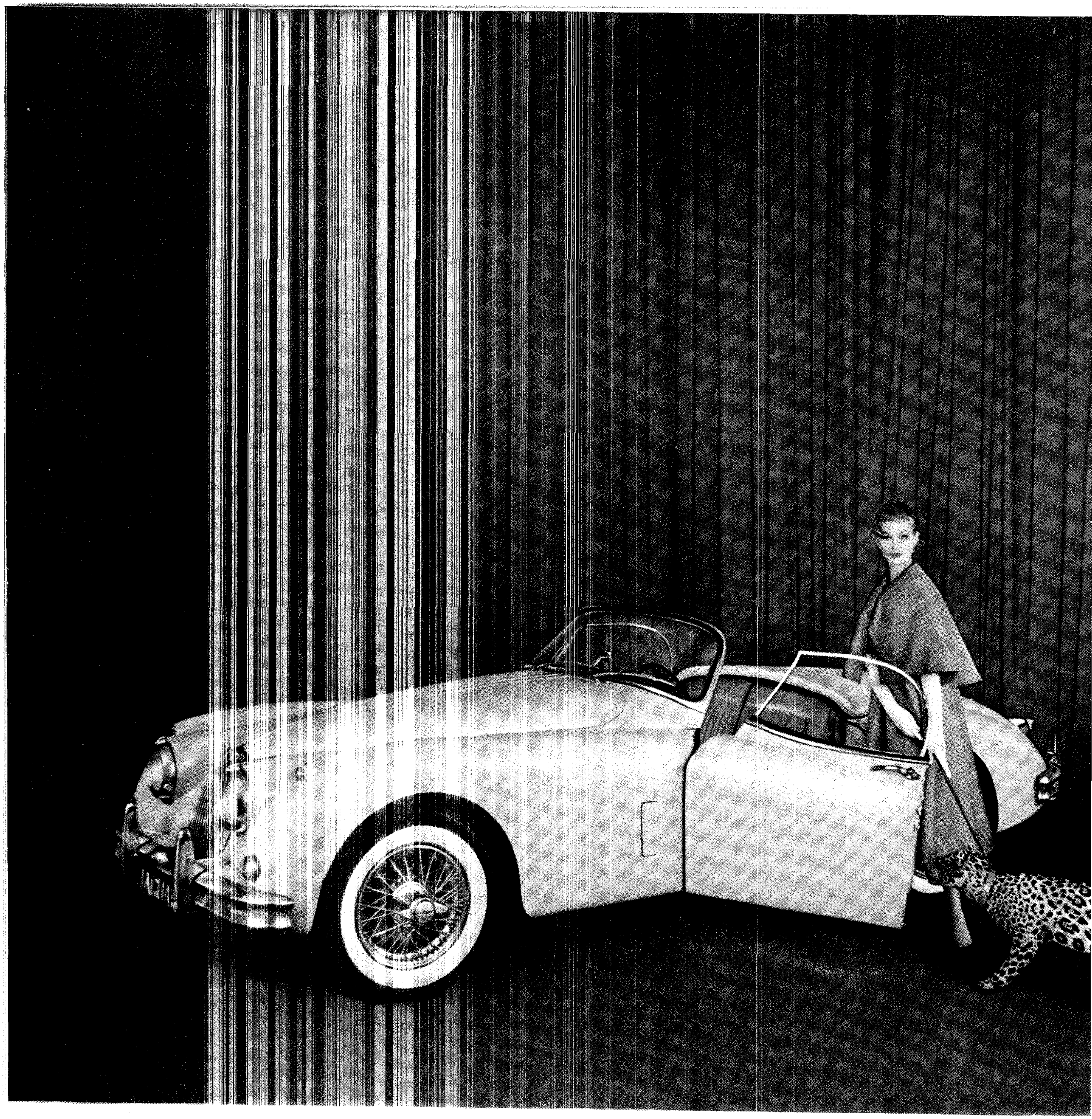
"I beg your pardon. This happens to be a personal letter."

fourteen years wear thin with use, like trousers.) Moreover, there was a surface unity that had not existed in France since the commanded unity of Louis XIV. This time, the unity was spontaneous. Mauriac told me that in one of his hiding places—the flat of a young writer, Jean Blanzat, in the Rue de Navarre, near the Montagne-Ste.-Geneviève—he, a Catholic liberal, had spent hours in friendly discussion with writers of the extreme Left and Right. He would even read them Victor Hugo. A few days after Mauriac came out of clandestinity, Resistants of all shades of thought appeared on the same platform, under the auspices of the Front National. Besides Mauriac, whose speech was read for him, the orators included the Reverend Père Philippe, of the Jesuit order, and Jacques Duclos, the Communist politician. The literary world, torn by political feuds before and since, was a cote of cooing coteries; *Les Lettres Françaises*, having emerged into the light, united in its columns Mauriac, Sartre, Camus, and Louis Aragon, the high priest of literary Stalinism—a collection of 1940 incompatibles who would soon be incompatible again. Women had ceased kissing stray Americans on the streets, but people often asked you home with them after one drink in a bar—a procedure never before or since customary in large cities. The dwindling of the high fervor of August 25th was inevitable and sensible. A few years ago, an old Frenchwoman told me, "For us, during the Occupation, 'American' was a synonym for God." We could not live up to such advance notices.

That mellow fall, the Communists were the most outspoken and unreserved advocates of "*de Gaulle au pouvoir*." That was *la consigne*—the order of the day handed down by Party headquarters—and it was a trifle astonishing, because all through the Resistance the Communist-led underground group had operated in distrustful isolation from the Gaullist network; not until the insurrection of Paris did the militant movements of diverse political faith coöperate openly. Suddenly, the Party accepted the General in his self-assigned role of the Indispensable Man. The *consigne* was, among other things, the first device for diverting French affection from the Western allies. The Party line ran that the Americans' delay in officially recognizing de Gaulle's provisional government was to allow them secretly to groom a more Vichy-washy candidate. It is now clear that the delay, which lasted well into October, was unwise, because it presented the Communists with this opportunity; there was no Frenchman who could have replaced de Gaulle after the Liberation, and State Department peevishness might to advantage have given way to good sense.

It would be amusing now to reread the editorials in which the newly freed press of the Left argued that the greatest (and tallest) of Frenchmen had torn his country from Hitler's grasp despite Churchill's and Roosevelt's determination to leave it there. It would be particularly amusing to read them in the awareness that within a year the same editorial writers would denounce the General as a tool of the Anglo-Americans, a puppet who had had nothing at all to do with the Liberation, which was achieved exclusively by the Communist underground and the Soviet Army's magnificent advance to the vicinity of Warsaw. The last had terrified the Germans into abandoning Paris without combat. The enduring effect of propaganda (and of mistakes that give it an opening) has little to do with reason, though. Among the millions of non-Communist French who dislike the United States today, there must be hundreds of thousands who were favorably disposed toward us in 1944, then began resenting the slight to de Gaulle—called to their attention by the Communists—and have now quite forgotten where the flea in their ear came from.

De Gaulle was the symbol of France's exhilarating unity when, ignoring the snipers' bullets that drove lesser figures into the gutter, he went striding down the Champs-Elysées at the head of a procession to Notre Dame on the day following the recovery of the city. The General intended to be more than a symbol. He thought, or knew—two verbs that for him are synonyms when he employs them in the first person singular—that all France could be spiritually united if the factions would



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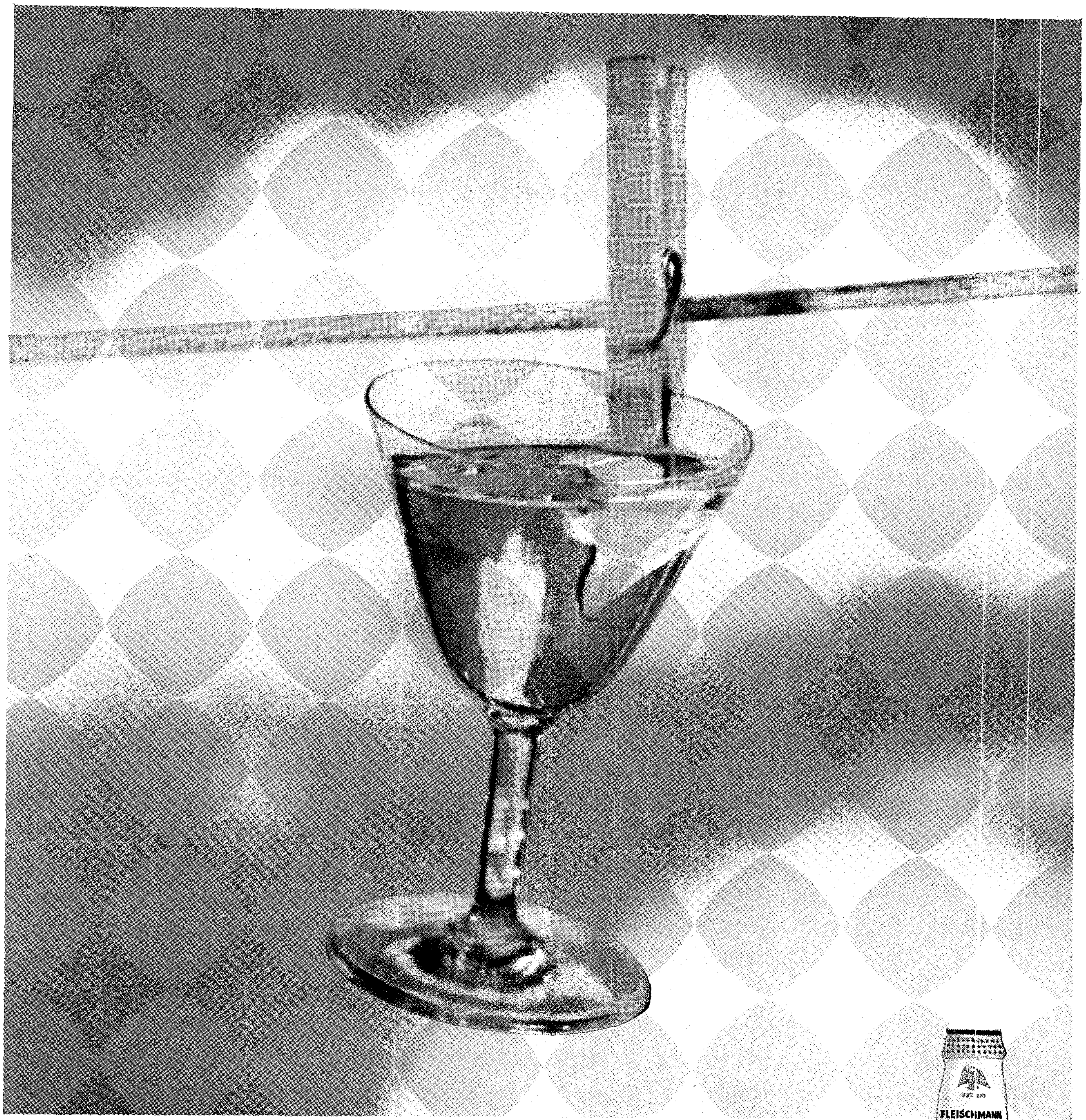

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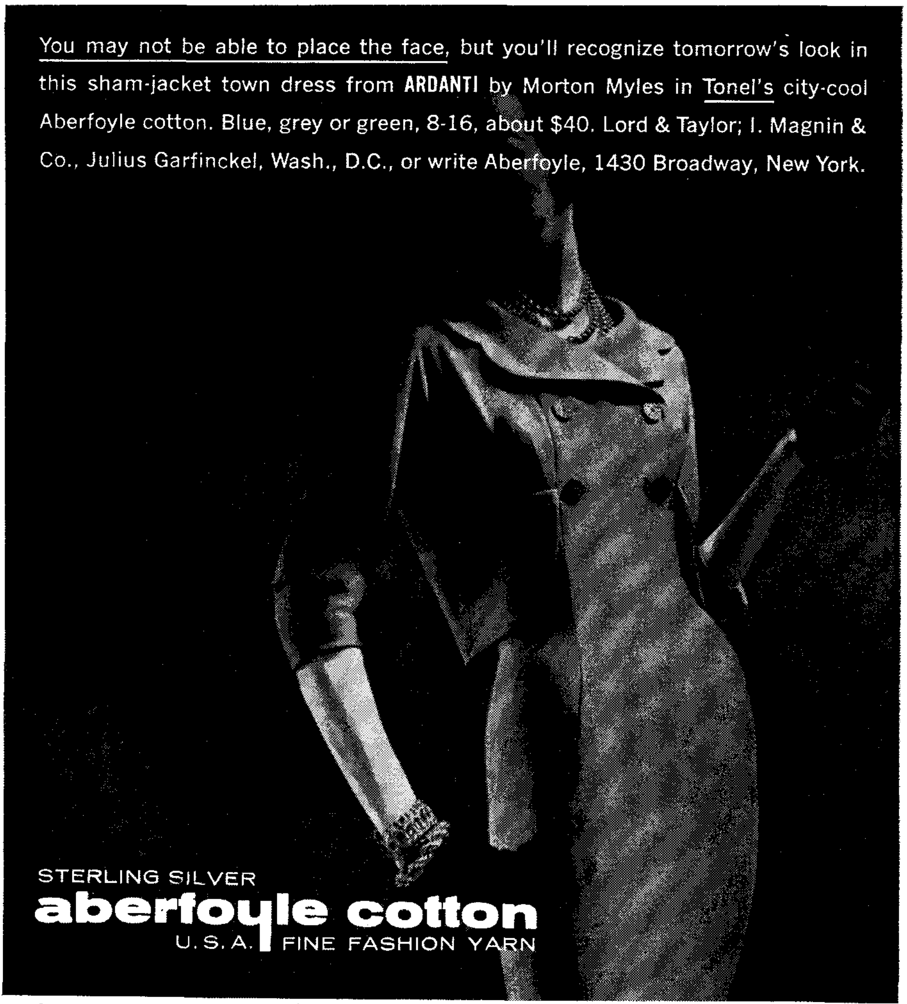
agree in advance to agree with him on whatever he might decide. He thought this sincerely, honestly, ingenuously—all such adverbs are redundant when used in connection with de Gaulle's thought—and there was a crush to get under his halo. All looked bright, and all France lived in the moment.

IT was Robert de St. Jean, a young man I had first met in the French Information Service back in the fall of 1939, who told me of Mauriac's return from the Maquis. (The word had been corrupted from its original sense of the brush, where young Frenchmen had gathered to fight a guerrilla war, to mean any place of hiding, urban or rural.) Such a distinguished man's having placed himself in peril in order to write what he thought was a notion that appealed to me; it would have been so easy for him to rationalize that a bit of prose could not materially improve the national destiny. Few of the bigwigs of French letters—the prosperous *chers maîtres*—were temerarious. Their attitude was in some cases dignified but rarely reckless. The sentiment of the man who has arrived is very often that of the Texas millionaire I heard about not long ago who went fishing on a lake in Louisiana with a number of less pecunious characters. A big storm came up and the boat began shipping water. With fishing clearly out of the question, his companions tried to make the best of things by starting a game of poker. But the millionaire wouldn't play. He said right out that he was worried. "Drowning may be all right for you boys," he said, "but I've got a lot of money." The more honor, then, to a *cher maître* who took a chance.

A reason important to me for seeing Mauriac was that in my undergraduate days, while vacationing in Paris, I had read "Le Baiser au Lépreux" and "Le Nœud de Vipères," his novels of religious guilt and intra-familial hate among the high bourgeoisie of his own hot, sun-dusty region, in the southwest of France. To my mind he was, and is, a great writer, and I know few. That it occurred to me to intrude upon him was a symptom of the euphoria we all lived in then. Americans were so welcome en masse that we assumed we would be welcome as individuals. If I went to Mississippi now, I wouldn't presume to send word to William Faulkner that I would like to waste his time because I admired "Light in August." But in Paris, then, I was unembarrassed. M. de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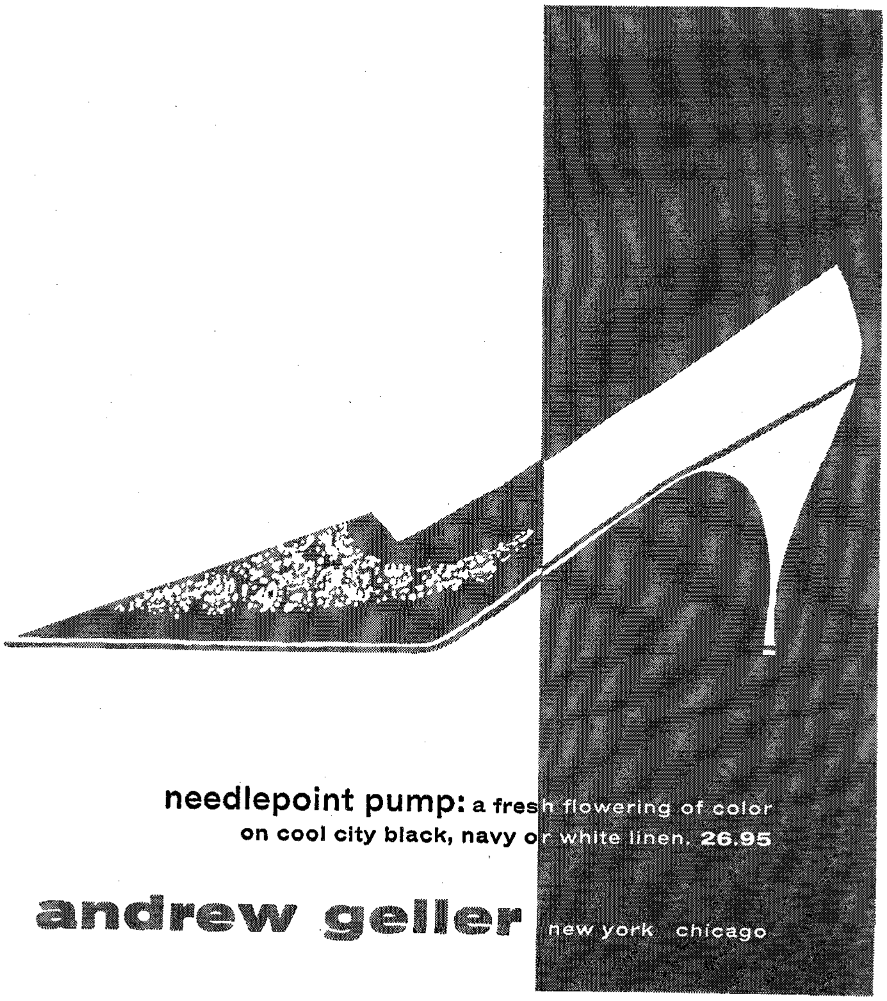
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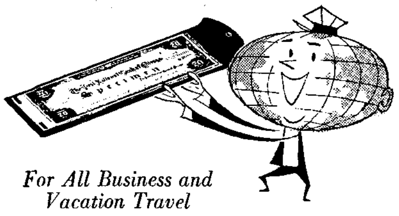

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St. Jean communicated with M. Mauriac, and an appointment was arranged. I wanted to know whether a man with an understanding of his fellows as deep as Mauriac's believed that the sutures between social groups would hold until France grew together. Like most people who consult experts, I hoped for expert reassurance.

IN those days, it was a perpetual pleasure to walk about Paris making contact again with French friends one had last seen in North Africa during the campaign there, or in London, when the Free French, under de Gaulle, were orphans—even compared to the other governments-in-exile—because they had no diplomatic status at all. There were, too, friends left behind in Paris in the June exodus of 1940. Among my acquaintances were some men I had known in all three phases of their migration—pilots I had met first in Champagne before the debacle, then in Tunisia, and finally in England before D Day, at the headquarters of the newborn Armée de l'Air. My reunions with people I had known in London in the early days were the most complacent.

"You remember how hopeless it looked?"

"Fantastic!"

"And here we are!"

Of late years, there has been a tendency among some of these returned émigrés to romanticize their stay in London. As they talk of it now, it was a charming *vie de bohème*, to be regarded with nostalgia—the little Soho pubs where one regaled oneself with warm beer and horse meat; the room, so *coquette*, under the eaves, with tar paper replacing the window glass blown out in the blitz. So Brillat-Savarin, returning to Paris after the Revolution, wrote nostalgically of his sojourn in Connecticut. So Americans of advanced or less advanced middle age sometimes speak of prohibition or the depression. But in 1944 reality was strong, and all the émigrés rejoiced to be home. Renewing the thread of acquaintance, one exchanged *potins*—bits of gossip about the turn of events. The ex-Londoners were scattered through the offices of the new provisional government and its armed forces. To them, General de Gaulle was a familiar figure; they had known him at close quarters, in a community of a few thousand people rigorously isolated in the midst of a foreign society. They commented on his reaction to France as well as on France's to him.

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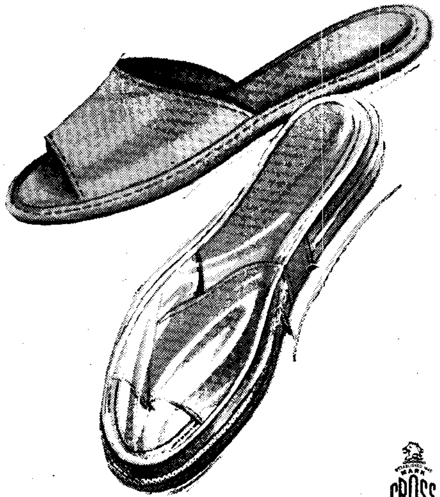

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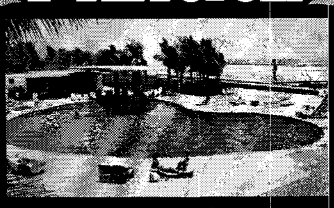

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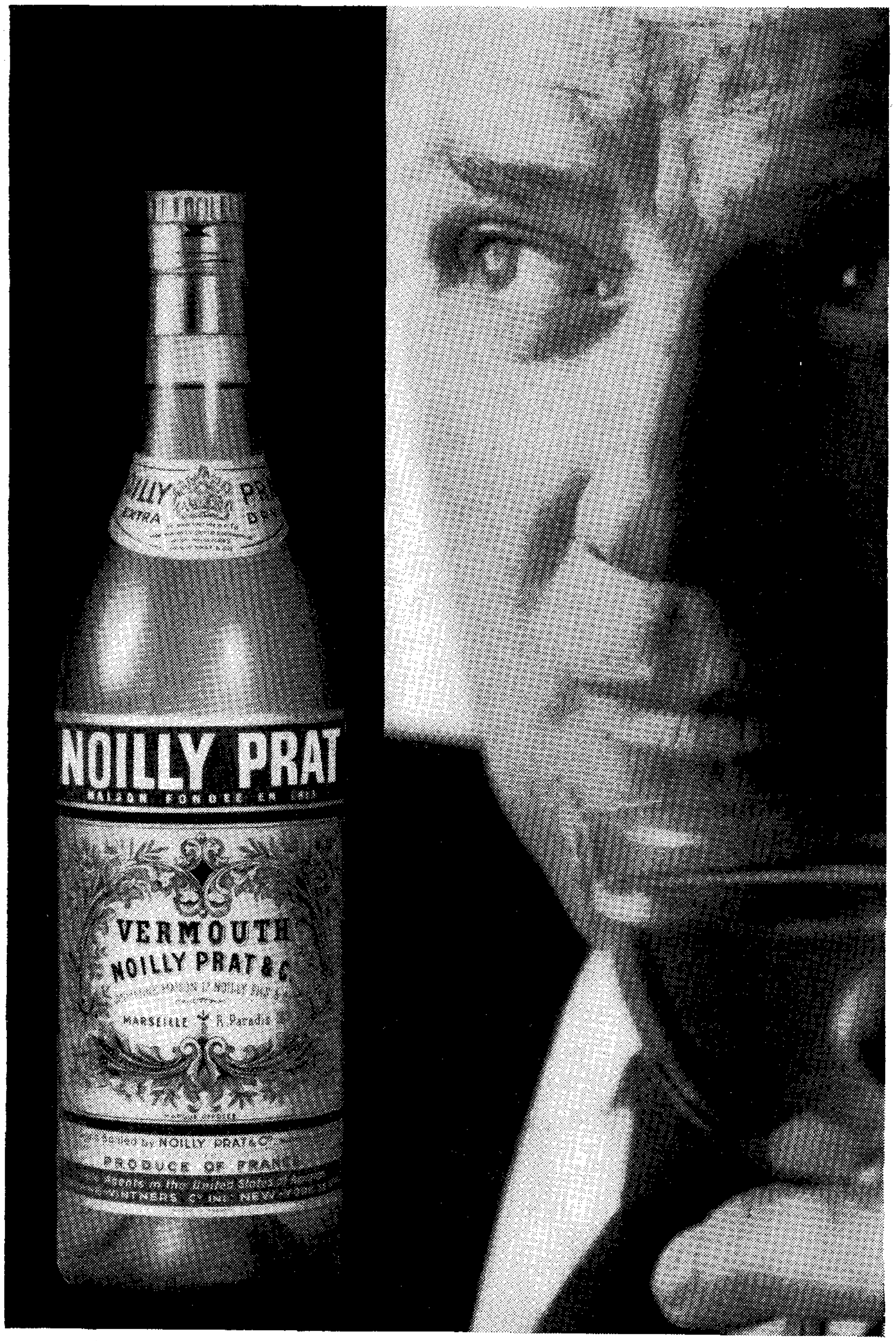
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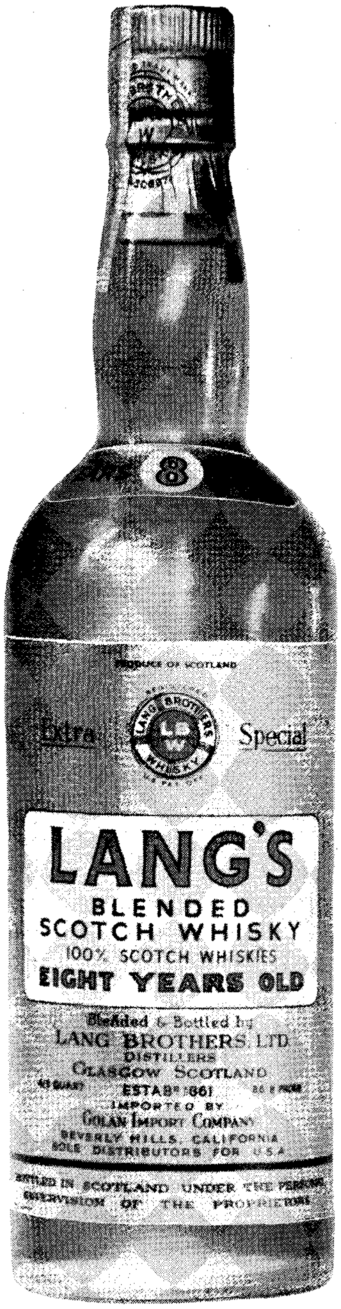

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cluded few representatives of the proletariat. For the most part, they were businessmen, diplomats, journalists, professional Army and Navy officers who had been attached to various missions when France fell, and a scattering of politicians important enough to get themselves smuggled out of the country. They were disputatious, and the General was vexed with their bickering, but he was angrier at his complete rejection by the wealthy classes within France. These sided preponderantly with Vichy until the last year of war, when, with Allied victory in sight, they began to hedge. So the General in England had idealized the plain working people of France—the only ones, he once assured me, who were wholeheartedly on his side. His delirious reception in Paris had confirmed this opinion, but within twenty-four hours of his triumph he began to hear how much the elegant and prosperous, too, had missed him. They hastened to tell him.

A military aide informed me that a critical point in the love affair between the General and his people arrived on the day that he decorated eight colonels of the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans, the Left Wing underground army, for their parts in the insurrection of Paris. "It was impossible for him to be enthusiastic, but he tried to be at least polite," the aide said. "These colonels in civilian clothes—ready-made clothes, at that—plus a tricolor armband, appalled him. After all, it had taken him twenty-five years after graduating from Saint-Cyr to attain the rank of colonel in the old Army. 'How did you win your grade at such an early age?' he asked the first of the F.-T.P.s. The average age, I suppose, was about thirty. 'Well, you see, General, it wasn't anything much,' the fellow said. 'A couple of years ago, I sneaked up behind a Boche sentinel and hit him over the head with a cosh and pinched his machine pistol after I finished him off. That pistol was the only automatic weapon in our *arrondissement*, so they made me captain. We used it to ambush a platoon coming out of a movie theatre, frisked the stiffs for Lugers, and started an arsenal. The boys elected me major. Then . . .' After another recital like that one, the General appeared distrait. It wasn't his idea of how to become a colonel. He didn't bother to ask the last six how many Boches they had ironed out, to use their quaint idiom."

BUT when I waited on M. Mauriac, all, as I have intimated, was harmonious. We talked as travellers ar-

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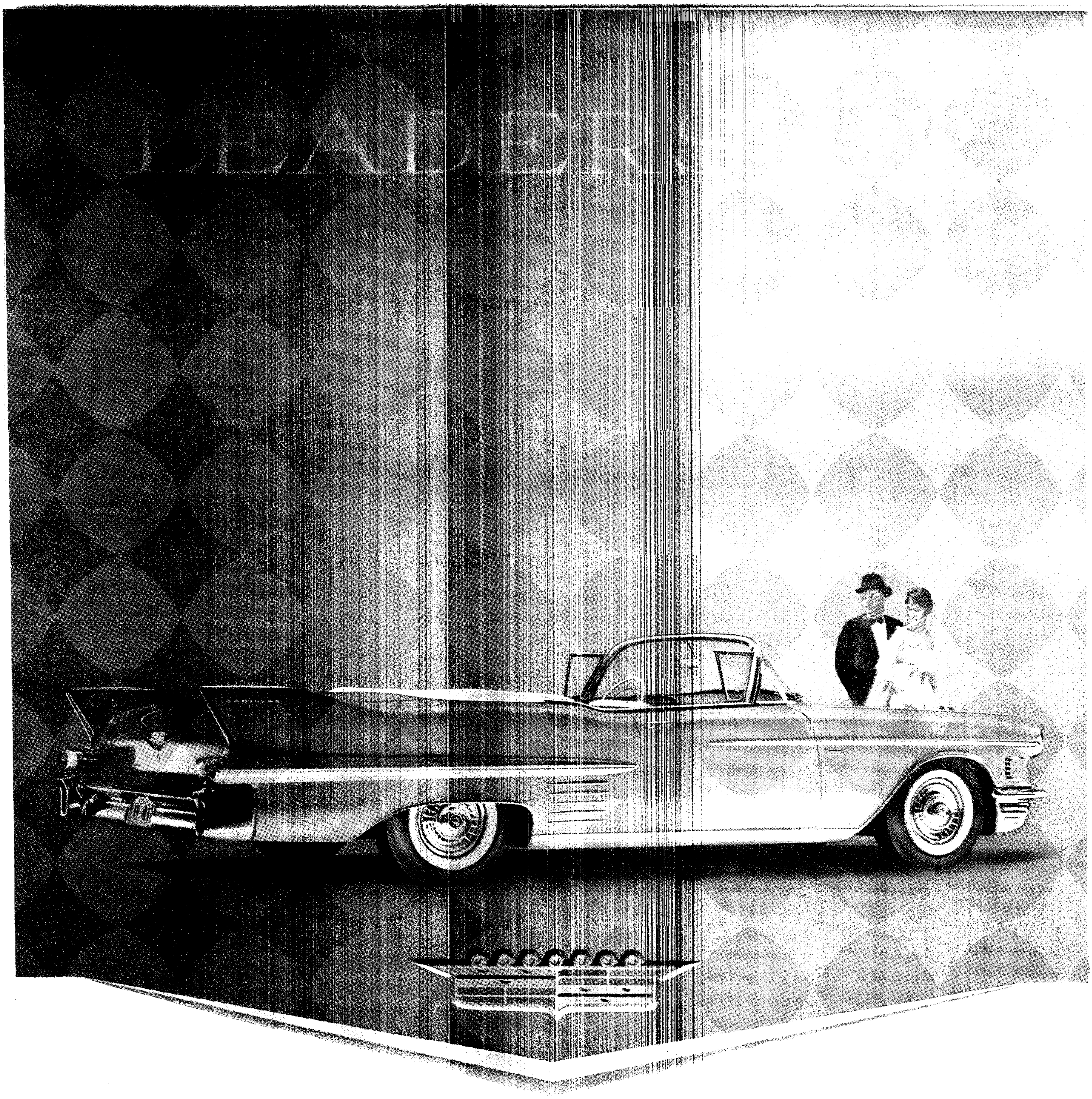

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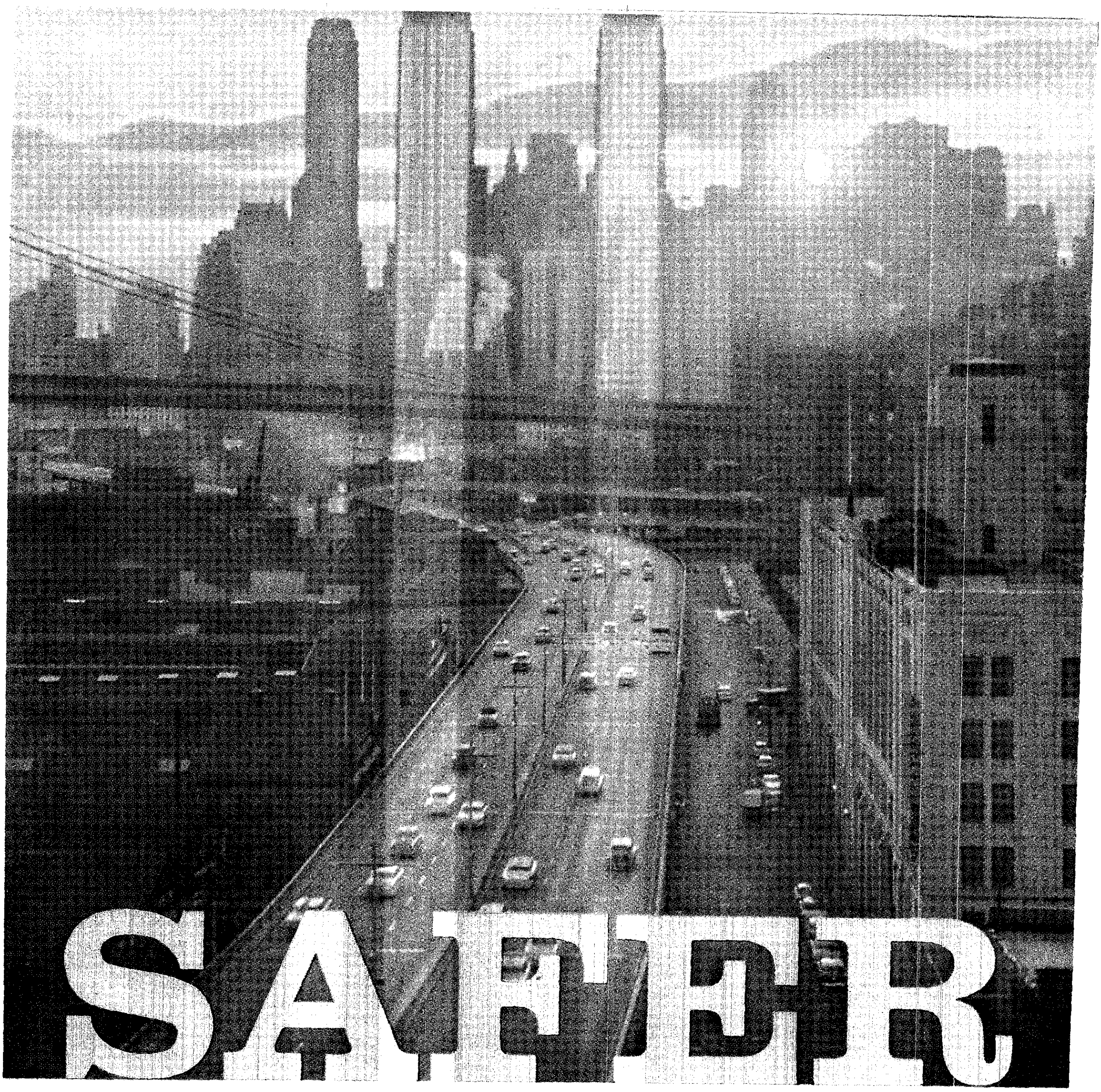

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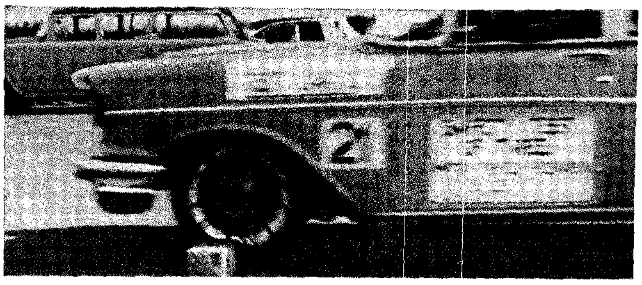

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rived in a safe port by different ships of the same convoy. I found the Academician a thin man but not frail, rather resembling a straight vertical line made with a firm stroke of the pencil. He was about five feet seven inches tall, well tailored in oxford gray. His face was built back from the point of a long nose with a convex bridge—the mouth, under a sparse, grizzled mustache, being thin, witty, and deprecatory, the eyes, which followed the effect of each remark he made, being those of an acknowledged good talker unashamed of his reputation. The thin hands were as expressive as a Frenchman's are supposed to be and usually aren't. The hairline had retreated over the horizon of the cranium, accentuating the high, narrow forehead. It was a face at once malicious and kind—the face of a curate's needling, intellectual brother, which Mauriac in fact is.

Pushing my Man-from-Mars character a bit, I asked Mauriac when he had begun to interest himself in politics. When I left France in 1927, after my student days, I said, I had thought of him only as a great novelist; returning in 1939, I had tried merely to cover the war, and so had been unaware of his evolution. I excused myself.

Mauriac said that politics—or at least the ideologies behind politics—had been his secondary secular interest since the beginning. As a young man, he had been a disciple of Maurice Barrès and Charles Péguy—mystics of French Catholicism and national grandeur, who are hard for a foreigner to read with interest. (His taste for these authors, like his passion for Racine, is a part of his formation that Mauriac shares with de Gaulle.) In the early twenties, he had joined a Catholic literary group called Le Sillon (The Furrow), whose members claimed to be the spiritual heirs of Péguy, killed in the First World War. (Péguy, Le Petit Larousse says, "knew how to reconcile the duties of a Christian, a Socialist, and a Frenchman.") Mauriac, like all spirited French men of letters of that decade, fought duels in type. His victims—for he pinked them all—were drawn from two groups. One consisted of the conservative, fuddy-duddy Catholics who were represented spiritually by the Church weeklies and aesthetically by the religious-goods dealers of the Rue Saint-Sulpice, the French Barclay Street. These challenged him because his novels, although written from the point of view of a believer, criticized the selfishness and savagery of some Catholics, along with their narrowness

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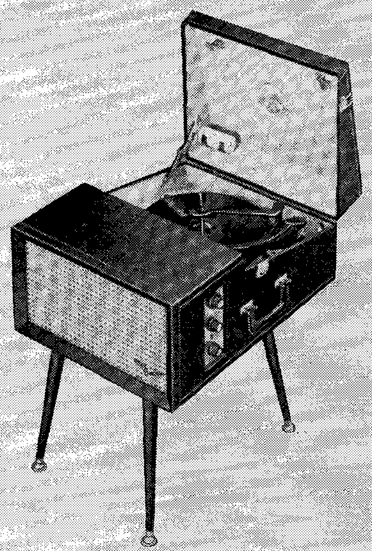

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and their hatred of beauty. His more formidable opponents came from the *soi-disant* Catholic, *soi-disant* royalist movement (and newspaper) called Action Française—disowned by both the Vatican and the Pretender to the throne. Action Française began as a pre-Fascist form of Fascism, with a jargon of its own that was based on allusions to faked history, both ethnological and political. It attacked the Republic—"*la Gueuse*," or "the Slut"—and all her works, which, according to Action Française, included mediocrity in the arts (except in Action Française circles), depravity in morals (those of the Action Française leaders Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras were the subject of uproarious skits in the music halls), corruption in government (the sheet lived by blackmail), and the high price of fried potatoes. It lashed out against all foreigners until Mussolini took power in Italy—an event it interpreted as a portent of the dawn of the Age of the Elite. The core of its appeal was the doctrine of the Elite, which one joined by subscribing to the newspaper; afterward one could buy a beret with a badge. It was an intellectual Poujadism with overtones of the Ku Klux Klan and prefigurations of Nazism. Mauriac, believing in the "value of the people," found the Elite theory "anti-Christian."

In 1925, his prestige rising with his success as a novelist, Mauriac became drama critic for *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, by all odds the leading French review between the wars. Criticism then was already a matter as much of politics as of aesthetics. To attack a play by a pet of the editors of the newspaper *L'Action Française* was to invite the vituperation of a crew who attracted even hostile readers by their virtuosity; to attack a play by a writer of the Left was to invite a similar torrent from *L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir*. It was not only the dramatist who needed a thick skin in those days; the critic needed a still thicker one, for he exposed himself more frequently. Mauriac's brushes with the Left were sharp, but they were less inflamed by personal feeling; fights among Catholics—or Communists or Jews or cousins—are always the bitterest. Still, Mauriac remained predominantly a man of art; political controversy and polemics based on canon law remained his *violon d'Ingres*—the fiddle of that famous painter, which served to take his mind off painting. Coming from a family that included many lawyers, he studied ecclesiastical law and precedent with inherited aptitude and

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perverse delight. He could usually prove that any archbishop who disagreed with him on a social theme merited excommunication, and if the prelate came back for a second dose, Mauriac would line him up, theoretically, for a formal auto-da-fé with engraved invitations.

It was early in 1934 that Mauriac began to have the sensation of being in an out-of-control automobile, and on a downslope. Until then, I suppose, the French had seemed to themselves like squabbling passengers in a bus whose driver and conductor, at least, were paying attention to business. It proceeded along the usual route, made the accustomed stops. Then they noticed, as in a dream, that driver and conductor had vanished. The great demonstration of February 6, 1934, when a mob of the extreme Right marched on the National Assembly, is usually cited arbitrarily as marking the collapse of the brakes; so the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, used to be named in school history books as the end of the Middle Ages. But in both cases the erosion had been covert and gradual. When historians have time to catch up with French history, February 6, 1956, the day the white rabble of Algiers rioted and frightened Premier Guy Mollet, will be chosen to mark the beginning of the second *dégringolade*, but it, too, was a fruit of long cultivation. There are in Brazil superstitious people who stay in bed all day every Friday the thirteenth. If I were a Frenchman, I would do this every February 6th of an even-numbered year.

After the abortive February insurrection of 1934—the Army, that time, was loyal to the Republic, and the putschists lost their nerve—there came, instead of an improvement in the situation, further skidding of the unguided car. In 1935, the Nazis remilitarized the Rhineland, while the French Left and the French Right glared impotently at each other. Not only were the political parties at war with one another but there was civil war within each of the parties, except the Communists; there were pacifist Socialists, anti-Hitler Socialists, and Communizing Socialists, and there were warlike Rightists and give-in-to-the-Wave-of-the-Future Rightists, as well as some actively pro-Nazi Rightists. There were "patriots" and "appeasers" in all parties, and, to increase the complexity, most of the "patriots" when it came to Russia were "appeasers" when it came to Hitler and Mussolini, and vice versa.

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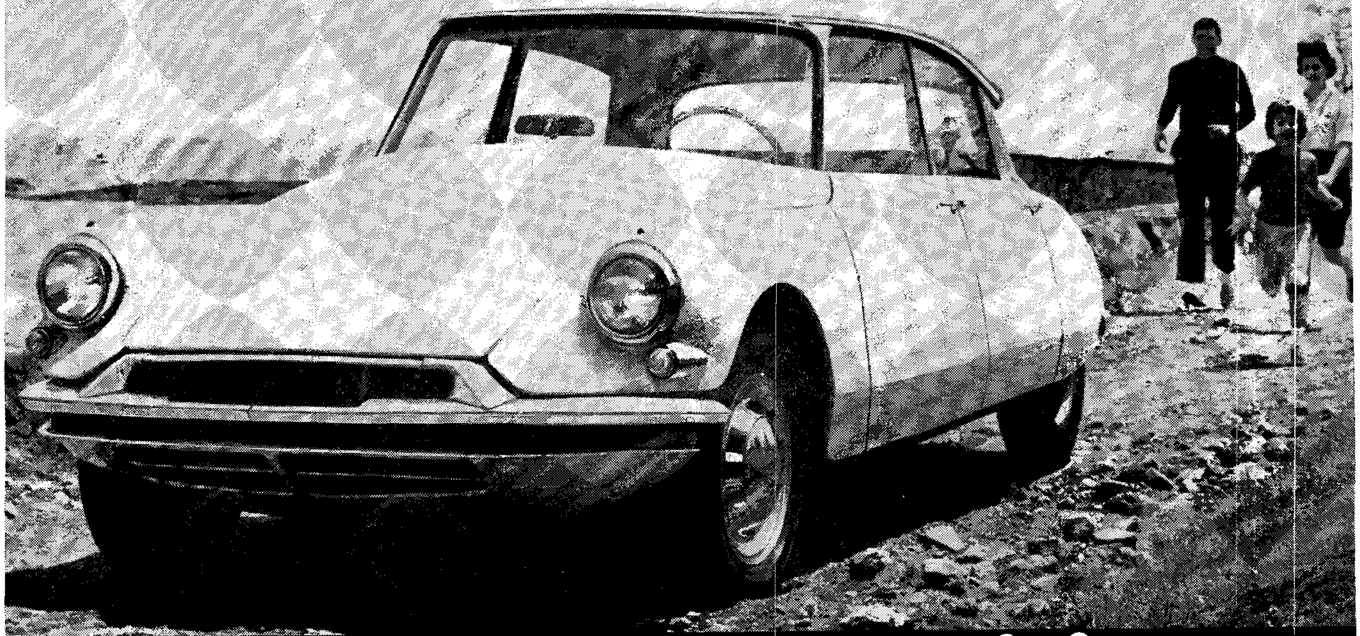

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fluenced foreign policy, since the Fascist states and Russia corresponded to the two ends of the French political spectrum. After Pierre-Etienne Flandin's Right Wing government let the Rhineland go by default in 1935, Léon Blum's Popular Front government let Spain go by default, refusing to sell arms to the agonizing Republic. Left and Right thus shared credit for having passively permitted Fascism to install itself on two borders of France. Paul Reynaud, who at least struggled, wrote of this period, "A new kind of patriotism had been invented in France: conditional patriotism. Some would say: 'I am a patriot provided that I am governed by neither Blum nor the Communists; otherwise I prefer Hitler.' Others would say: 'I am a patriot provided that France follows Soviet policy; otherwise I prefer Stalin.' And the evil gained ground, because disease is more contagious than good health."

It was the Spanish war, Mauriac told me, that had brought him into open conflict with most of his early friends. In his intra-Catholic skirmishes, and in those based on his theatre reviews, he had remained in his own mind a conservative. He became "disturbed," he said, in 1937, when Franco ordered the Basques to take up arms against the Spanish Republic. Typically, his approach to the general truths of politics, as of art, was at first regional. "Because I am a Gascon," he told me, "I have a peculiar and lifelong sympathy with my Basque neighbors." The Basque lands begin south of Gascony, and lie on both sides of the Pyrenees—a small ethnic unit overlapping two large political states. In the beginning, Mauriac would have been incapable of the same indignation over the wrongs of people more remote—Castilians, for example. And he approached this turning point in his life also from a Catholic direction. "Nobody has the right to tell Catholics to fight against legally constituted authority," he said. "When the Basques declined Franco's un-Christian order, he attacked them with his Moors—distinguished upholders of the Faith. There were the massacres, and the bombardment of Guernica. I found myself in the same intellectual position as Jacques Maritain and Georges Bernanos. I denounced the outrage to the Christian faith. People who had been my friends immediately became my enemies; those who had been adversaries were now my allies. We were mocked as 'Catholics of the Left.' "

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sat in the big room on the Avenue Théophile-Gautier, the nightmare of the runaway automobile was a thing of the past. Action Française, for example, was completely unmasked. The movement had been violently pro-Nazi; it had welcomed the Occupation. By this time, its paper had been abolished and the editors were in jail—except for Daudet, who had died in 1942, triumphant in his country's defeat. Best of all, Frenchmen had rediscovered unconditional patriotism, or so we both believed. The constitutional absurdities, as well as the social injustices, of the Third Republic would disappear under the Fourth. M. Mauriac had an exalted opinion of General de Gaulle, with whom he had had several audiences. And, indeed, de Gaulle was a tough and remarkable man, though hard to decipher. With a corporal's guard of followers—an *équipe de circonstance*, or scratch team—he had regained for France not only her Continental territory but her overseas empire, and he had done it all by force of maneuver (a polite term for stubbornness) in a country where he was without resources. Churchill, trying to bully de Gaulle, had often threatened to cut off funds for his miserable little simulacrum of a government-in-exile, as one threatens a schoolboy with the suspension of his allowance. Yet the two of them emerged from the war as equal junior partners. There was a possibility, though, that de Gaulle, an impressive player with low cards in his hand, might not know what to do when he held high ones. In any case, Mauriac said, the General had style—and to a Mauriac that means a great deal.

Even literature was looking up. There were the new men Sartre and Camus, unknown before the war, and the playwright Anouilh, and Vercors, the draftsman who had published his first writing in the underground press. And Malraux and Aragon, the "young masters," in their mid-forties, exhilarated by their adventures in the war, were in top form. Mauriac remarked that he would like to get both Malraux and Aragon into the Académie. (Malraux has not yet made it; Aragon will never make it, unless there is a revolution.) "I would be curious to see the effect," he said. "Either the Académie would explode or they would lose their talent. I can't imagine Aragon in an embroidered two-cornered hat!"

I asked him what he had been writing, if anything, during the years of Occupation—aside from his small book "Le Cahier Noir" for the Editions de

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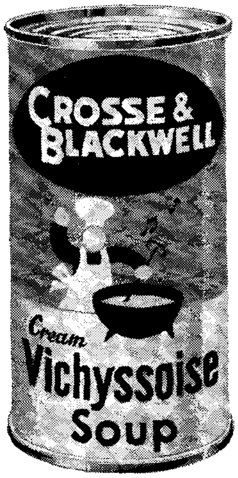

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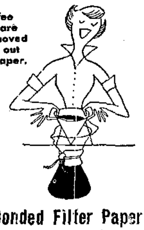

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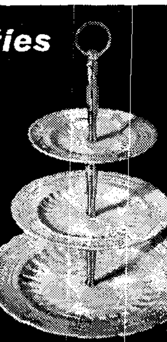

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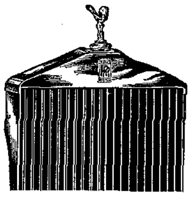
Minuit. Resistance writings could not be voluminous; the difficulties of production were too great. He said that he had been working on a book about St. Margaret of Cortona, but was without heart for it. ("*Je n'y tiens pas.*") He added, "I was like a prisoner plaiting straw to occupy his mind." His closest current friends, he said, were Pierre Brisson, Georges Duhamel, Jean Paulhan, Jacques Debu-Bridel, and Claude Morgan. Of these, Duhamel alone had not actively opposed the Occupation. (A fellow-Academician of Mauriac's, he had said, when asked to work for the Resistance, that he would not do anything underhanded; his public dignity, the idea was, would itself constitute a reproach to German intellectuals.) After the Liberation, Brisson had resumed his old job as editorial director of the conservative newspaper *Figaro;* with the advent of the Germans, he and the rest of the editorial board had scuttled the paper, and now they had revived it. The big newspapers that had continued to appear and make money under the Occupation were suppressed after the Liberation, their plants being confiscated and turned over to clandestine papers founded during the Resistance. Their owners, like Jean Prouvost, formerly the publisher of *Paris-Soir* and today the proprietor of *Paris-Match,* were "stripped of national dignity." *Figaro's* owners had fled to America without giving orders to scuttle; the editors had acted independently. The provisional government therefore held that the owners, while not bad enough to be deprived of their property, were not good enough to conduct a paper in the new France. The old editorial board consequently remained in full control. The *Figaro* situation was not to be resolved until 1950 or so, when the proprietors were allowed to reclaim their chattel, which was cracking at the seams with profits. Naturally, in such circumstances, "all arranged itself without bitterness," and Brisson is still director.

Paulhan, Debu-Bridel, and Morgan had been in the Resistance—literary and non-literary—up to their chins. The struggle had warmed Paulhan, a stylist of glacial correctness, sufficiently to write "The Bee," the most generally pertinent fable of our age:

> You can squeeze a bee in your hand until it smothers. It will not smother without having stung you. It stings in vain, you say. Yes, it is in vain. But if it did not sting you, there would long ago have been no more bees.

Paulhan was one of Mauriac's old comrades on *La Nouvelle Revue Fran-*



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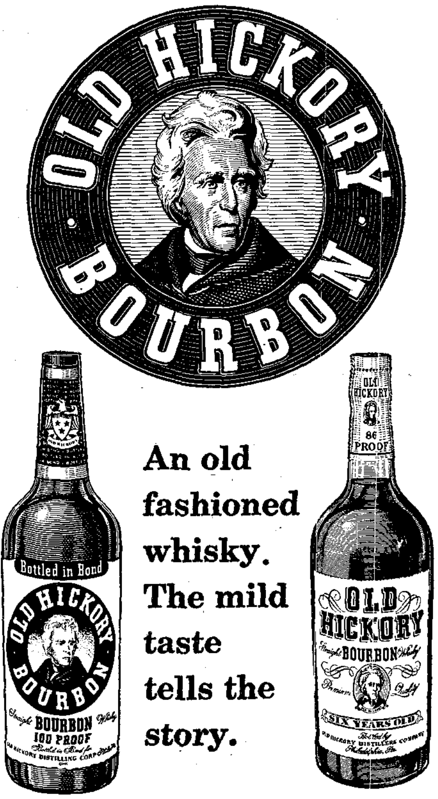

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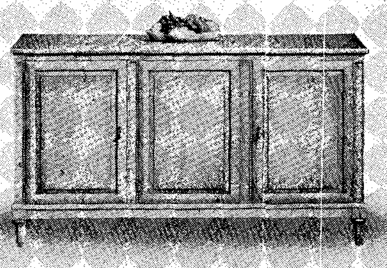

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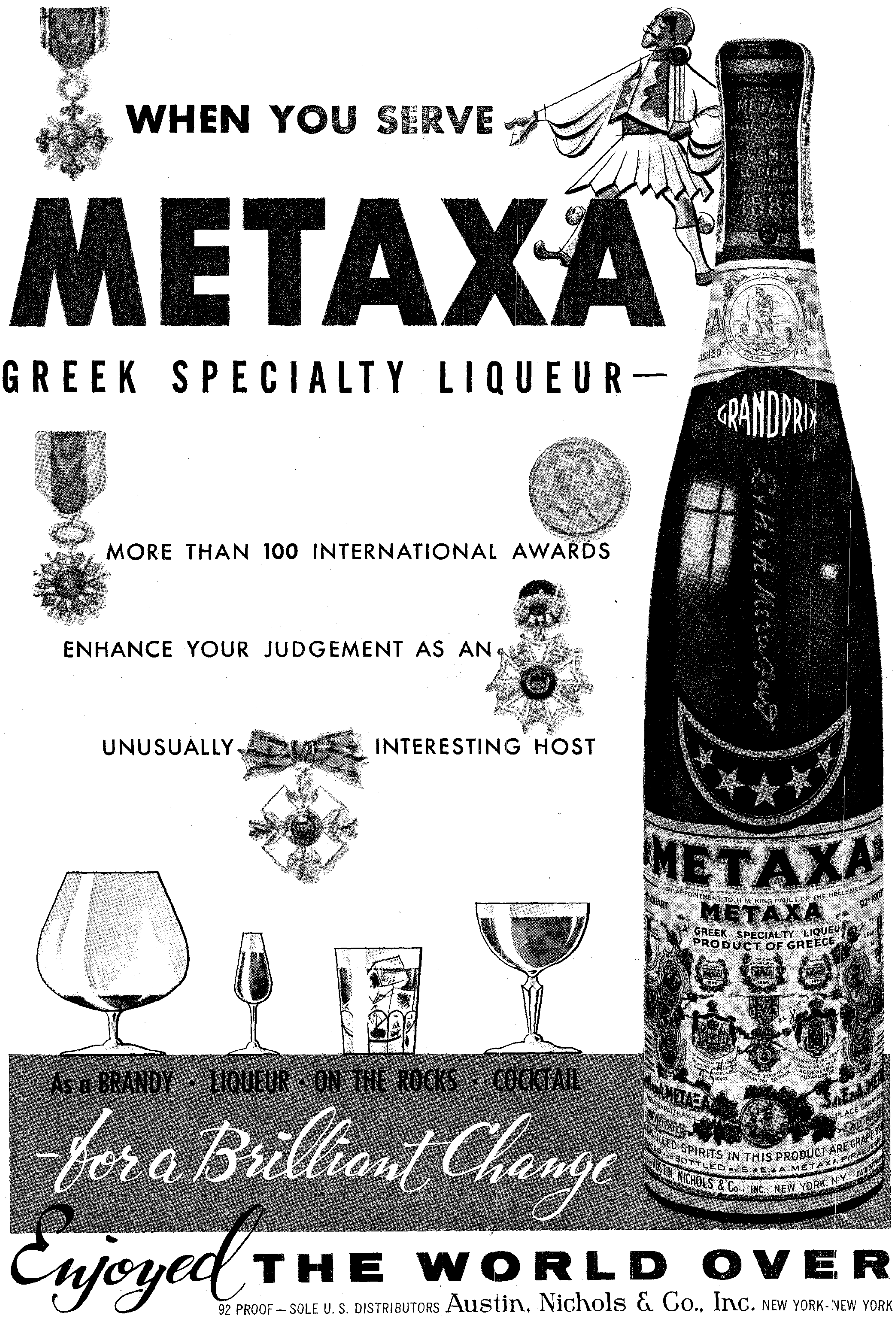
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çaise. He had resigned as editorial director when the Germans took it over. The first underground group he belonged to—the group of the Musée de l'Homme (the anthropological museum)—was discovered. All his associates were executed, but none "gave" Paulhan. At the Liberation, he returned to the editorial direction of the purged and fumigated *N.R.F.*

Debu-Bridel and Morgan, with George Adam, formed a triumvirate that ran *Les Lettres Françaises*, which had been founded in the underground by Jacques Decour, a Communist who was executed by the Germans. Debu-Bridel, one of those who picked up the baton, was, like Paulhan and Mauriac, a man of the Right, except that he was farther Right. (He has been a Gaullist senator for the past several years.) Morgan, however, was simply a Communist, in an inoffensive, unobtrusive way. (He has since been excommunicated by the Party, I believe, for not wagging his tail hard enough to celebrate Hungary.) Men as politically diverse as these and Mauriac himself had put their lives into one another's hands continually and with confidence for years in the worlds of clandestine publications, of intelligence for the Allies, and of the concealment and "export" of escaped prisoners and Allied airmen. The purely military organizations maintained a far more separate life, as I have suggested, but they at least never worked against each other, either; there were no fights between partisans of different political colors, as in Yugoslavia and Italy.

I asked Mauriac if he had a new novel in mind—possibly a novel of the war—and he laughed. "I have turned journalist," he said. "I shall write three editorials a week for *Figaro* and one long weekly piece for *Lettres*. I could not say what I thought for so long that now I talk and talk"—and, in fact, he had hardly ceased talking since I arrived. "I don't know how long this loquacity will last. And journalism is another form of conversation. How can one withdraw long enough to feel a novel?"

Four years later, in 1948, I saw him again. Writing for both *Figaro* and *Les Lettres Françaises* had become as impossible as writing for the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New Masses*. *Figaro* was the journal of the literate middle class. It fought all change as a form of what its English-language opposite numbers would call creeping socialism. The Communists had taken over *Les Lettres Françaises*, which had lost its literary quality and was now as flat as it was maudlin—fake-bellicose, fake-sin-

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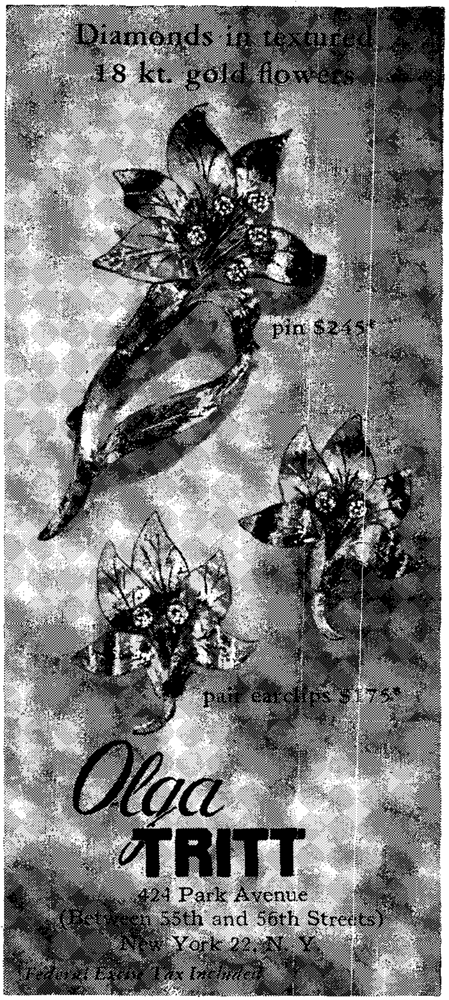
cere, fake-sociological. Aragon, his talent discarded like a pimp's silk shirt when the pimp gets religion, led the Amen chorus. Its one point of accord with *Figaro* was that it fostered impotence in government. But here I again anticipate; it is hard to put oneself back completely into a happier time.

In 1944, Mauriac's new career as a journalist got off to a fine start. It proved that a distinguished career as a novelist is excellent preparation for newspaper work. He wrote in *Lettres:*

> From now on, then, nothing prevents Frenchmen of all parties, united in the same resistance to the invader, from rallying together about the idea of nation, which a handful of so-called "nationalists" no longer monopolize. . . . The autopsy of the murdered Republic reveals a deep cancer gnawing within her. . . . Today we know that liberty must be defended. We shall no longer be confused by a contradiction that used to paralyze us. We shall not hesitate to use force to defend liberty against its eternal enemies. Today we understand the meaning of the Revolutionary slogan from which the timid republicans of the Second Empire lopped off the essential word: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or *Death*. Yes, or Death.

In 1948, Mauriac was still in *Figaro* but out of *Lettres*. The unity of 1944 had given way to the old fragmentation, but not, as yet, to quite the old bitterness. De Gaulle, the man of iron stubbornness and perseverance when he was fighting for France from exile, had in this phase shown astonishingly little staying power as a politician; he had walked off the stage the first time he could not have his undecipherable way. His prestige was, in consequence, much diminished. Even Mauriac was disillusioned with the great man, but he was enjoying his ride in the reconditioned automobile. Life was again elegant and comfortable in Paris; heating fixtures were no longer ornaments from another age. Reviving his prewar—his pre-Spanish war—role of *cher maître,* he savored it the more fully because of the nightmare hiatus between. His conduct in difficult circumstances and his increased age had fortified his position. The columns of French publications are almost exclusively devoted to illustrious old men—their feuds, their bons mots, their bylines. It is hard to establish a public character in France at any age between eighteen and sixty. This is equally true of females. Françoise Sagan just made it at one end of the scale; if she had waited a couple of years before publishing her first novel, it would have passed unperceived. The only female of equal celebrity to appear since the war is the poet Minou Drouet, who was eight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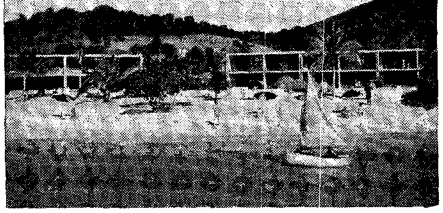
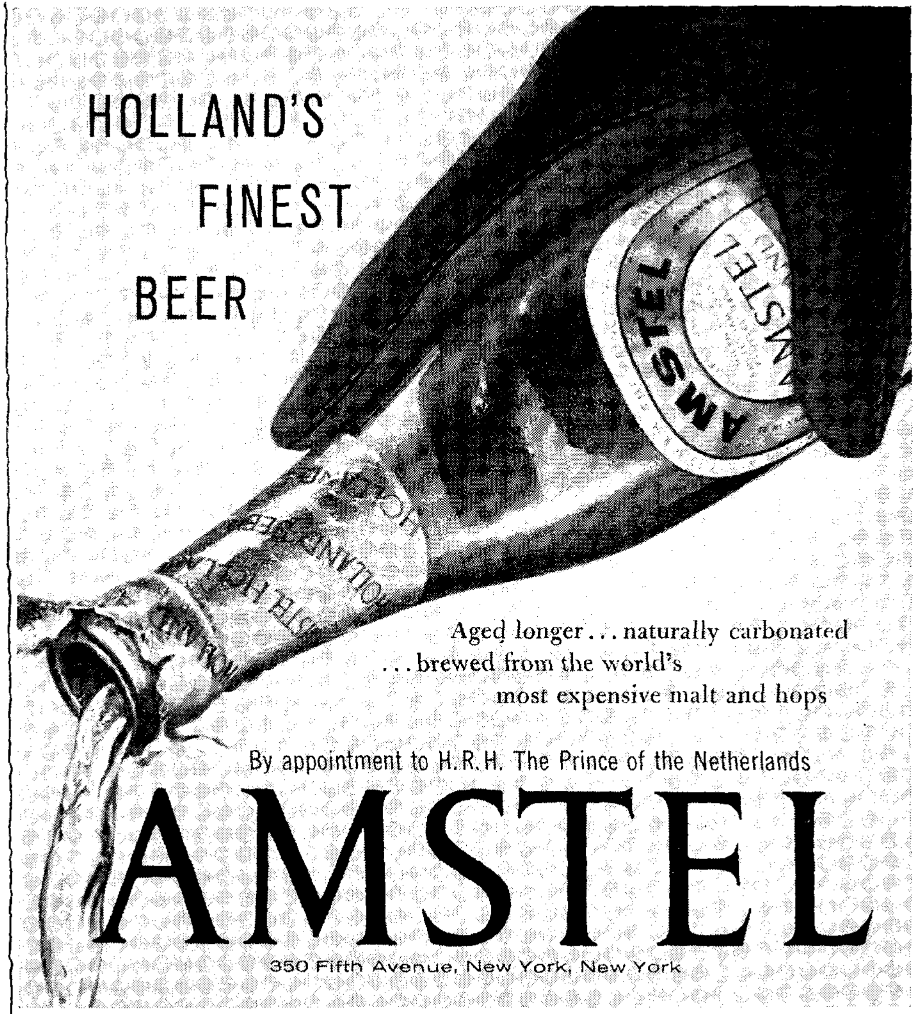


when she made her mark. It was at sixty that Mistinguett and Colette began to be regarded as public monuments, like Edouard Herriot or Jean Cocteau.

Most of the Mauriac columns of that period were in the old, pre-disaster vein of the *monsieur* who bit with a sharp tooth, at each bite taking a large piece out of the pretensions of a pundit or a demagogue. He was one of the three directors of *Figaro*, and this sweetened his already easy circumstances. But the Fourth Republic, too, had its cancer—hereditary, this one, declaring itself early.

IN the early fifties, Mauriac had a premonition of the return of the nightmare. There was a dizzying succession of governments, recalling the years before the end of the Third Republic. The war in Indo-China (who had dreamed of such a war in 1944?) began to look like a permanent institution, and class hatred took on a new acuteness. The Communists controlled the largest labor organization and had a quarter of the deputies, but since they were identified with Russia, they could find no allies. The Socialists and Radical-Socialists were not strong enough to defend the Left in Parliament without those Communist votes, and this gave a disproportionate weight to the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, a Catholic party that was born of the Resistance and had bolted from de Gaulle and that now held the balance of power between the Right and the moderate Left. In a sense, the Communists might as well have stayed home; the only function left them in the Assembly was to howl. The steering gear was again locked.

Mauriac was attracted by a younger political leader, Pierre Mendès-France, whom he considered the first hopeful new figure since de Gaulle. He began to write for the Mendèsist weekly, *L'Express*, founded in 1953. There he took a political line antithetical to that of *Figaro*, which held him to satirical, philosophical, and aesthetic subjects. Mendès-France became Premier in 1954, and brought an end to the war in Indo-China, which was so soon to be succeeded by another, even more terrible. He secured autonomy for Tunisia, raised industrial production ten per cent in a few months, and set up a new optimism. But then, in February, 1955, the M.R.P. joined the professed Right to bring Mendès down. Both the old pros of the Assembly and the newspapers that feared his sharp economic policy attacked him for taking too much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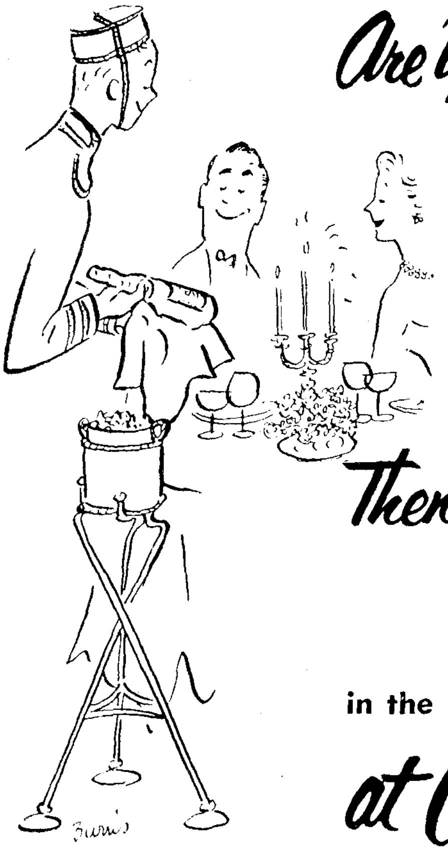
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responsibility and said that they suspected him of wanting too much power. (When the time came, they would be openhanded with power for the General.) Mauriac has never forgiven the M.R.P. leaders.

In the fall of 1955, when *L'Express* became a daily—with the slimmest of backing and the most precarious of financial hopes—Mauriac quit *Figaro* and its directorship to help return Mendès to power. By that time, Mauriac had been caught up in the tragedy of the new war in Algeria, which was for him, morally, what the war in Spain had been in 1937. (History, if not a repetition, seems at times a hurried rewrite.) Again his friends—on *Figaro*, for example—became his adversaries, and his adversaries of the Left became, if not friends, at least the holders of concurrent faith. *L'Express* appeared daily for a hundred and twenty days, and then reverted to being a weekly, which it still is.

MAURIAC, consecrated entirely now to journalism and controversy, the arts of the age, became, more than any other man in our time, the articulate conscience of France—protesting torture and massacre, tyranny and greed, and appealing repeatedly to his old idol, General de Gaulle, to speak out against the abomination in Algeria. (De Gaulle didn't.) Mauriac fought with a feline totality, using all the ancillary assets he had—his prestige as a Glory of French Letters, his record as a patriot, his reputation as a Catholic, his knowledge of ecclesiastical infighting, and his homicidally embarrassing memory of all the skeletons in all the closets of all the controversialists of the last fifty years, which, combined, made him an awkward man to arrest. The strain of so continuous and so brutal an effort must be anguishing for a man in his seventies, but he is a volunteer, *un engagé*, for this, as for the Resistance.

His weekly piece in *L'Express*, which always occupies the back page, to save readers the trouble of turning to it, is called "François Mauriac's Notebook," and in the issue of May 15th it began:

> We are so accustomed, in France, to having a good idea adopted officially as soon as it no longer fits the situation that, listening on the radio the other night to M. Pflimlin's project for invoking the good offices of Tunisia and Morocco to bring peace in Algeria, I was certain that it was too late. I have thought so since the conference [of the African powers] at Tangier, but now I am sure; the chariot of State always arrives on the field of

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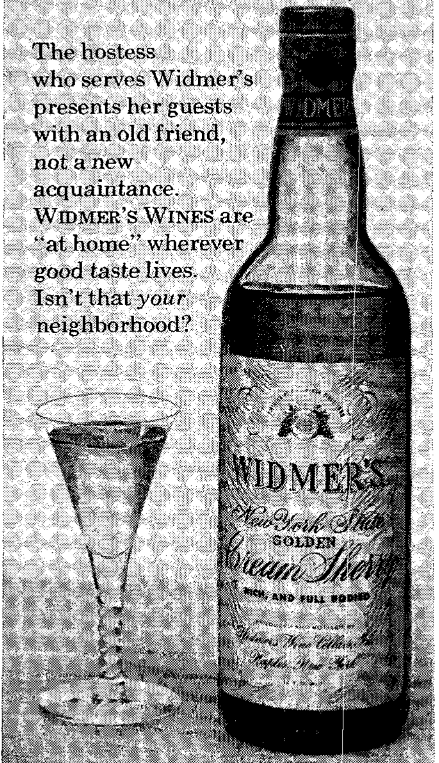

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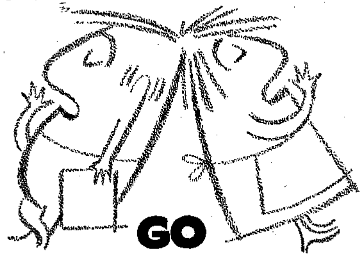

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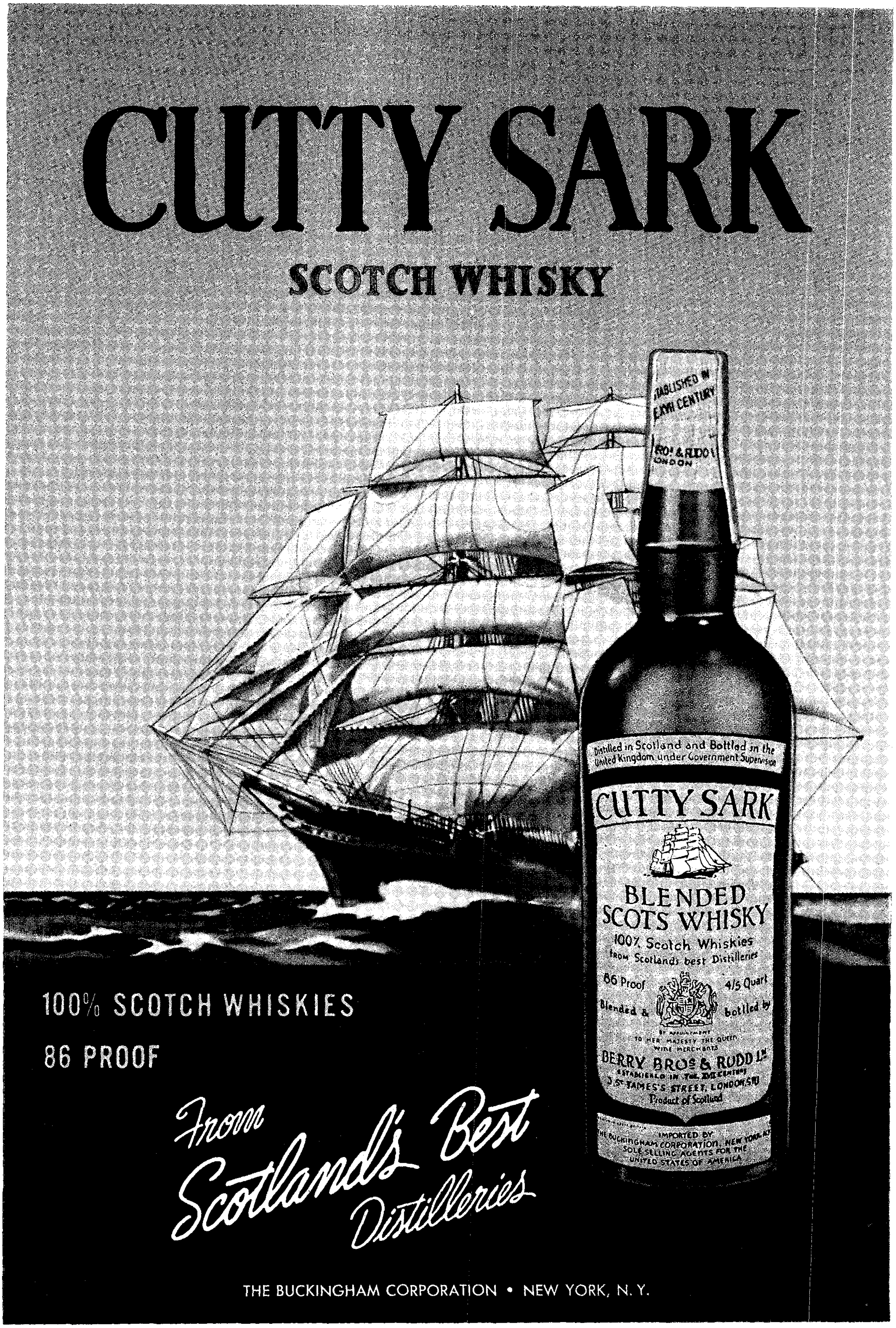
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ideas a year or two too late, and picks only dead ones.

In fourteen years, he had transferred from an automobile without brakes to a chariot that always arrives too late—no great degree of improvement.

In the entry for May 13th, the day of the insurrection at Algiers, he had asked, shaken: "Suppose there exists no goad capable of bringing [the French] people to its feet? Suppose it submits to force—not to the forces of order but to the order of Force?" He is no longer certain that the people will say "or Death." "That honest, prudent M. Pflimlin," the old man wonders, "has he character? . . . He will have to show it facing the secession of the Europeans of Algiers, whose agents in the Assembly pack the benches of the Right; facing the high officers who are already half in revolt; facing Robert Lacoste, that fat little Catiline from Dordogne. . . . M. Pierre Pflimlin, has he character?"

The next note, written on the night of the 13th and the 14th of May, was calmer:

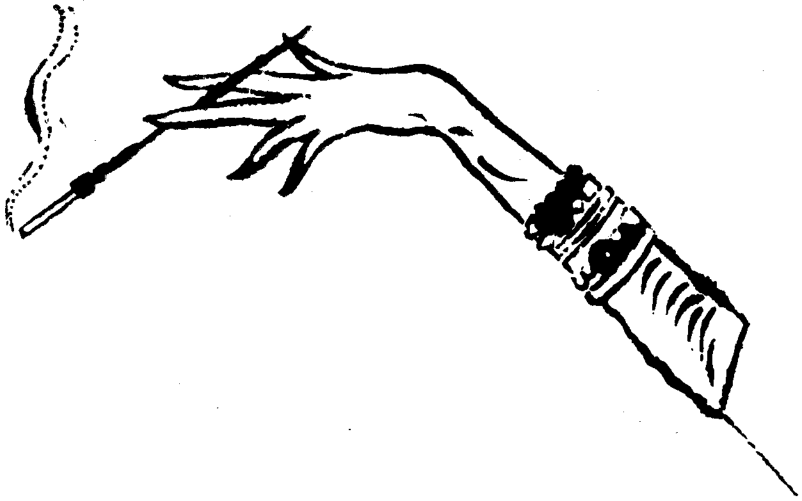
> The Republic continues. Paris has not surrendered to Algiers. The investiture of M. Pflimlin has spared us this last disgrace. And now, in the face of the [rebel] ultimatum, the French Left must rise again; we can have no other political thought. Nothing can alter the fact that the Communist deputies last night lined up with the defenders of the Republic against a Right that is the accomplice of the mutinous generals. How can they now be excluded from the community?

Then, almost as an afterthought:

> We continue to place hope in de Gaulle, but not in a de Gaulle who would respond to the appeal of a Massu. De Gaulle's greatness is to belong to the whole nation. May he say not a word nor make a gesture that would link him to these generals of a *coup d'état!*

From the artistic point of view, this would be a good place to leave my *cher maître*, baffled and hoping against hope that everything would happen that was destined not to happen—a firm stand by M. Pflimlin, the rising of the Left in a new Front Populaire, the refusal of de Gaulle to accept the support of the mutineers. But *L'Express* continues to arrive by airmail, and I turned to the "Notebook" in the issue of May 22nd with the anxiety of a man in correspondence with a friend who is in a place of great danger—danger for all of us. In the first note (headed "After General de Gaulle's Press Conference"), M. Mauriac quoted what he had written about the General on the night of May 13th, and took it back. The government itself had re-

people of interest...



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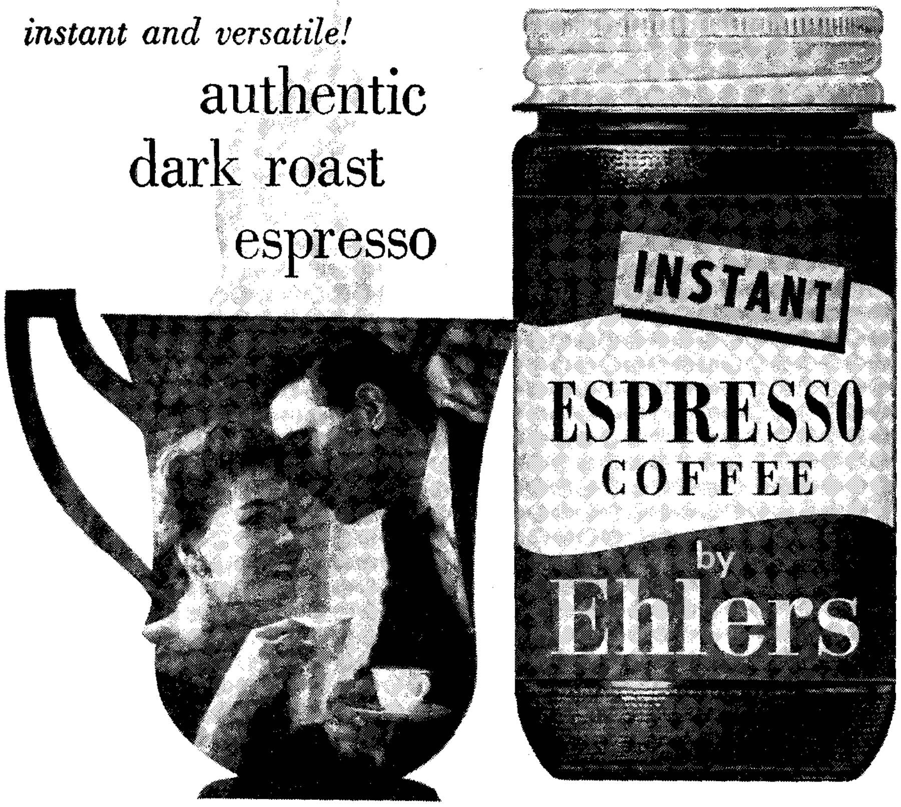

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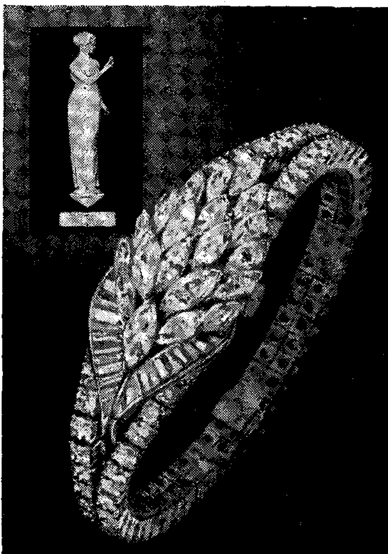
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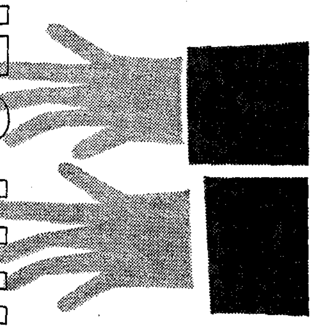
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fused to crack down on the Algiers generals, he said. Why expect de Gaulle to be harder on them than the politicians were? And why should he, Mauriac, who had called so many times upon de Gaulle to assert himself, go into opposition now that de Gaulle "is at the gates." It is a confession of love. And since it is his nature to oppose, he now opposes everybody who opposes his hero. Over the weekend, he has done a lot of thinking: De Gaulle may be able to end the Algerian war peacefully—something that the government would never have dared to do. And "I am not one of those who say, 'Rather a people perish than a principle.' " (No more about "or Death.") He even has a kind word for Massu, who, he says, has told third parties that he is obliged to torture Algerians in order to make them talk—"How do otherwise?" It would be a mercy, one gathers, for General Massu to be relieved of such a painful obligation.

Here, again, for symmetry, we would be content to leave M. Mauriac—pursuing the old dream of salvation through de Gaulle. But another week brought another *Express*, and now my poor *maître* was no longer sure. His whole column was an interior dialogue:

"What you wrote two weeks ago, a week ago—would you write it now?"

"Surely not. We are in revolution. From hour to hour, everything changes."

"Do you still invoke General de Gaulle?"

"My sentiments have not changed, nor my confidence. I know who he is, and here is what troubles me: from the day that he incarnates the State, the people who use his name for their own ends will have to obey him. What will happen then? . . . Today, still, we [his old Resistance followers] love him. So many others only pretend!"

"In short, you are with General de Gaulle but against those who demand that the Republic be handed over to him?"

"Yes, and I turn around and around in this absurdity without finding a way out."

The dialogists mention the obstacles to a Popular Front, and then:

"With the working class divided, Fascism triumphs."

"Not for long."

"But whether the horrible path be long or short, if Fascism wins, the Communists will [eventually] have their hour."

"Unless de Gaulle . . ."

"Yes, we still must make our act of faith. . . . But I can hardly fight off anguish. When the story of a great man is finished—'when it makes a picture'—like de Gaulle's, it is bad to push luck by adding another chapter."

Here, I thought, Mauriac for the first time publicly regretted his old condition as a novelist; all is so simple

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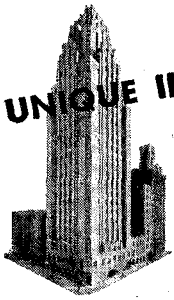
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when one has control of the characters. Next, he disclosed a bit of his religious personality. There is no despair, since there is Heaven. Finally:

"You despair temporally?"

"The worst doesn't always happen. I remember how, as a little boy, I loved the place in the story where Tom Thumb, lost with his brothers in the thick of the dark forest, climbs from branch to branch and sees the gleam of a light—"

"Yes, but the light was in the house of the Ogre."

"All lights aren't in the house of the Ogre."

That was all that was left of Mauriac's 1944 optimism that week, and here again, with the Master almost but not quite despairing, was a dramatic place to end this account. But history is not a novel; we cannot chop it off where we will. In a note, dated June 1st, in the last *Express* to reach us, Mauriac addressed himself soothingly to the "men of the Left." If the General succeeded, he asked, who but they, in six months or a year, would inherit "this restored France," and if he failed, what was more likely than a Popular Front? (If he failed, the Algiers extremists might be in power, though, and they have repudiated the electoral system.)

" 'All my life, I have had a certain idea of France,' so begin the memoirs of General de Gaulle," Mauriac wrote, in conclusion. "This certain idea, which is common to us, this nostalgia for a greatness again in our grasp, in spite of so many errors and faults, this is what rallies us this evening around him. Ah, no, the first of June is not a second of December [the day Louis Napoleon killed off the Second Republic]. No one of his adversaries accuses him of wishing to strangle liberty. As long as he is there, we know that we all will remain free."

The Master sounded almost, but not quite, hopeful. But, as he himself has said, "From hour to hour, everything changes." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

HARTFORD, CONN.—(UP)—After a new garbage disposal plan requiring tightly closed containers was put into effect, frustrated rats got so hungry they charged at garbage collectors and had to be driven off. That's what they said.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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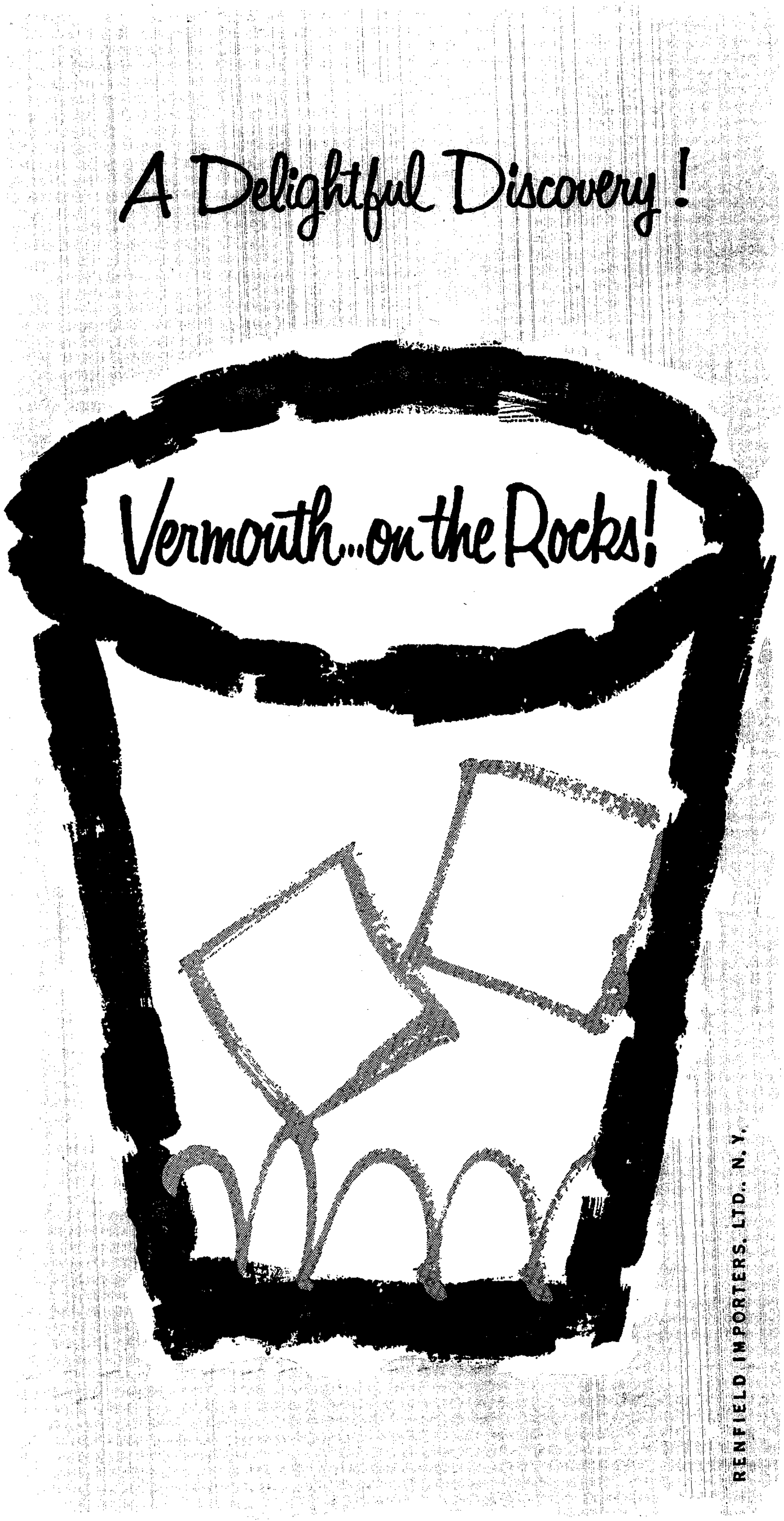
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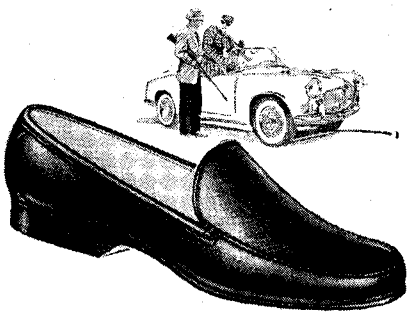

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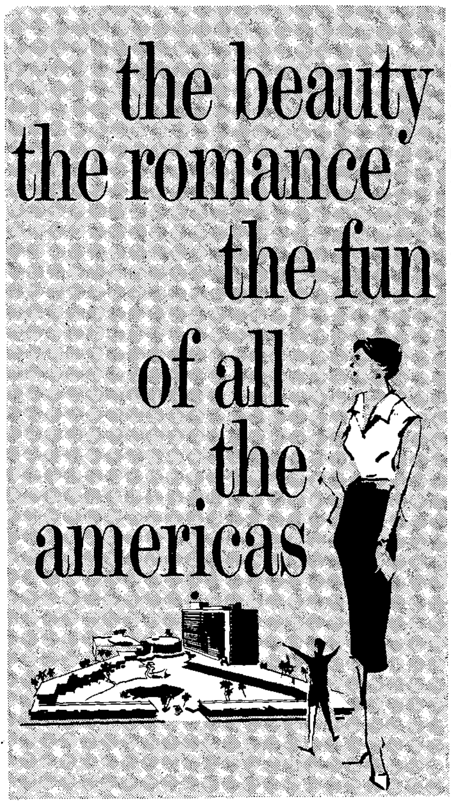

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Whiskers Galore

KIRK DOUGLAS, who has a chin as decisive as the prow of an icebreaker, is the producer and perhaps the hero of the movie called "The Vikings," a tale of the frigid seas around Scandinavia, which cost, I'm told, some four million dollars, give or take a couple hundred thousand, to make. My hesitancy about identifying Mr. Douglas as the hero of this opulent enterprise is due to the fact that while he is hairy, sinewy, bibulous, coarse, cruel, lecherous, and ill-spoken—all qualities dear to the hearts of the Norsemen here represented—he fails, when the heat is really on, to win the ninth-century All-Northern broadsword championship in a contest with his half brother (Tony Curtis). It's just possible that Mr. Douglas has an excuse for not being quite up to the mark in his struggle with Mr. Curtis, since he has lost an eye, in passing, to a greedy hawk. But Mr. Curtis isn't what you would call in the pink for the bout, either, having had his left hand cut off by an irritable English king somewhere along the line. What the boys are battling about is a Welsh princess (Janet Leigh) who has been picked up during one of the Viking raids on Britain. Miss Leigh doesn't look overly perturbed while Mr. Douglas and Mr. Curtis are trying to decapitate each other, but, considering the times depicted in "The Vikings," one shouldn't expect much sensitivity even from a highborn Welsh maiden. In fact, as I watched the Norsemen whooping it up on land and sea, I got fairly inured—sheltered though I've been most of my life—to scenes showing things like Mr. Douglas's royal sire (Ernest Borgnine) scampering about in a pit populated by vicious wolves, and Mr. Curtis trying to stay in one piece in a pool full of cannibalistic crabs. What little thread of plot is introduced to hold all this derring-do together concerns Mr. Curtis's travails as Mr. Borgnine's illegitimate son, who has been forced into slavery and who later turns up at his father's home to be abused and tortured by Mr. Douglas. The latter doesn't know that Mr. Curtis is one of Daddy's illicit get until his half brother hacks him down. Directed by Richard Fleischer,

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"The Vikings" is based on a novel by Edison Marshall and has a screenplay by Calder Willingham. It's terrible stuff, but some of the views of the fiords are impressive.

THERE are also some impressive landscapes in "No Sun in Venice," a French film, but, alas, it goes about being sophisticated with such a heavy hand that before the heroine—the plaything of a German baron to begin with, and later on the beloved of a former paratrooper she meets in her travels—has decided that a dreary gangster is just what she has been looking for, the picture has become a hopeless bore. As played by Françoise Arnoul, she is a girl who can't say no, and her lovers are uniformly elephantine in their capers about her. Not that it matters, but the baron is engaged in some counterfeiting hanky-panky, and Miss Arnoul's other pursuers are a cut below him. O. E. Hasse portrays the baron, Robert Hossein the gangster, and Christian Marquand the paratrooper. None of them is very interesting. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN SIBILANCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "A Tale for Midnight," by Frederic Prokosch*]

The brazier hissed lazily by the bed. —*Page 28.*

Her blood-beat echoed to the hissing gullies.... —*Page 37.*

"Death by violence," hissed the shepherd. —*Page 54.*

"Speak to Olimpio," hissed Lucrezia. —*Page 77.*

Cenci's bones hissed and crackled.... —*Page 85.*

The steam came hissing out of the pot.... —*Page 104.*

... only the hiss of the oil in the pan ... —*Page 108.*

... a fruit fell hissing into the deep black grasses ... —*Page 118.*

... Pomella tucked the wine jug in the cool, hissing water. —*Page 119.*

A low hiss came through the windows.... —*Page 126.*

... the cats went hissing through the lanes ... —*Page 132.*

His hair ... uttered a tiny dry hiss. —*Page 135.*

... drowning the ovens in a mighty hiss ... —*Page 149.*

A door hissed feebly as it swung ajar. —*Page 166.*

"There! Hurry!" hissed Lelio. —*Page 189.*

"It's a hissing of vipers and the Lord protect me." —*Page 214.*

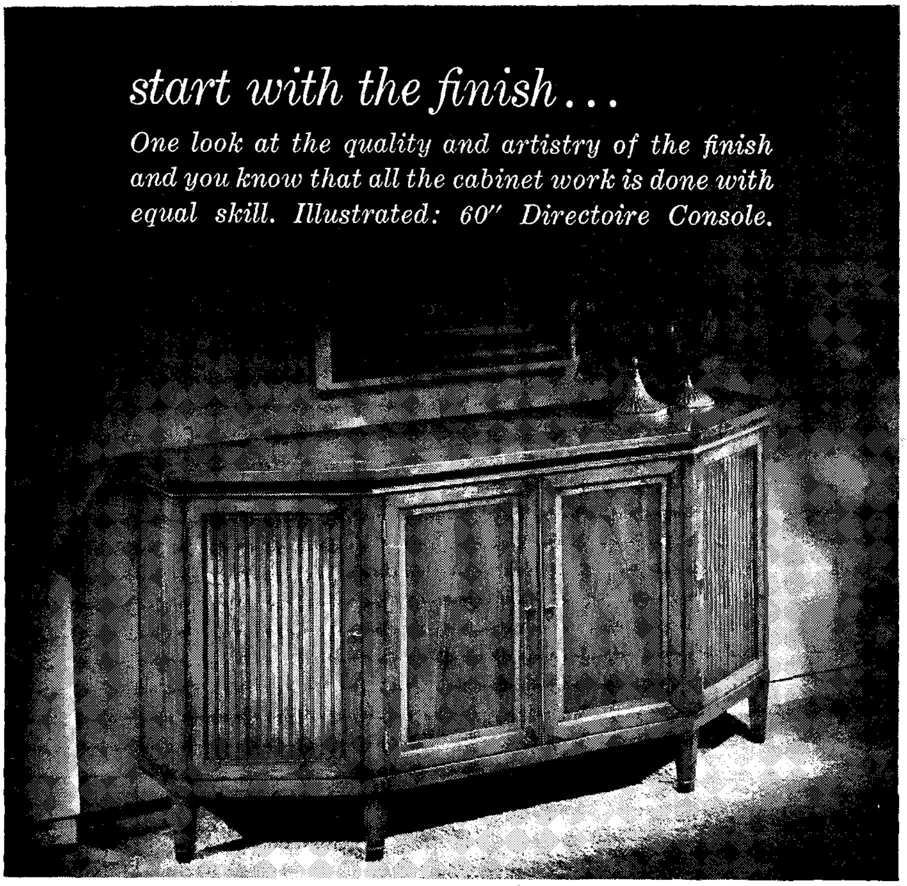
"In chains, by Christ!" hissed Olimpio. —*Page 241.*

"Be still!" hissed the friar. —*Page 243.*

"Cesarino!" she hissed. —*Page 280.*

"The truth," hissed Moscato. —*Page 289.*

"She's seen a vision!" hissed Pasquale. —*Page 348.*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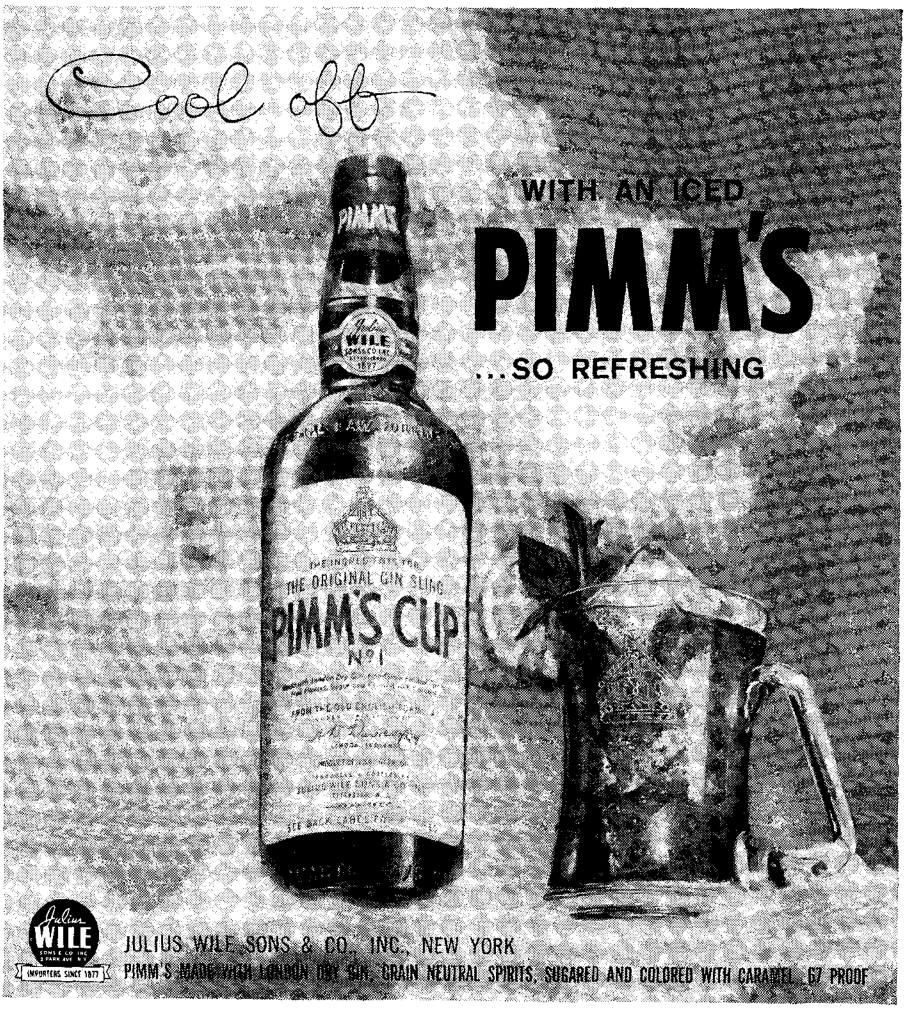
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

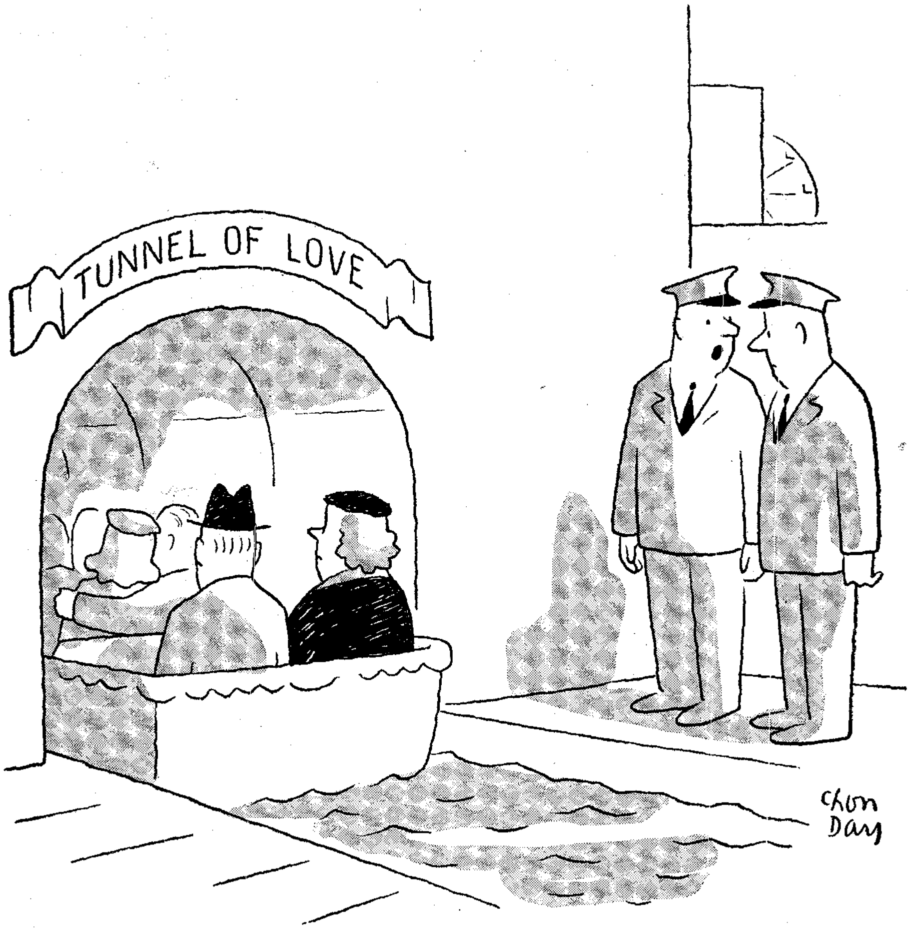
MARKETS AND MENUS

THERE was something called a Festival of Foods at the Coliseum this spring, and it must have saddened a good many people—assuming, that is, that a good many people who are capable of being saddened by an exhibition of almost complete disinterest in the taste of food still exist. Even this may be a rather brash assumption, to judge by what went on at the Coliseum, for the whole emphasis of the show was on ease and speed of preparation, with some side attention devoted to calories—or to their relentless suppression. The sales talk that gushed from most of the booths was about how the dehydrated this or the frozen that required slightly less than no time to make ready for the table, but, as far as I know, nobody made the obviously irrelevant—and possibly unfounded—claim that anything was *good*. Indeed, there was a certain disarming frankness about much of the ballyhoo, which suggested that if only a meal can be assembled easily enough and quickly enough, flavor is of secondary importance. Added to all this was a sort of spurious epicureanism, based on the insensitive and indiscriminate use of herbs and wine—a practice that has taken such a firm hold on our over-refined cookery that one could almost wish these two dependables of French cuisine had never crossed the Atlantic.

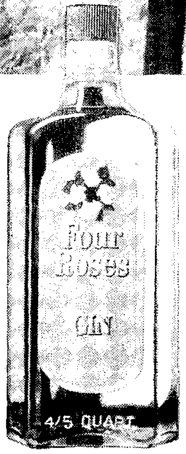
This dismal experience makes it obvious that the salvation of good eating in these parts—if there is to be any salvation—had better be undertaken by cooks who are ready to accept the challenge of the quick-and-easy school by demonstrating that there are, and always have been, plenty of excellent dishes that take no more time to prepare than the irresponsibly conceived novelties now so abundantly with us. Eager to prove this point, I have lately tried out some old standbys that I guarantee will meet the requirements of even desperately hurried cooks who are, at the same time, not wholly indifferent to what food tastes like.

Listing the combination of smoked salmon and sturgeon as an "old standby" fails to convey the piquant elegance of this classic dish, and perhaps it is still more misleading to label it one of the hurry-up foods, but, all the same, the Coliseum had nothing to show that could outdo it, either as a timesaver or as a delicious first course, particularly for summer luncheons. To give a platter of these appetizing slices a special authority, you might strew them with freshly chopped chives and dill and a coarse grinding of pepper, and set them out with some quartered limes and a cruet of olive oil on the side, and, of course, some good black bread. Barney Greengrass, the Sturgeon King, at 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th), is one of the great names among amateurs of smoked fish, as I am sure you know, but within the past few weeks I have had from Ellen Grey—long recognized as the uncrowned Salmon Queen of Madison Avenue—smoked sturgeon that I thought unbeatable. Her address is No. 712, near Sixty-third Street.

ANOTHER summer fish course—and a mighty good one—is shrimp boiled in a well-seasoned court bouillon and brought to the table unshelled and mounded high in cracked ice on a chilled platter. The guests will find that shelling the shrimp at table, before they dip the little crustaceans into mayonnaise, gives a certain pleasant fillip to the appetite, whereas for the hostess, alone in the kitchen beforehand, the operation would be only one more prosaic and time-consuming chore. The difficulty in the way of this appealing service is that at the moment the shrimp situation in these parts is far from bright. The succulent little gray shrimp from Florida, Georgia, and North Carolina waters, which a few years ago were on hand in every New York fish store, have been replaced in all too many markets by the usually larger and far less delicately flavored pink shrimp from the coral beds of the Gulf of Mexico and, more recently and much more disastrously, to my way of thinking, by the jumbo shrimp that come to us, frozen, from Panama. These last are of enormous size (seven of them make a pound, as against twenty or twenty-five gray shrimp) and have something of the coarse tastelessness of South African rock lobster, which is, of course, actually a species of crayfish. The Panama shrimps have been given something of a boost lately as the highly publicized specialty of an expensive new restau-



"This is their fifth time around. They're trying to save their marriage."



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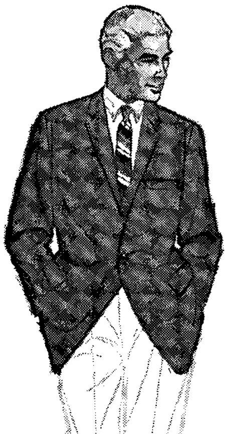

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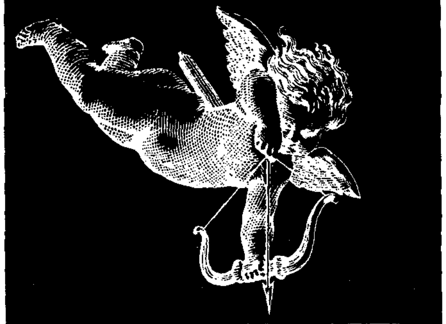

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rant, but with real shrimp lovers the Panamanians are very low down on the list of edible foods—and, for that matter, so are any of the frozen shrimp, large or small, that are currently being shipped to us from Japan, India, Ecuador, or Mexico. Among the fish shops where you can count on finding the medium-sized gray shrimp, the best of which come at this season (unfrozen, of course) from North Carolina, are Wynne & Treanor, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd); Leonard's Fish Market, 1241 Third Avenue (72nd); the Rosedale Fish & Oyster Market, 1132 Lexington Avenue (79th); the Park East Fish Market, 1007 Lexington Avenue (72nd); and Eugene Clark, 1129 Lexington Avenue (79th).

STILL another luncheon first course that can be assembled with a minimum of trouble involves putting back on the home table those piquant concoctions that, before they got edged off by the ever-increasing array of cocktail canapés, had a traditional place on the luncheon menu under the name of *hors-d'œuvre variés*. I contend that these zesty dabs are a part of the works, not something separate, and if they are as carefully chosen as they should be, they are well worth settling oneself comfortably at table to enjoy. Moreover (and you might think that this would have occurred to the ladies who are eternally harping on saving time), opening a few cans and slicing a few vegetables is just about a hundred times less trouble than all the spreading and chopping and toasting it takes to get up a round of cocktail accompaniments. Reverent aficionados of the *smörgåsbord* will probably be shocked by my conviction that the French know more about how to begin a meal than the Scandinavians, but I firmly believe that French sardines, a bit of pâté, a little marinated *thon*, and some flageolets *en vinaigrette*—all right out of cans—together with a few herb-sprinkled slices of tomato, some thinly sliced *Wurst*, and maybe a hard-boiled egg or two, accompanied by a crusty roll and good butter, are so pleasant to sit down to that a dozen varieties of herring and eel taken standing are bound to suffer by comparison. But if we are to put the more substantial appetizers on the lunch table, some provision has got to be made for the cocktail tray, and I think it would be improved, for a change, by such relatively austere refreshment as a hard cheese (Old Denmark, at 135 East 57th Street, sells a nice new Danish import called Nikto, and Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue, at 71st, has re-

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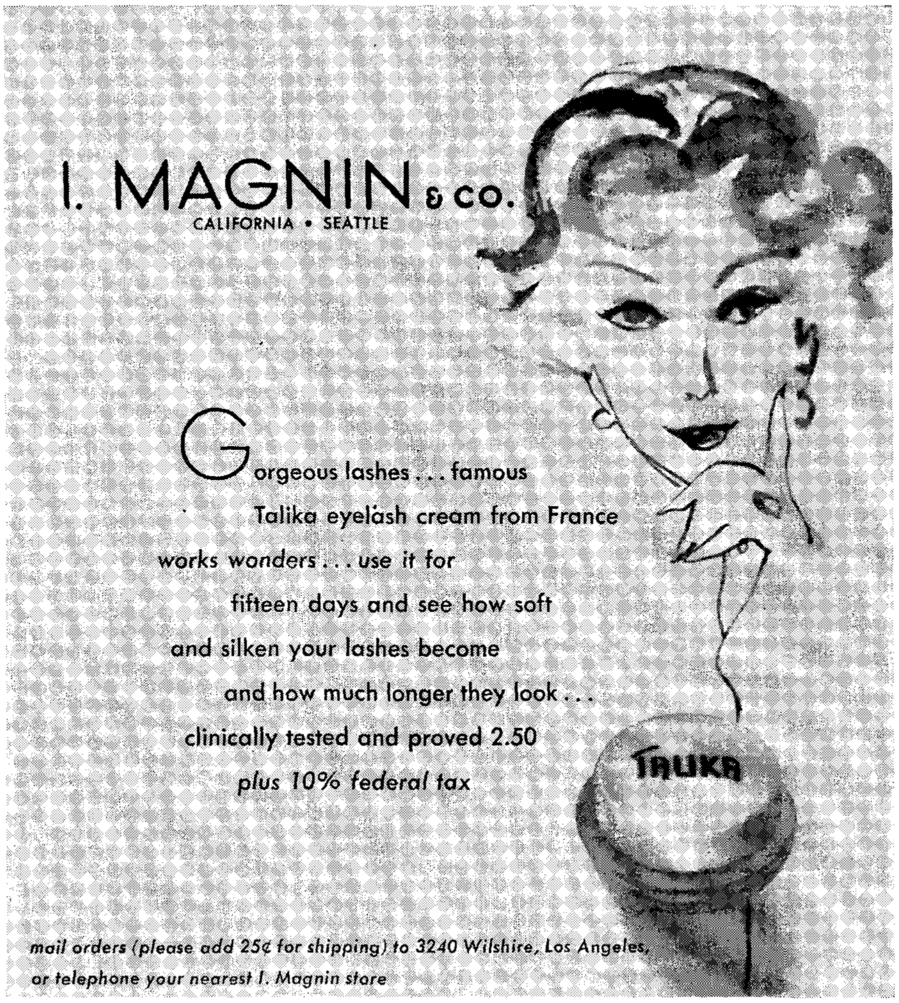
cently imported a new Gruyère) and a bowl of the Macadamia nuts so magnificently roasted by Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, or by Vendôme, 15 East 48th Street.

It would be a mistake to leave the impression that canned flageolets are useful only as an appetizer; actually, they can pinch-hit in almost any place on the menu where a pleasing, unassertive flavor is desired. A friend of mine makes them do as a combined salad and main-course accompaniment to lamb by simmering them briefly in a little broth and butter in a garlic-rubbed saucepan and adding a discreet flavoring of tarragon vinegar, as well as a handful of scallions, which are left in the saucepan just long enough to heat through. The canned beans are available in practically all food shops of any pretensions, under various labels, of which I have found Le Semeur and Vauban to be particularly dependable. Another versatile and extremely good canned vegetable is the large celery stalks packed in France by a firm called Clos du Verdet, and sold at Maison Glass, for $1.25 the twenty-eight-ounce can. The easiest—and quickest—way to prepare these tender stalks is also, I think, the best; that is, by merely simmering them in a very little greatly reduced chicken or beef consommé with a bit of butter. More ambitious cooks—or cooks with more time on their hands—might moisten the celery with a cream sauce to be *gratiné* in the oven.

I HAD a preview the other day of two very interesting cold soups from those able soupmakers of the Chalet Suzanne restaurant, in Lake Wales, Florida. Each of them is a combination of unlikely materials that somehow compose themselves into a remarkably suave pottage with a very original flavor, and they ought to be a relief this summer to those who feel that it's not so much the heat as the vichyssoise. According to the ingredients listed on the can, one of the new soups (it's called Fromaut) has a base of cream of tomato, enlivened with fine-chopped Florida shrimp, cheese, and a number of piquant flavors calculated to give a lift to summer appetites. With an added half cup of cream, a generous quantity of chopped chives, some salt, a spot of Tabasco, and so forth, it is terribly good. The second newcomer from Lake Wales, labelled Masalah, has a strong curry flavor, and it, too, contains chopped shrimp. Being congenitally unable to let well enough alone, I added to this some cream, a little tomato juice, a good dollop of the liquid from a jar of cocktail onions,



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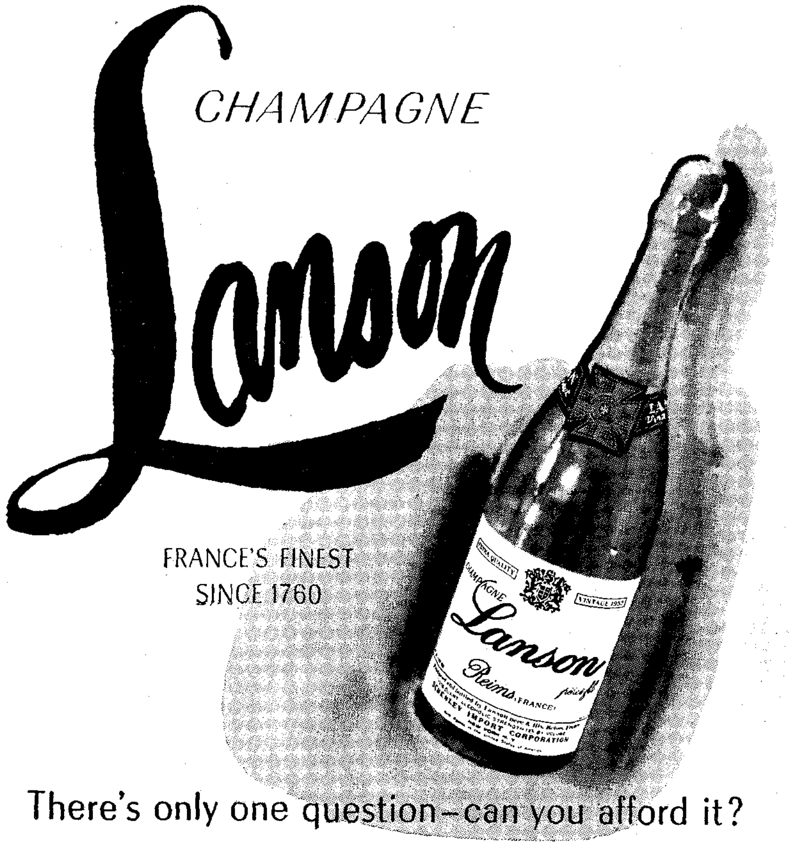

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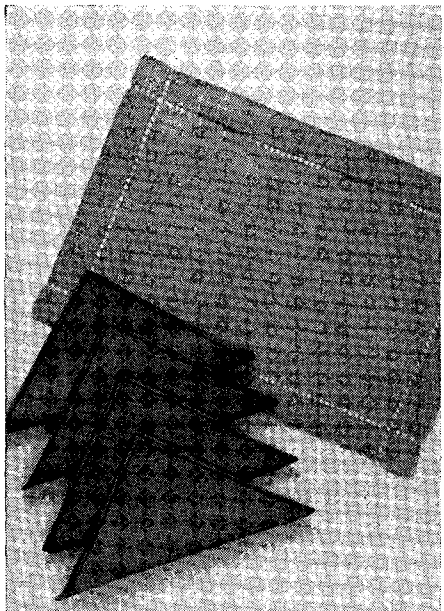

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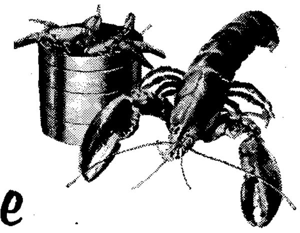

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WANTED
Month............Day..........Time..........

and a few chopped chives. Either of the soups, served very cold, makes a fine beginning to a hot-weather meal. They cost around seventy cents a can and are now available—or will be in a day or two—at Vendôme and Maison Glass.

PFAELZER BROTHERS, a long-established packing house at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, has recently opened a mail-order department, through which it will ship directly to the consumer its splendid meat, frozen to order and according to its own formula. Since the quality of the steaks and chops obtainable at most summer resorts is, unfortunately, in indirect ratio to the beauty of the scenery, this service should be a real boon to vacationists. For that matter, it might well prove a blessing to housekeepers right here in the city (if they are equipped with freezers), for there are few—very few—markets in town that can provide meat of the same uniform excellence. The Pfaelzer rib lamb chops—two inches thick, and exceedingly good—struck me as the very thing to take along on a picnic, to be broiled on the spot and held, for nibbling, by the neatly Frenched little bone. However, good lamb is considerably easier to come by than the perfect beefsteak, so it is probably the Pfaelzer sirloins that will create a sensation in the home. While I remind myself that it is dangerous to label any food as the best thing I ever ate, I think that if such a risky pronouncement is to be made at all, it might be applied to these remarkably tender and flavorful Chicago beefsteaks. The meat is packed in dry ice for shipping, and is sold only by the carton. To give you an idea of prices, a carton of eight two-inch-thick rib chops, weighing eight ounces apiece, costs $10.40, and a carton containing half a dozen one-pound boneless strip-sirloin beefsteaks costs $26.35. On orders of fewer than eight cartons, there is also a three-dollar handling charge to pay, plus the express, whatever it may be. The firm sells other steaks and chops, of varying thicknesses and at varying prices, as well as roasts of beef, fillets, and numerous cuts of pork, but it is only the two items I have reported on that I have tried.

A COUPLE of years ago, I raised loud hosannas in this column over a delectable new cheese called Parfait, which, after arriving from France with enough regularity to keep cheese lovers over here in an ecstasy of *gourmandise*, suddenly disappeared from the scene. We were told at the time (and nobody disputed the reasonableness of the excuse) that the political

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situation was so uncertain that the cheesemakers of Seine-et-Marne (where the exquisite thing is produced) couldn't bother with shipments. To the delight, and probably the surprise, of all interested parties, the cheese has recently reappeared—a fact that I happily record without venturing to draw any reckless political conclusions. Anyway, it's sufficient that the cheese, which is soft and delicately creamy, is with us once again and, in all probability, will stay around until the end of the month, when the weather, rather than any French crisis, is expected to put a temporary end to shipments. As of the moment, it is to be had at Vendôme, Bloomingdale, Fraser Morris, Ellen Grey, Maison Glass, and Madelon Rogers, 18 East 60th Street, for around $1.70 an eight-ounce box.

MRS. GEORGE GILLILAND (Illinois 7-0544) is a pastry cook who has the right respect, not to say reverence, for the berry that God could doubtless have made a better one than, but never did—or however the old saw goes—and she celebrates this gastronomically satisfactory season by turning out some lovely specialties, to the glory of our local strawberry crop. Among her delicious sweets are a strawberry roll, of delicate spongecake filled with strawberries and whipped cream; strawberry angel pie, which is a barely congealed strawberry-and-cream mixture set in a ten-inch meringue shell; an outsize *profiterole*, ten inches in diameter, filled with whipped cream and strawberries and sprinkled over with slivers of blanched almonds; and a ten-inch strawberry pie in a butter crust and with a lattice top. These pastries are all sold at $4 each, delivered, as are a couple of non-strawberry specialties—a cherry pie (made of either sour or sweet cherries) and a fresh-blueberry pie. —S. H.

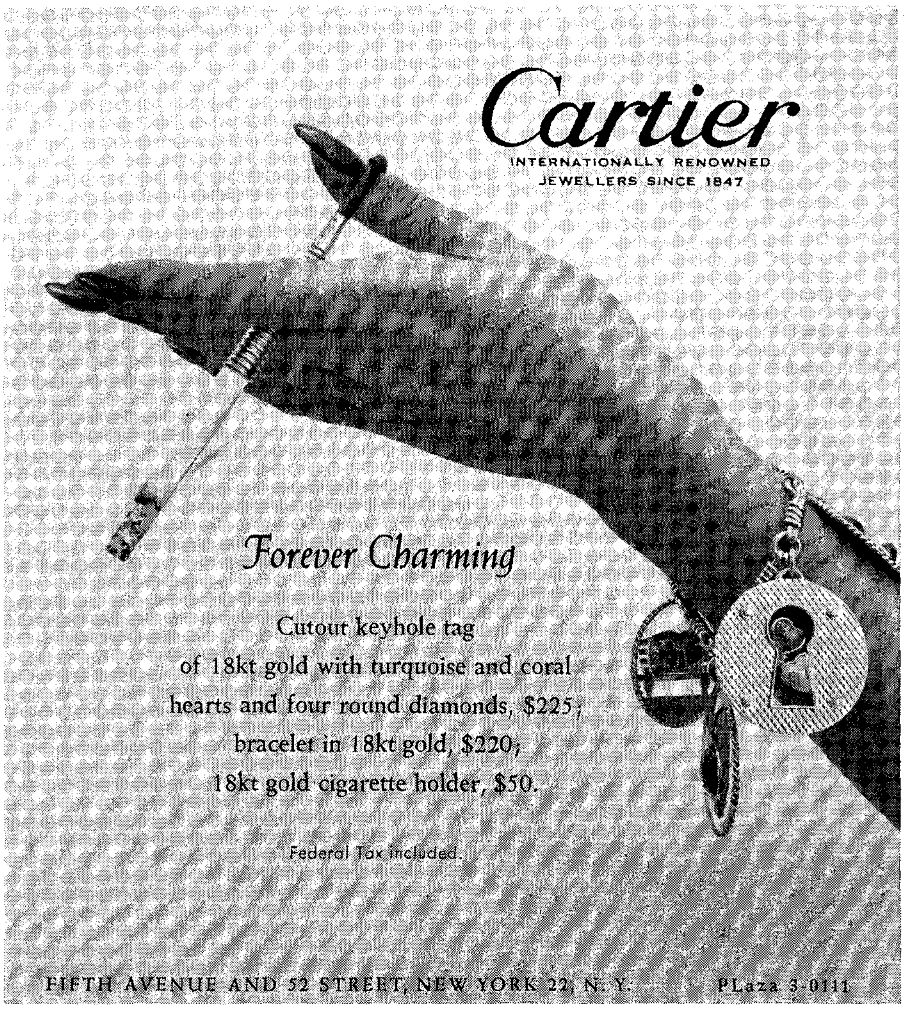
•

His Excellency Lij Endalkatchew Makonnen, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, has agreed to take the place of Mr. Solunuhin, of University College, at the lecture to be given in the Ethiopian National Library on March 24 at 8.45 p.m.

Lij Endalkatchew will speak on "Some Aspects of Ethiopian Foreign Policy." He will repeat his lecture a week later on March 31 in the Amharic language.

The substitution was made necessary because Mr. Solunuhin has lost his notes on his lecture on "The Wisdom of Ethiopian Proverbs." Anyone finding the notes is asked to return them by getting in touch with Mr. Solunuhin at University College. —*Addis Ababa Voice of Ethiopia.*

He who loses notes better keep trap shut.—*Old Ethiopian proverb.*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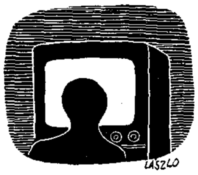
THE AIR

The Third-Degree Boys Revisited

SYLVESTER L. WEAVER, who was president of the National Broadcasting Company till a couple of years ago, argued with noble confidence the other evening, on "The Mike Wallace Interview" (Channel 7, 10-10:30 P.M., Sundays), that culture on television can be "commercial;" that is, that it can be marketably entertaining. Since culture to Mr. Weaver means the "good things," the "creative things," I hope he was right. But I thought that on this occasion he and Mr. Wallace did what lay in their power to prove he was wrong. While they were high-minded and culturally disposed throughout the program, they gave an unsatisfactory show. Culture, even entertaining culture, should make sense, but Mr. Weaver, though he offered a strong idea or two, was on the whole intellectually unconvincing. In spite of the interview's potential for hot stuff (it's not often that a former high network official undertakes to criticize television's shortcomings in public, as Mr. Weaver did), no news was made to speak of. It's true that a few of Mr. Weaver's remarks were ostentatiously deleted by the producer, and that Mr. Wallace's backer, the Fund for the Republic, complained about these deletions, or restrictions, next day. That's news, in a way, but I can't help feeling that Mr. Weaver's missing words may have been more newsworthy cancelled than they would have been uncancelled. (I don't suggest, of course, that the speaker was muted for entertainment or news-making purposes. Still, that's a gambit that producers may want to consider for future use. In this case, the talk was at its raciest and most provocative when it fell unheard from moving lips.) Thinking about it from Mr. Weaver's viewpoint, which he described during the interview, while the describing was good, it's hard to take the verbal blackout seriously. Censorship, restrictions on freedom, Mr. Weaver implied when Mr. Wallace asked about these things, had been of no particular significance in his own experience in television. Plainly, the point didn't interest him. When Mr. Wallace pressed it just a little (after all, the theme of his program is "Survival and Freedom"), Mr. Weaver allowed that he had once gone to some trouble to protect the late Fred Allen's jokes from prudish editors. But, Mr. Wallace asked, had Mr. Weaver felt no important "group pressures" in general? Not really, Mr. Weaver said, and returned the conversation firmly to subjects of his own choosing. Television, he said, has been "degraded" in the years since he was removed from its leadership. The fault lies primarily, Mr. Weaver said, naming no names, with network management. The need today is for "upgraded" tastes and "elevated" standards. But, Mr. Wallace interjected, making one more faint gesture in the direction of debate, could upgraded programs be shown commercially? Mr. Weaver said that they could be and—in his time—had been. N.B.C. had made a great deal of money in his time, he said. He failed to mention the fact that his time had been a boom time economically, nor did Mr. Wallace remind him of it. Mr. Weaver went on to say (very justly, it seemed to me) that you mar your service and lose or lessen your audience when "you program *down*." Television, he said, offers nothing much these days but mere news, mere story-telling, and cheaply budgeted game shows. He didn't speak, nor did Mr. Wallace, of the fact that since leaving N.B.C. Mr. Weaver has been producing programs for the open market, one of which is an uncostly-looking game show called "Make Me Laugh" (Channel 7, 10-10:30 P.M., Thursdays).



Regardless of what the industry may need, what Mr. Weaver needed in this interview was regulation, challenge, a touch of the whip of cross-examination. Mr. Wallace didn't apply these disciplines. Perhaps, under the grave, humane auspices of the Fund for the Republic, he doesn't feel free (though freedom is his keynote) to apply them. If so, I think that he must sometimes miss the old days on "Night Beat" (in season, Channel 5, 11-12 P.M., Mondays through Fridays), a program in which cross-examination, carried occasionally to the point of lunacy, is the order of the evening. As noted here before, "Night Beat" is Mr. Wallace's creation. It remains his monument. It was a gamy and synthetic show when he had it. It is even more so now, in the administration of John Wingate—a shallower thinker than Mr. Wallace, in my judgment, and a naïvely arrogant questioner. It is also, however, as time has helped to demonstrate, a fundamentally strong show, well organized, well arranged, entertaining, and, for what the point may be worth, not altogether uncultural. Mr. Wallace has never again been as impressive an interviewer on the air as he was in his "Night Beat" days. To get to the core of the problem, he has never since then had a show as good, potentially, as "Night Beat" was and is.

TWO days before the Wallace-Weaver minuet, Mr. Wingate interviewed, or tried to interview, Representative Adam Clayton Powell on "Night Beat." The earlier session served to illustrate some of the special strengths of "Night Beat" and some of the special weaknesses of Mr. Wingate. As is apt to happen when he goes up against a practiced public talker, the interviewer lost nearly every round of the contest. Past form suggests that Mr. Wallace might have handled this tough and fluent opponent better. It also suggests that a degree of what might be called professionalism—what might even be called exhibitionism—in a guest is necessary to the success of an interview program as entertainment. Mr. Powell is, of course, a skillful and ardent exponent of certain major aspects of the cause of civil rights. Quite apart from that, he shares with a number of other guests who have appeared on "Night Beat" a spectacular, histrionic, almost overresponsive quality, which makes some of Mr. Wallace's recent guests—people who are normally inarticulate or diffident when speaking in public, like Mr. Weaver, for instance, and Aldous Huxley—seem dowdy by comparison. "Night Beat" is, as I've said, a gamy show. At its worst, it has a faintly spurious tone; at other times—thanks, in part, to the extrovert tendencies of the sort of guests I've mentioned—it smacks of the clinic. No sort of guest, when it comes to that, retains his discretion long in the face of the house rules, which encourage butting, kneeing, and gouging on a unilateral basis—that is to say, on the part of the management. Broadly stated, Mr. Wingate's policy is to be top dog at all times, even if he has to misstate or ignore an argument, or change the subject entirely, to do it. The most entertaining "Night Beat" shows are those in which the guest frustrates these tactics or steals them for his own use. In the Powell interview, Mr. Wingate, after a manly handshake at the outset, tried to convict his guest of what he called "racism," on the ground that Mr. Powell has referred to other Negroes as Uncle Toms. In reply, Mr. Powell argued that rac-

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ism, as he understands it, involves a hatred of a given race and a grading of races in terms of the "superiority" of one to another. "Uncle Tom," he told Mr. Wingate, suavely and patiently, is not a racist but an "intra-racial" epithet. "But," Mr. Wingate said after considering this thought, apparently none too carefully, "if you're not a racist, why do you use the expression 'Uncle Tom'?" Mr. Powell was not disturbed by the failure of mind to meet mind. With a kind smile, he insisted smoothly on the justness of his line of reasoning and, after that, on his right of way at the sound track. Holding off Mr. Wingate with the stem of his pipe, so to speak, the guest proceeded to play upon a number of themes, by word and gesture, as upon a musical instrument. "They hit you with an income-tax indictment," Mr. Wingate managed to say, hopefully, at one point. "They clobbered me," said Mr. Powell majestically. It was an interview in which the spirit of hostility, or of competition, was as well marked as ever, and in which the stronger competitor prevailed.

"Night Beat" shows don't always bring out this note of calm efficiency. In his celebrated interview with Randolph Churchill, some weeks ago, Mr. Wingate interrupted Mr. Churchill in the delivery of certain thoughtful and sonorous remarks on the state of the world, and invited him down to a level toward which the program seems always, essentially, to be striving. Mr. Churchill joined his host there at once, with boyish enthusiasm. The final passages, in case you missed them, were conducted in the following spirit: "My father can lick your father." "You ain't got a father." "I have too." "Yah." "I ain't gonna play with you no more." In still another recent interview, while groping for a foothold in the background of Lou Nova, a former heavyweight prizefighter, Mr. Wingate ran up against a condition he wasn't prepared for—that is, the subject's disposition (it's a common one among boxing men) to provide more spice than is wanted, to plunge willingly into uncharted fields of scandal or controversy. "I was really given a dirty deal by a certain heavyweight in Philadelphia," Mr. Nova said portentously. All sports historians are familiar with the bout to which he referred. Mr. Wingate wasn't. "I should point out that I don't know what you're talking about," the host said hastily. "Let me say that this program dissociates itself completely from this Philadelphia incident of which you've spok-

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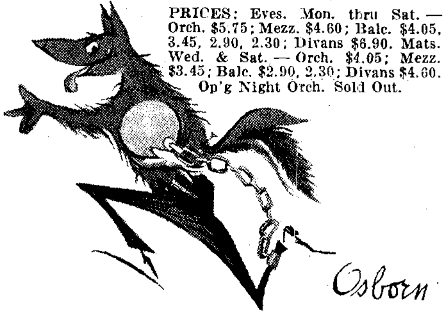

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en." "All right," said Mr. Nova affably. It was, as he knew, a well-worn story, at best.

In short, Mr. Wingate's working life is a mixed and uncertain one. Mr. Powell outthought him, Mr. Nova alarmed him, Mr. Churchill hurt his feelings. And yet, at the end of the season's last interview, a week or so ago, as he gathered his staff in front of the camera, he was entitled to take pride—as he said he did—in "Night Beat" and in the work of his helpers and himself. The program is widely followed, as local programs go, and widely discussed. To repeat, it is something of a natural. At that last gathering, with past bitterness forgotten or forgiven, Mr. Wingate read some observations of Randolph Churchill's in favor of freedom and nonconformity. "That's what 'Night Beat' thinks, too," Mr. Wingate said mellowly. "Night Beat" is nonconformist, all right. It is free of dullness, and also, at times, of taste, logic, and dignity. I'll say again that I think its founder must often miss it deeply. Mr. Wallace wasn't too successful with his next venture, which represented an attempt to transplant some of the elements of "Night Beat" into half an hour of network time. On a network, it seems to me, that kind of program is bound to lose the qualities that make it noteworthy as a local show—the fullness and easy looseness of its chatter, its effect of intimacy, its florid frankness, its power to spread personality across the screen like jam on toast. The same difference is observable, in the newspaper business, between local and syndicated news stories, features, or cartoons. A measure of independence, or of structural individuality, is necessary to give the stuff a kick. Since moving into the camp of the Fund for the Republic, Mr. Wallace has, as Mr. Weaver might say, upgraded his tastes and elevated his standards. But he hasn't been able to stimulate his guests as he stimulated guests on "Night Beat." Mr. Huxley, on the new show, oversimplified a large and complex idea. Adlai Stevenson was morose and unhelpful. Mr. Weaver failed to prove a case.

It's the kind of thing that would drive Mr. Wingate to matching his old man with the other fellow's old man. It probably isn't doing Mr. Wallace's disposition any good, either.

—John Lardner

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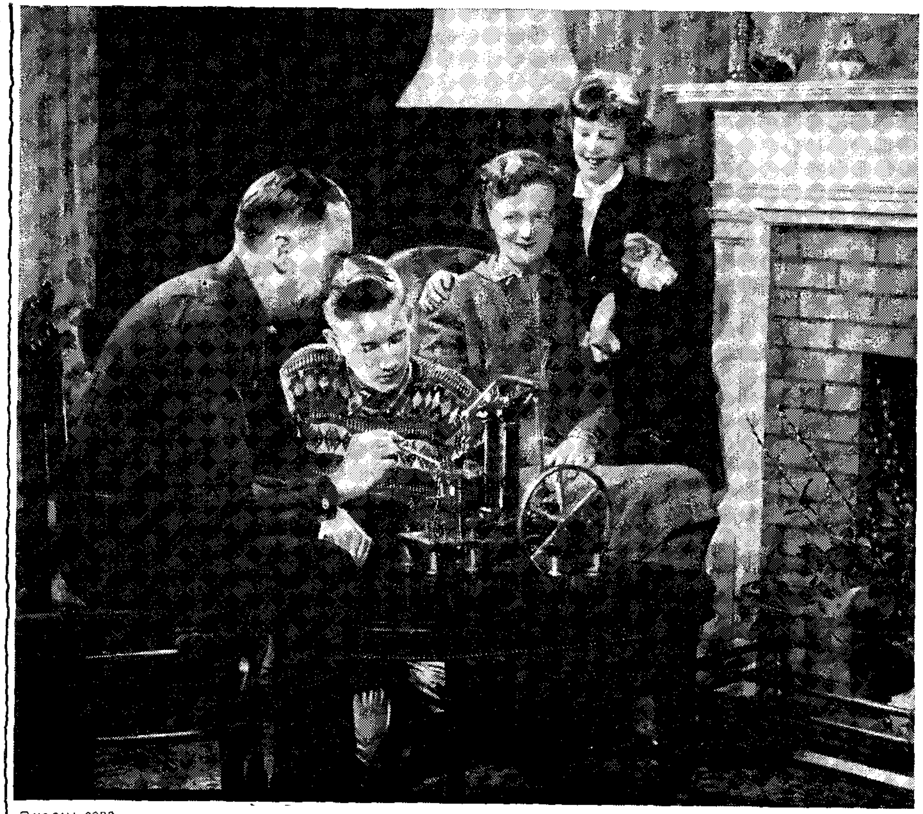
Sun sets, rises tomorrow.—*Weather Bureau report in the Providence Bulletin.*

If all goes well.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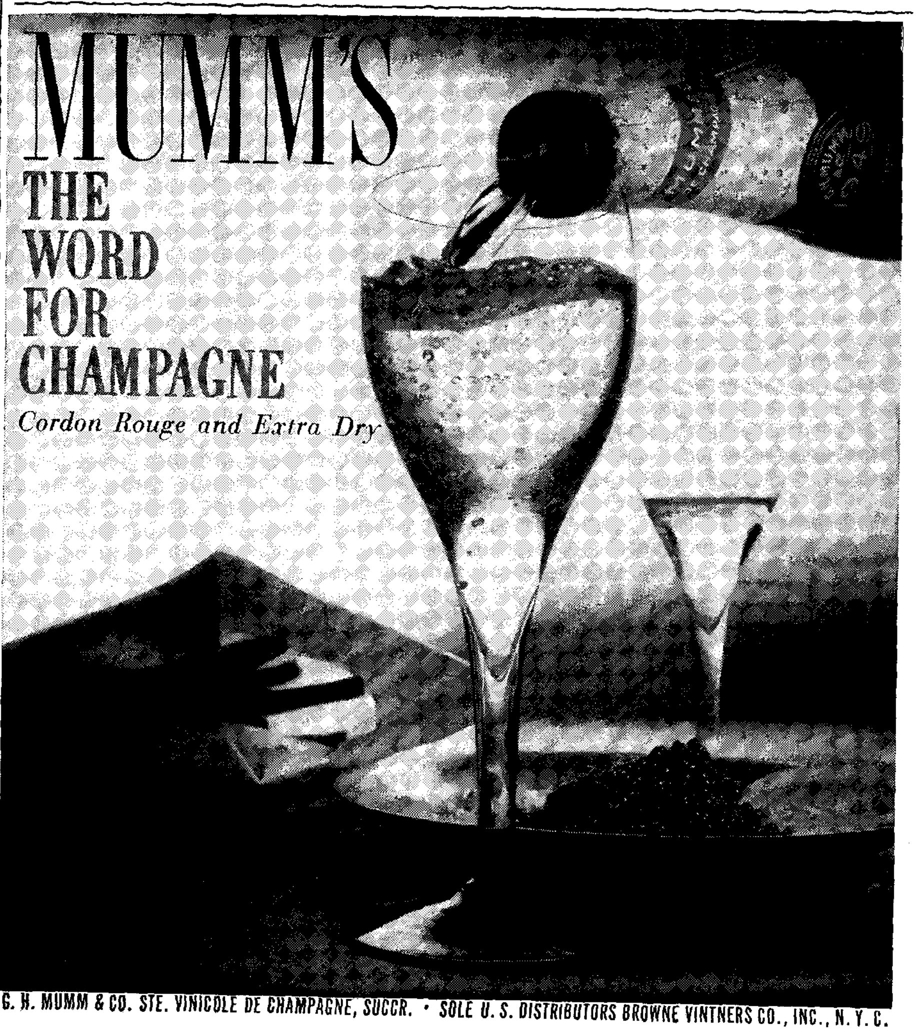

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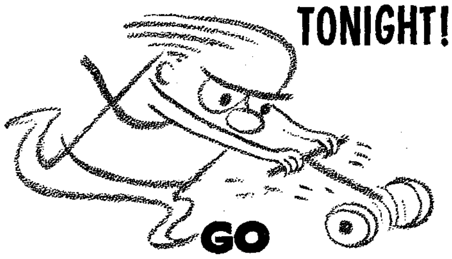

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ROOK PIE

If I had not blown a gasket just outside of Stony Stratford on a Monday morning in late April, I might have gone to my grave without ever eating rook pie. An American living in Oxford, I didn't know until that day that the English or anyone else made pies out of rooks. Of course, we all know that blackbirds were a favored ingredient for royal pies, and occasionally on a menu one sees "Pigeon Pie." People eat crow, too. So why shouldn't they eat rooks?

According to the calendar, spring arrives in England on March 21st, but this year it had not arrived by the late April day when I drove my Opel station wagon out of Oxford along the Banbury Road on what I imagined was to be an uneventful run of seventy-odd miles to Cambridge, where I was to stay overnight with a friend. Although neither temperature nor skies suggested spring, there were several optimistic signs. Every tall tree—some just slightly tinged with green—bore its quota of rooks' nests. New construction is higher up in the trees this year than last, I was later told, and this is supposed to portend a long, hot summer. As I approached Bicester, I passed several groups of pleachers cutting, bending, and intertwining thorn to create the pattern of hedging that is such a distinctive feature, generally, of the English rural scene. People say that this craft, known hereabouts as "laying hedge," is, like thatching and drystone-walling, fast becoming a forgotten one, but I hope the report is untrue, for when the hedges go, much of the peculiar charm of this countryside inevitably goes with them. East of Buckingham the character of the farm economy changes abruptly; this part of Buckinghamshire is largely given over to sheep, and in almost every field there were hundreds of quiet ewes and exuberant black-faced lambs. But except for sportive lambs, nesting rooks, and odd groups of pleachers, together with occasional daffodils in farmhouse gardens, it might have been February. On the hills, the trees, surrounded by dull fields, stood black against gray skies.

I was so busy looking at lambs jumping around that I failed to notice that my engine was losing power until it suddenly began to knock, at first discreetly, then insistently. Soon it began to bang, and finally to clank. I slowed down, pulled onto the verge, and stopped. The oil pressure was O.K., but I couldn't seem to find the needle on the water

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gauge. It had disappeared off to the right, behind the instrument panel. I got out, raised the hood, and, using my handkerchief, unscrewed the radiator cap and laid it on the radiator. Immediately, the surroundings were enveloped in a cloud of steam. I backed away and bumped into someone. Turning around, I saw that it was a short man in a greasy black cap, who held in his right hand a heavy-bladed billhook. A dead cigarette stub hung from one corner of his mouth.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

He smiled. Behind him, two boys, one of them very blond, stopped working on the hedge at the roadside and approached us.

"What are ye tryin' to do—burn 'er up?" the man asked. The boys peered at the engine, which was now undeniably smoking.

"Oh, no," I said. "Just overheated—that's all. She just needs to cool off and have a little water."

"That ye'll find up the road a quarter of a mile on the right 'and," he said.

I thanked him and set off. It was chilly, and I turned up my coat collar. Around a bend on the right was a group of mellowed, lichened stone buildings. Built to last are the barns, stables, and houses of the English farmstead; aging, they grow into the countryside, and with the passing years become inseparably a part of it in a way that frame or brick buildings never do. In a cobbled yard I found an elderly man sitting on a bench cleaning a small-bore rifle. I told him my trouble. He found a bucket and, walking over to a pump, insisted on pumping the water.

"Going hunting?" I asked.

"Not likely," he said, without a pause in his pumping.

"I saw the rifle," I said—and then remembered that in England one "hunts" fox and stag but "shoots" birds and rabbits. "Shooting, I mean."

"Yes," he said. The bucket overflowed. He stopped pumping. I offered him a cigarette, which he accepted and put behind his left ear.

"What are you shooting?" I asked.

"Rooks," he replied.

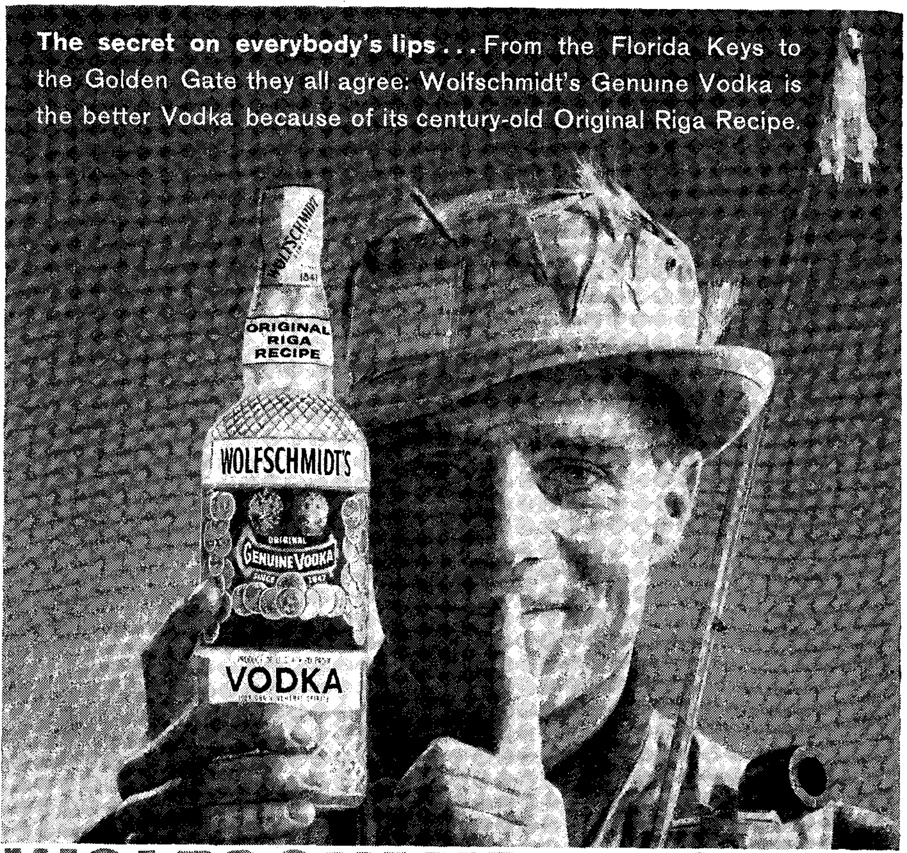
"Rooks?"

"To be sure," he said. "Rooks."

He disappeared into the barn and came out with a funnel. I took it, and picked up the bucket.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll bring these back in a few minutes."

WHEN I returned to the car, the pleachers were sitting on the grass, drinking coffee out of plastic



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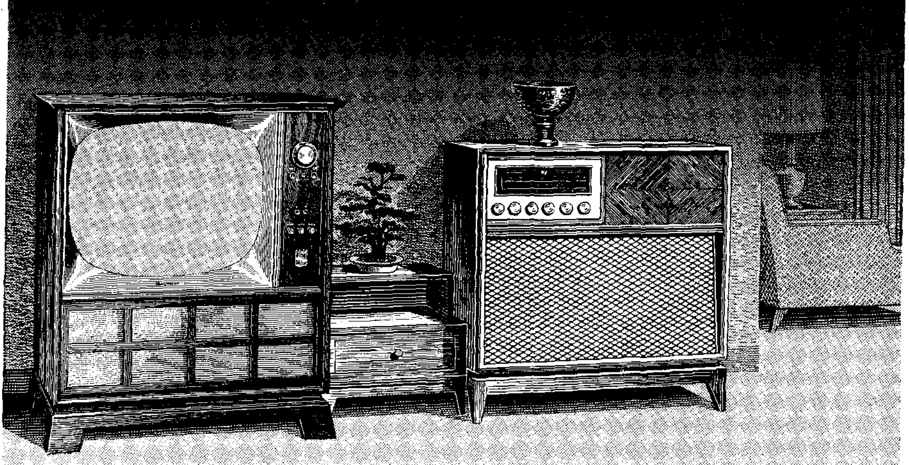

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cups. A wisp of steam issued from the top of the radiator. I put the funnel in and lifted the bucket.

The man in the black cap got up. The cigarette end was still hanging from the corner of his mouth. "I wouldn't do that yet," he said. He felt the block gingerly. "No. Let 'er cool off some more."

I put the bucket on the ground. One of the boys, the very blond one, took a plastic cup out of a haversack, poured coffee into it, and wordlessly handed it to me.

"That's a work of art," I said, waving the cup toward the hedge.

"I shouldn't call it that," the man said. "But it's a livin'." He took the cigarette stub out of his mouth, examined it critically, and then put it back and lit it. " 'Ard way to make a few quid," he added.

"How long have you been at it?" I asked.

"Layin' 'edge?" he inquired.

I nodded, and sipped the scalding coffee. It tasted like a low grade of antifreeze.

"Forty-odd years," he said. He felt the block again, and then picked up the bucket and began to pour the water slowly into the funnel. "But I don't recommend it," he added, and set the bucket down. "We'd best wait a bit." He paused. "Not as much 'edgin' now—more wire. 'Ard on the bird life, wire is."

"Why is it hard on the birds?" I asked.

"Where will the pipits and thrushes nest, with no 'edgin'?" he said. "More bugs now, because of wire. It's upsettin' the balance of nature."

The blond boy refilled my coffee cup, and the man picked up the bucket and poured more water into the radiator. Then he removed the funnel and dropped it into the empty bucket, which he set on the verge. "Try 'er now," he said.

Putting down my cup, I got in the car and stepped on the starter. The battery turned the engine over, but nothing happened.

"Let's see yer 'andle," the man said, coming to the door. "I'll try 'er with the 'andle."

I suddenly remembered that " 'andle" meant hand crank. "I don't have one," I said.

"No 'andle?" he asked, incredulous. "No 'andle? What kind of a car is this, with no 'andle?"

"German," I said. "They don't—"

"Oh," he interrupted, as if this explained everything. "Those bloody bas-

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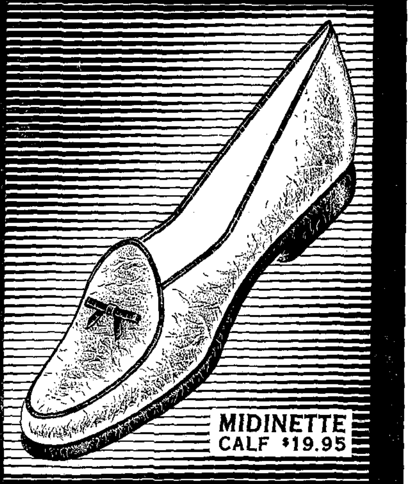

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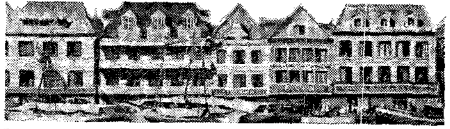
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tards. Well, we'll give you a push."

He and the two boys began to push the car, but there was a slight upgrade, and I couldn't get it to start. We maneuvered the car around, and they pushed me downgrade for a hundred yards or so. The engine would not fire. I steered onto the verge and got out.

"Best call Polk's Garridge in Stony Stratford," the man said.

We walked up the road in silence. I picked up the bucket and funnel and started off for the farmhouse. When I got there, the old man with the rifle had gone. I knocked on the back door, and presently a middle-aged woman with purple hands appeared. I explained my problem and asked if I might use the telephone to call the garage.

"They'll all be gone to lunch now," she said, looking at an alarm clock on a shelf above a huge black coal stove.

"I'll try, if I may," I said.

"You're welcome to." She led me into a cold hall. "But you'll find no one there."

I found no one there.

"Try again about half past two," she said when I reëntered the warm kitchen.

I WALKED back toward the car. The pleachers had built a fire out of hedge cuttings and were sitting around it eating sandwiches.

"Closed," the man said. "They close for lunch. I should 'ave told you. Sit down."

"Thanks," I said. "I will in a minute."

I walked on down to the car. There I opened my suitcase, took out a bottle of Scotch that had been destined for the Fellow of Clare College with whom, perhaps unreasonably, I still hoped to spend the night, and stuffed it into my overcoat pocket. Then I took the car blanket off the seat. When I got back to the fire, the boys stood up. I shook the blanket out, and they helped spread it. One of them handed me a sandwich and a hard-boiled egg. I took the bottle out of my pocket and said, "We'd better have a drink."

The blond boy gathered up the plastic cups, emptied the dregs of coffee on the grass, and set the cups down in a row. I poured a good slug into each one. After the man had picked up his cup, the rest of us picked up ours.

"Cheers," the man said, and drained his cup. When I offered him some more, he consulted a pocket watch. "Always time for the other 'alf of that," he said.

I filled his cup again and, peeling my boiled egg, said haphazardly, "The old

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gentleman at the farm was out shooting rooks."

"Ah, 'e told me," the man said. "That's Mr. Atterton, and this is 'is land." He waved an arm. "Good land, too. And 'is daughter makes a fine rook pie. A fine pie."

"Out of rooks?" My amazement must have been evident.

"Why else would Mr. Atterton be shootin' rooks except for pies?" He sipped his whiskey. "There's too few people make a good rook pie these days. People buy their pies ready-made now. Frozen pies, even," he added disdainfully. "We got you to thank for that," he said, not unkindly.

"That's a sobering thought," I said.

"It is indeed," the man said. He reached into his coat pocket, drew out four cigarettes, and passed them around silently. The blond boy put a twig in the fire, and we lit them. The man looked again at his watch, and rose. "You best be callin' the garridge now," he said.

I walked up the road and entered the cobbled farmyard. The old man was sitting on the bench cleaning his rifle. The cigarette was still behind his ear. He looked up and smiled.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"The cook's skinning them now," he said. "Go right in and place your call."

I paused in the kitchen. The woman with purple hands was skinning baby rooks. I called Polk's Garage. They were sorry. The tow car was at Bletchley. It would be back about five-thirty and would come out and pick up my car at about six. Perhaps tomorrow they could get to work on it.

I stepped into the farmyard and reported the substance of this conversation to Mr. Atterton.

"Well," he said, and laid his rook rifle on the bench, "it's three now. I suppose you'll want to stay with your car, but come in before five and have tea with us. I'll call Polk's and tell them to stop here for you."

"Thank you. I wonder if I could phone Cambridge," I said, "and a hotel in Stony Stratford."

"Certainly," he said.

Back in the house, I got through to my friend in Cambridge, summarized the situation, and told him I hoped to arrive the following day. Then I called the Cock in Stony Stratford. They were full up. I called the Bull, and took their last room.

When I returned to the car, the pleachers were hard at work. The embers of the fire were smoking.

"All set," I said. "They'll come to get it at six."

I picked up the whiskey bottle and

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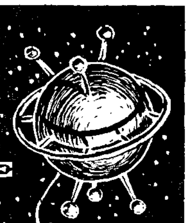

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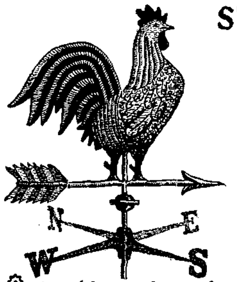

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the blanket and went on down to the car, where I got a book out of my suitcase, settled myself on the front seat, and began to read.

At four-thirty the blond boy came to the car. "Would ye be wantin' some tea?" he asked.

"Thanks," I said. "Mr. Atterton asked me."

"Ah," he said. "Perhaps ye'll have a bit of rook pie."

That is what I had. Rook pie, and damned good rook pie, too. It tasted something like pigeon pie, but was slightly bitter. I met Miss Atterton, and asked her to give me the recipe, which she did.

SHORTLY after six, the tow car stopped at the Attertons' for me, and we drove down the road and hooked up. The pleachers had gone. By seven, I had checked in at the Bull, on High Street, and unpacked. After a whiskey in the bar there, I went four doors north to the Cock and ordered another. The barman handed me a brochure with my drink, and I read:

> The town's 30 inns flourished as never before in coaching days. The Cock and the Bull became famous when travellers of all degrees broke their journey as horses were changed at this halfway town between London and Birmingham. The exchange of many lurid tales between one hostelry and the other coined the phrase "Cock and Bull story"—one so fantastic as to be worthy of these origins.

Thinking over the events of the day, I took out of my coat pocket Miss Atterton's recipe for rook pie. Here it is as she wrote it down:

> With a rook rifle shoot half a dozen young rooks within three days from the time you first see them on the branch. If you don't get them by that time, they will be too clever. Skin, never pluck, them. Draw and remove backbone. Fry bacon. Slice three-quarters of a pound of rump steak and place over wings and legs of rook. Cook in stock until tender. Place in pie dish with hard-boiled eggs. Then when cool, cover with short pastry and bake until pastry is golden. This serves four.

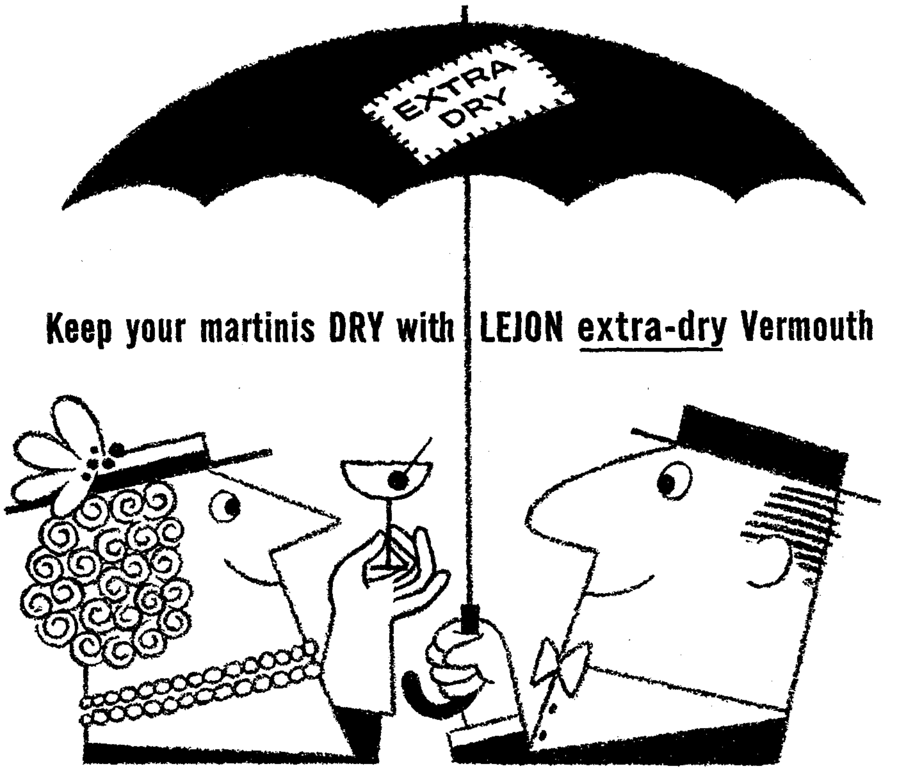
—SAMUEL B. GRIFFITH

●

Fifth grade Hilltop teacher Betty Neyland and her class visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art last week. The class was interested in the exhibit on medival life because they have studied about knights, castles, monosteries and tournaments.

The children were impressed in different ways. Lesley Etkin remembered that Gothic armor can be identified because the toes are pointed. Donna Christian remembers the trip because she tried on a helmut. —*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

And it's always nice to get away from school for a while.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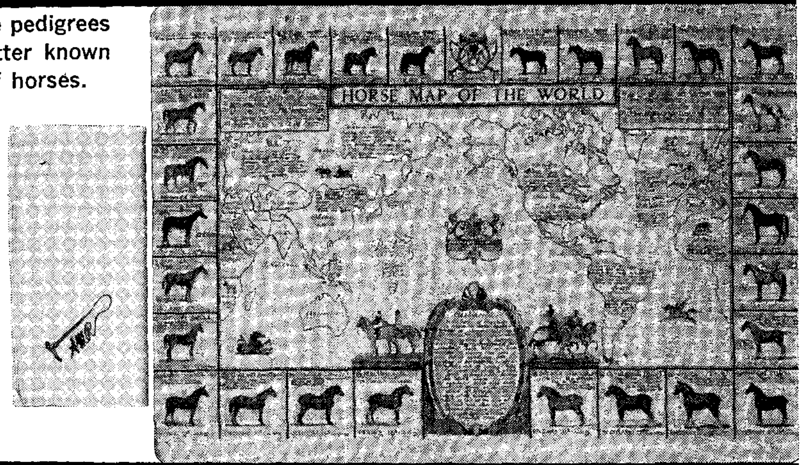

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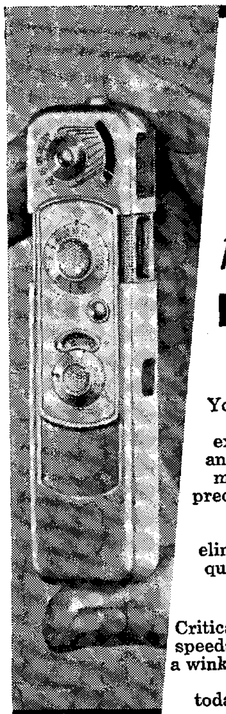

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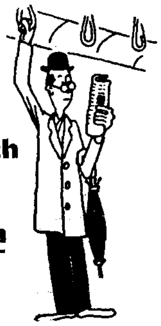

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THE RACE TRACK

The Bigger They Come . . .

THE Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday was quite a spectacle, what with Gallant Man going around his field on the stretch turn and overhauling Bold Ruler in the last furlong of the mile to win going away. After all, there is nothing quite so rousing as a finish in which a horse comes from behind. (Remember the to-do over Silky Sullivan and, more recently, over Cavan?) In the Metropolitan, Gallant Man was eighth and about three furlongs from home when he began his run, and he mowed down all opposition. For more than a year, I have been in a minority practically amounting to isolation in my opinion that Bold Ruler, while a very good colt, is not a true stayer. He ran as brilliantly for the first six furlongs of the Metropolitan as he had run in winning the Carter on Memorial Day, but in the final furlong he tired and was unable to offer the slightest resistance to Gallant Man's challenge. Bold Ruler's aficionados, including Arcaro, who rode him, claim that the impost of a hundred and thirty-five pounds beat him. Well, I should like to point out that he carried the same weight in the Carter, and that he gave Gallant Man only five pounds this time, instead of seven. It is possible that these two colts may meet once more, on the Fourth of July, in the Suburban. It is at a mile and a quarter, you know, and at that distance, I venture to say, Gallant Man can give Bold Ruler five pounds and a beating.

The sunshine of a fine afternoon showed the ten starters all at their best, and while Gallant Man looked unusually well, Bold Ruler was the picture horse in the parade to the post. Under his blinkers, Bold Ruler wore a St. Christopher medal given him by a granddaughter of his trainer, Jim Fitzsimmons. (She also gave one to Nashua when he was racing, but somebody pinched it in the winner's circle one day.) Bold Ruler took the lead quickly and, although he was bucking a gusty head wind, stepped the first quarter in 0:23⅕, the half in 0:46⅖, and six furlongs in 1:10⅗. The time for the mile was 1:35⅗. Clem, one of the lightweights (Bold Ruler gave him twenty-one pounds), was third. How

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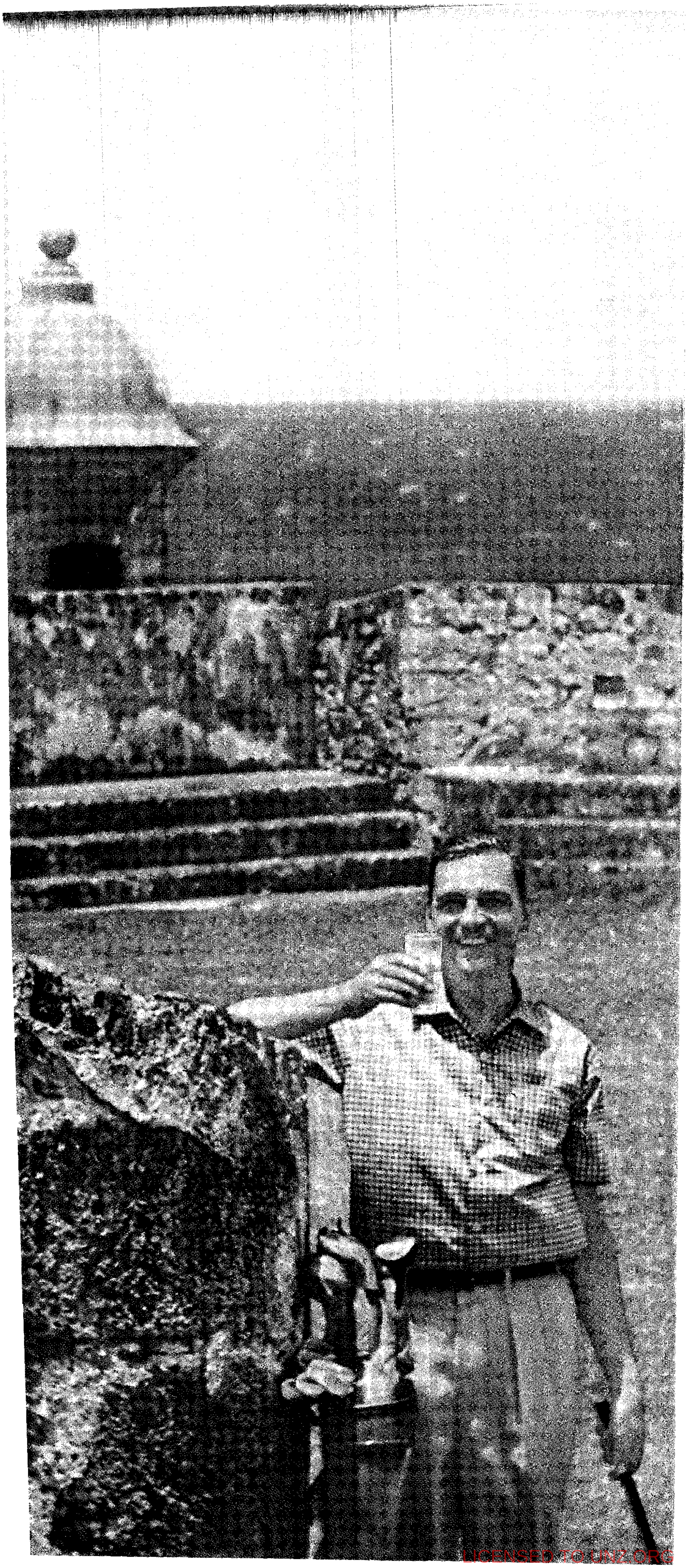

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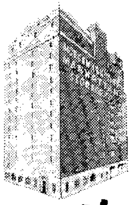

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the others finished really doesn't matter.

I DARESAY the defeat of Bold Ruler will add to the lively controversy going on about high weights in handicaps. (Only the other day, Round Table stomped off from California for Chicago after being assigned a hundred and thirty-two pounds for the Hollywood Gold Cup.) I liked the suggestion Alfred Vanderbilt made the other morning to Jimmy Kilroe, the official handicapper to the Jockey Club: "Why don't you hang up some pictures in your office of horses winning important races under high weights, and then, when trainers complain about your handicaps, show them your art gallery?" There would, of course, be a picture of Exterminator winning the Brooklyn in 1922 under a hundred and thirty-five pounds, giving nine pounds to Grey Lag, who was second, and one of Grey Lag winning the Suburban the following year under the same weight. There would be a couple of Tom Fool, who won the Carter under one-thirty-five and the Brooklyn under one-thirty-six. There'd also be several of Mr. Vanderbilt's Discovery, who won the Brooklyn under one-thirty-six and the Merchants' and Citizens' under one-thirty-nine. And, to show the other side of the case, there should certainly be one of Discovery finishing out of the money in the Merchants' and Citizens', in which he carried a hundred and forty-three pounds.

NEXT to the Metropolitan Handicap, the most interesting item at Belmont last week was the return of Jester to the races. A year ago, this son of Tom Fool was one of the more promising two-year-olds, despite the fact that he was on the small side and had a spot of leg trouble. Even so, he didn't do badly, ending his season with a victory in the Futurity. Since then, he has grown and filled out in all the right places, and if you didn't look too closely at a slightly unsymmetrical front leg, you'd say that he was a handsomer colt all around than Tim Tam. Jester has all his old speed, too. Though the wiseacres hardly expected it, he raced Fleet Feet, a nimble, seasoned runner, into defeat in the first half of a seven-furlong sprint, and went on to win as he pleased. It was a pretty stiff go for the first time out, and I hope he's none the worse for it.

AT Monmouth last weekend, another three-year-old came back to the wars, and won the Select Handi-

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cap. This was Nadir, who was taken out of training after his indifferent efforts in Kentucky in the spring. Apparently, the rest was good for what ailed him, but my roving outside man reports that he is still up to his old coltish tricks, beginning slowly and swerving badly. In fact, he almost had his number taken down on Saturday after beating Strong Ruler by a nose. The opening day—Tuesday—was a financial success, even though the races that afternoon were run in a fog.

CALUMET FARM, whose luck hasn't been so good lately (Iron Liege finished down the course in the Citation Handicap at Washington Park last Saturday), will try to snap out of it at Belmont this weekend with A Glitter in the Coaching Club American Oaks, for three-year-old fillies. She will be ridden by Ismael Valenzuela, who will also ride for the stable in Chicago this summer at both Washington Park and Arlington Park. . . . Speaking of luck, Tom Barry, who saddled Cavan for the Belmont Stakes, also trains Hindu Festival, the four-year-old Irish-bred who won the Macomber Memorial Handicap at Suffolk Downs in Boston last Saturday. And Hindu Festival was ridden by Anderson, who rode Cavan in the Belmont Stakes. . . . Lincoln Road, who finished second to Tim Tam on three occasions, will run for the Ohio Derby at ThistleDown, Cleveland's show track, this weekend. I was hoping he'd meet Cavan in it, but I understand that Cavan is a doubtful starter.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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Appeared to me to rhyme with "milk."
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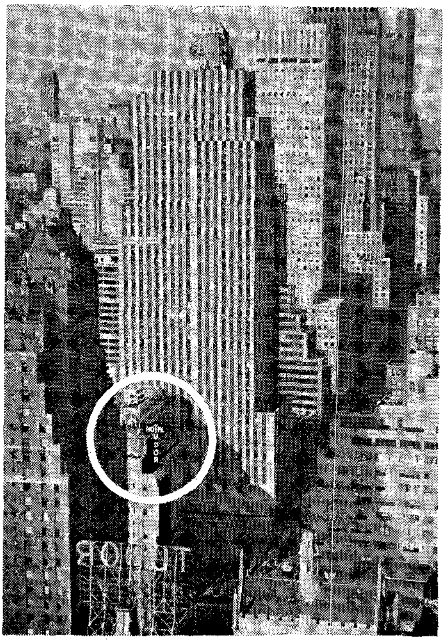
Had not, it seemed, been one of love.

And yet love's language rippled through
The reckoning; cplings, two by two,
Perhaps aroused some Puritan
To *balk* a union. Horrid man!

Or does the "union" mean The States,
Which thrift each day debilitates?
Spend foolishly just $.80,
And be a *bulwark* of defense.

—JOHN UPDIKE



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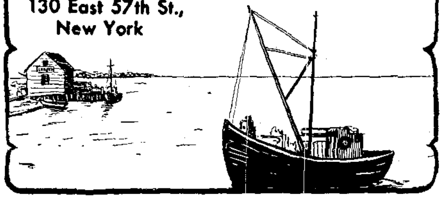

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

THE saxophone, an uneasy amalgam of the oboe, clarinet, and brass families invented a century ago by a Belgian named Adolphe Sax, has always seemed an unfinished instrument whose success depends wholly on the dexterity of its users. In the most inept hands, the trumpet, say, is always recognizable, while a beginner on the saxophone often produces an unearthly, unidentifiable braying. Even good saxophonists are apt to produce squeaks, soughs, honks, or flat, leathery tones. Thus, the few masters of the instrument—jazz musicians like Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Harry Carney, Hilton Jefferson, and Ben Webster (classical saxophonists usually play with a self-conscious sherbetlike tone)—deserve double praise. Ben Webster, the forty-nine-year-old tenor saxophonist from Kansas City, has for almost twenty years played with a subtle poignancy matched only by such men as Hawkins and Johnny Hodges (from both of whom he learned a good deal), Lucky Thompson, Herschel Evans, and Don Byas. A heavy, sedate man, with wide, boxlike shoulders, who holds his instrument stiffly in front of him, as if it were a figurehead, Webster played in various big bands before the four-year tour of duty with Duke Ellington that began in 1939. Since then, he has worked with small units and his style, which was developed during his stay with Ellington, has become increasingly purified and refined. Like the work of many sensitive jazz musicians, it varies a good deal according to tempo. In a slow ballad number, Webster's tone is soft and enormous, and he is apt to start his phrases with whooshing smears that give one the impression of being suddenly picked up by a breaker and carried smoothly to shore. Whereas Hawkins tends to reshape a ballad into endless, short, busy phrases, Webster employs long, serene figures that often (particularly in the blues, which he approaches much as he might a ballad) achieve a fluttering, keening quality—his wide vibrato frequently dissolves into echoing, ghostlike breaths—not unlike that of a cantor. His tone abruptly shrinks in middle tempos and, as if

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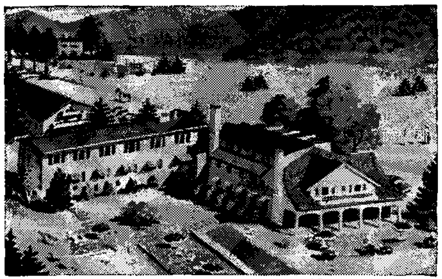

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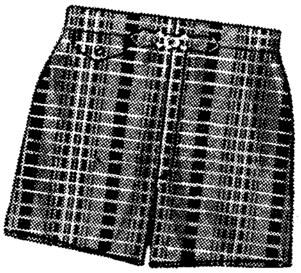

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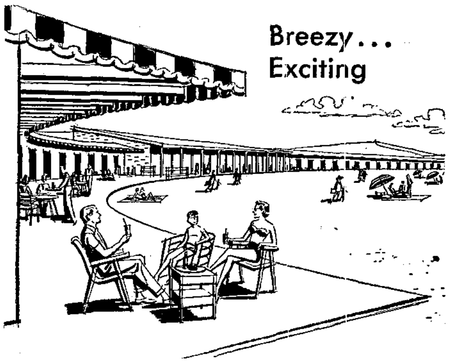
it were too bulky to carry at such a pace, becomes an oblique yet urgent and highly rhythmic whispering, like a steady breeze stirring leaves. In fast tempos a curious thing frequently happens. He will play one clean, rolling chorus and then—whether from uneasiness, excitement, or an attempt to express the inexpressible—adopt a sharp, growling tone that, used sparingly, can be extremely effective, or, if sustained for several choruses, takes on a grumpy, monotonous sound. At his best, though, Webster creates, out of an equal mixture of embellishment and improvisation, loose poetic melodies that have a generous air rare in jazz, which is capable of downright meanness.

Webster is in faultless condition in two recent recordings, "Bill Harris and Friends" (Fantasy 3263) and "Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You: Harry Edison" (Verve Clef Series MGV-8211). In the first, he is given as much space as Harris, a tufted-toned trombonist who delivers bunches of rich, dogged, vibratoless notes that seem to perforate rather than transform the melody. The contrast to Webster's style is striking. There are seven numbers, all of them standards, including a spoofing of sweet music—"Just One More Chance"—that is more energetic than funny. (Jazz and slapstick just don't mix.) Webster gives a classic five-and-a-half-minute treatment to a slow ballad, "Where Are You?;" plays a memorable solo in "I Surrender, Dear," again at a slow tempo; and then, in Ellington's "In a Mellotone," which is done at a relaxed jog and lasts almost ten minutes, puts together a long, perfectly sustained set of variations that are possibly the best he has ever recorded. The rhythm section (Jimmy Rowles on piano, Red Mitchell on bass, and Stan Levey on drums) is precise but timid. It all brings to mind the handful of records Webster made in the mid-forties with Sidney Catlett, an incomparable drummer, who brushed aside Webster's occasional tendency to coast by ceaselessly pushing him with sharp, perfectly timed rimshots and bass-drum beats. Webster has never played with quite the same intensity since.

On the second record, Webster appears with the trumpeter Harry Edison, Oscar Peterson, Barney Kessel (guitar), Ray Brown (bass), and Alvin Stoller (drums). There are seven standards, including three extremely pleasant blues. Edison, a casual, repetitive soloist, takes up a good deal of space, which he shares with Kessel and Peterson, who are intense but equally repeti-



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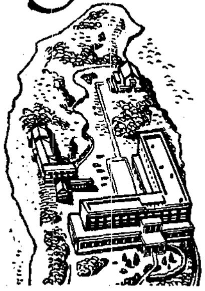

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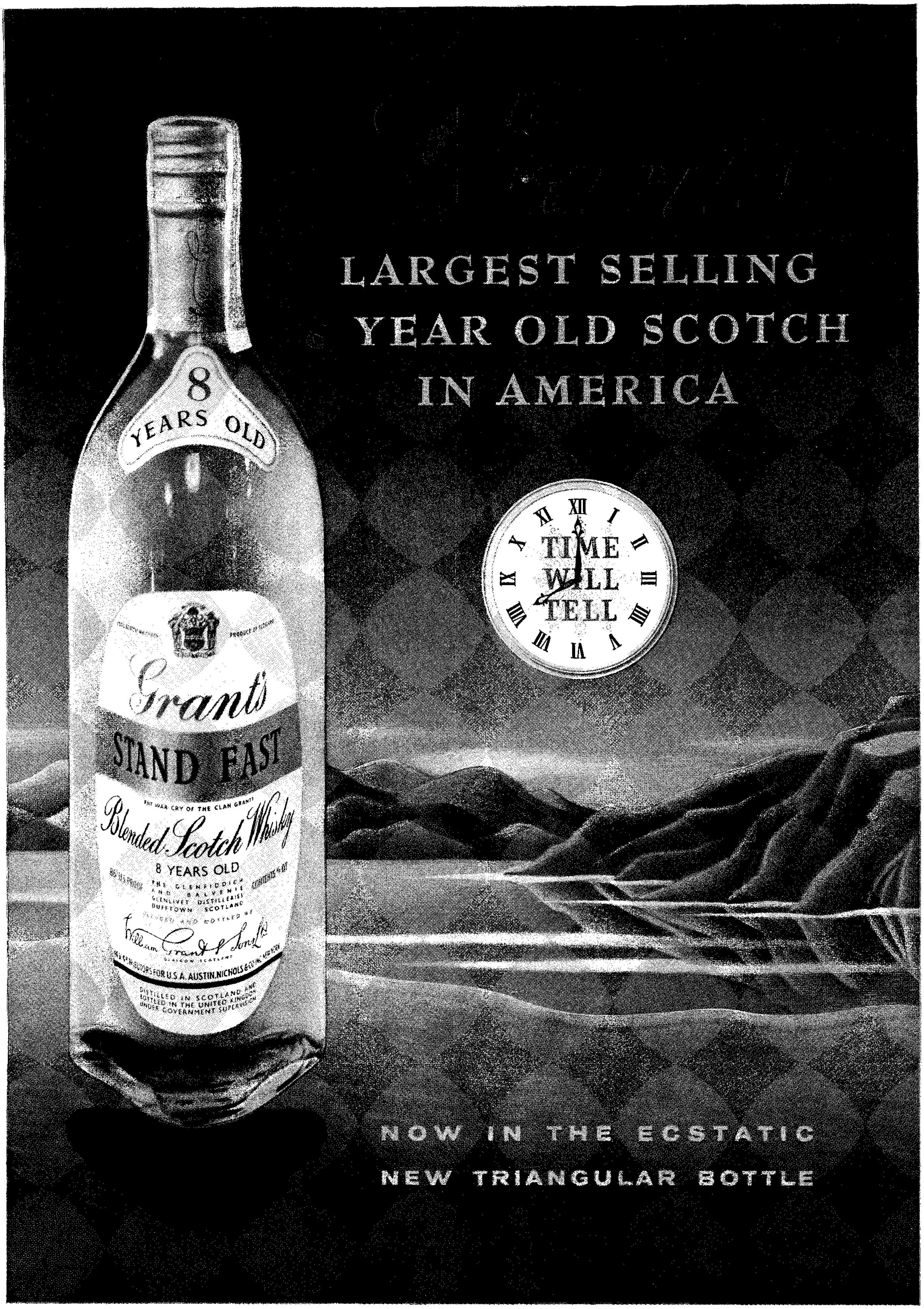
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tive performers. The rhythm section, indeed, has a clogged, airless sound that seems to hobble Edison, if not Webster, who, particularly in the opening of his solo in "Taste on the Place," lines along as gracefully as a gull.

"TRAV'LIN' LIGHT THE JIMMY GIUFFRE 3" (Atlantic 1282) is a conscientious, peculiarly static series of embellishments on the techniques—intricate, partly written contrapuntal ensembles; short solos; the absence of a sounded beat—evident in Giuffre's one previous trio recording, which, even in its more mournful moments, had a buoyant, Panlike quality. One reason for this deliberateness is a change in instrumentation; the bassist has been replaced by a valve trombonist, Bob Brookmeyer, a remarkably inventive instrumentalist, whose work resembles the light, glancing trumpet of Bill Coleman and Joe Wilder. (Jim Hall, the guitarist, remains, and Giuffre, as usual, alternates between the clarinet and the tenor and baritone saxophones.) At the same time, the tonal qualities of Brookmeyer's instrument both fill in and blur the outlines of the original trio, which had a pleasant brittleness. Another reason is Giuffre's predominant use of ensembles—there are almost no solos—in which the three voices wind heavily around one another, like garrulous people gossiping away a hot summer evening. There is, however, excitement in such numbers as "Forty-second Street," "Show Me the Way to Go Home," and "The Swamp People" (there are, in all, four numbers by Giuffre and four standards), but it evaporates in the slow, lyrical pieces, in which Giuffre sticks to the clarinet, playing it in a pale, hesitant, gloved manner, as if he were trying to imply rather than state his music.

Some of this determined indirectness occurs again in "Jimmy Giuffre and His Music Men Play 'The Music Man'" (Atlantic 1276). He has arranged eleven numbers from the current musical for four saxophones, three trumpets, a bass, and drums, and Meredith Willson's score, which is full of turn-of-the-century brass-band music and parlor songs, takes on a muted, blues sound that suggests that Giuffre could probably make an entire symphony orchestra seem like his trio plaintively discoursing in a back room.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the Peoria (Ill.) Journal Star*]

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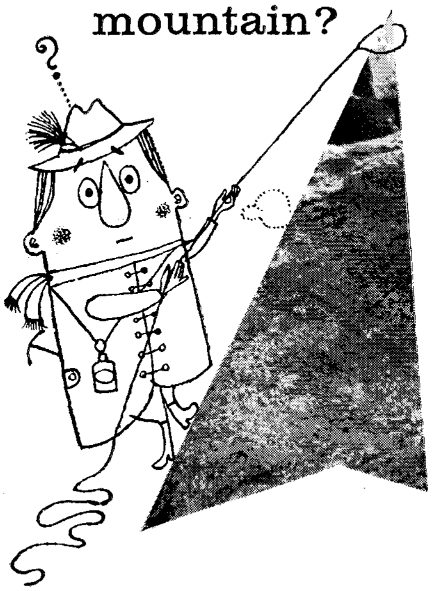

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BOOKS

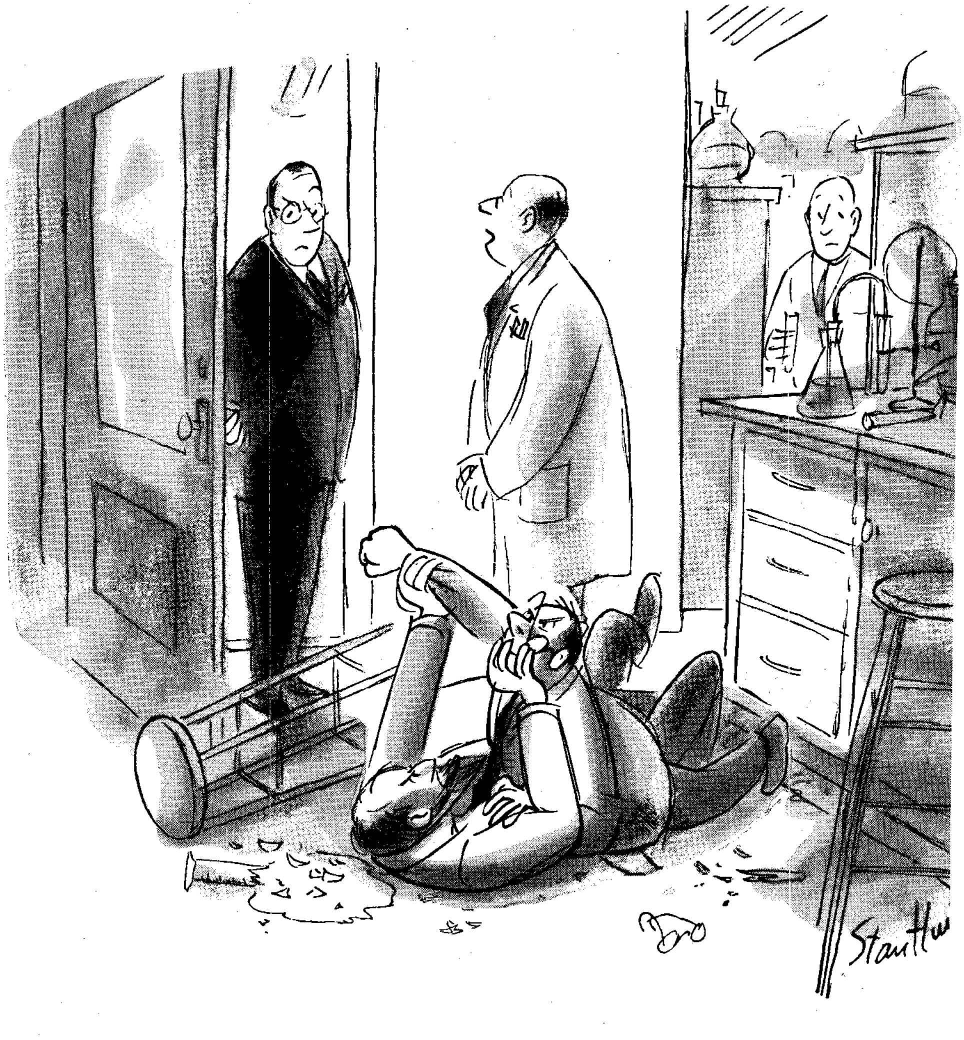
The Figure in the Linoleum

IN recent years, a number of young British writers have risen to attack the status quo, and thereby earned for themselves a collective title they cordially detest—the Angry Young Men. It must be said that they have excellent grounds for this dislike, for the label implies a greater unanimity among them than really exists, and it tempts the critics to ignore their writings in favor of treating them as walking artifacts, as products of the welfare state, or as symptoms of a disintegrating class structure. But now, in "Declaration" (Dutton), Tom Maschler has brought eight of these writers together to declare their beliefs and set everyone straight. "This volume," he writes, "aims at helping the public to understand what is happening while it is actually happening—at uncovering a certain pattern taking shape in British thought and literature." It is a curious document.

The first writer to step forward is Mr. Colin Wilson, who believes that all the world's troubles can be traced to the fact that Outsiders, a class of humanity he invented a while ago, are not the spiritual leaders of our society. "There," he keenly observes, "is the problem in a nutshell. The superficiality of our leaders brings us nearer every year to the inevitable end. The cheapness of our ideas, the mere surface-philosophy that . . . underlies our concept of progress, the pseudo-philosophy of our professors—such men as [A. J.] Ayer and [Bertrand] Russell—take us closer to the complete breakdown of our civilization day by day." The "humanists," whose philosophy produced "nothing but mass-boredom and frustration, and periodic outbreaks of world-war," have been in power so long that Mr. Wilson is not certain that the ultimate catastrophe can be averted. To be sure, he does see a scattering of hopeful signs, among them that "Heidegger has made Outsider-philosophy respected by the professors in Germany." That *is* encouraging. Martin Heidegger, you may recall, is the savant who strongly endorsed the Nazis when Hitler came to power, thus making it clear that he wanted no part of the warlike program of humanist philosophy. But with so many humanists still at large, Mr. Wilson considers the future of mankind a doubtful matter. "I can only try to indicate," he observes with commendable modesty, "what conditions would have to be fulfilled if our civilization were to be saved. The Outsider is the key." Does the reader ask why? Because "*the problem of the Outsider is now the problem of the whole civilization.*" (The italics are not mine but Mr. Wilson's. They accomplish for him what logical demonstration accomplishes for other philosophers, and with much less trouble.) Therefore he calls upon all writers and artists to save the world by adopting "a common credo, as in former ages," which, "reduced to its simplest formula, is an Outsider viewpoint." The artist who boggles at Mr. Wilson's vision of a society governed by Outsiders conceivably will find comfort in the news that "beyond the Outsider's contempt of security lies the simple businessman's principle: nothing ventured, nothing gained." And, as Mr. Wilson further points out, "if the Outsider ceased to be an Outsider, and became a spiritual driving force in society, he would need an organization to support him." Has Mr. Wilson considered—this is just a suggestion—applying to the Ford Foundation?

If Mr. John Osborne, the second essayist in this collection, received Colin Wilson's invitation to embrace the Outsider's credo, he gives no sign. The author of "Look Back in Anger" has other things on his mind, among them the hydrogen bomb, the British Labour Party, the Church of England, the Royal Family, popular journalism, the Conservatives, the London stage, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and literary reviews. He hasn't a good word for any of them. On the other hand, Mr. Osborne does have an impressive assortment of bad words at his disposal, and he uses them with a vehemence that fairly stuns:

> During the past fifty years, the Church has repeatedly ducked every moral issue that has been thrown at its head—poverty, unemployment, fascism, war, South Africa, the H-Bomb, and so on. . . . After half a century of watching groups of wealthy



"It seems they were following parallel lines of investigation that suddenly converged."

theologians publicly turning their back on Jesus, the British public slowly began to realize that the bishops were just playing another word game, like the politicians. . . . Every day on the radio, in the press, and on television, the Church hawked around its Jesus Figure like a vacuum cleaner, but nobody felt inclined to buy a machine that not only failed to beat, sweep, or clean, but actually made a nice mess as well. It had JESUS written on the bag, but the bag contained only the air of another bunch of overpaid liars. . . . Like so many other English Institutions, the Church was beginning to lose its comic value.

Turning to the Royal Family, Mr. Osborne begins almost gently:

> My objection to the Royalty symbol is that it is dead; it is the gold filling in a mouthful of decay. While the cross symbol represented *values*, the crown simply represents a *substitute* for values.

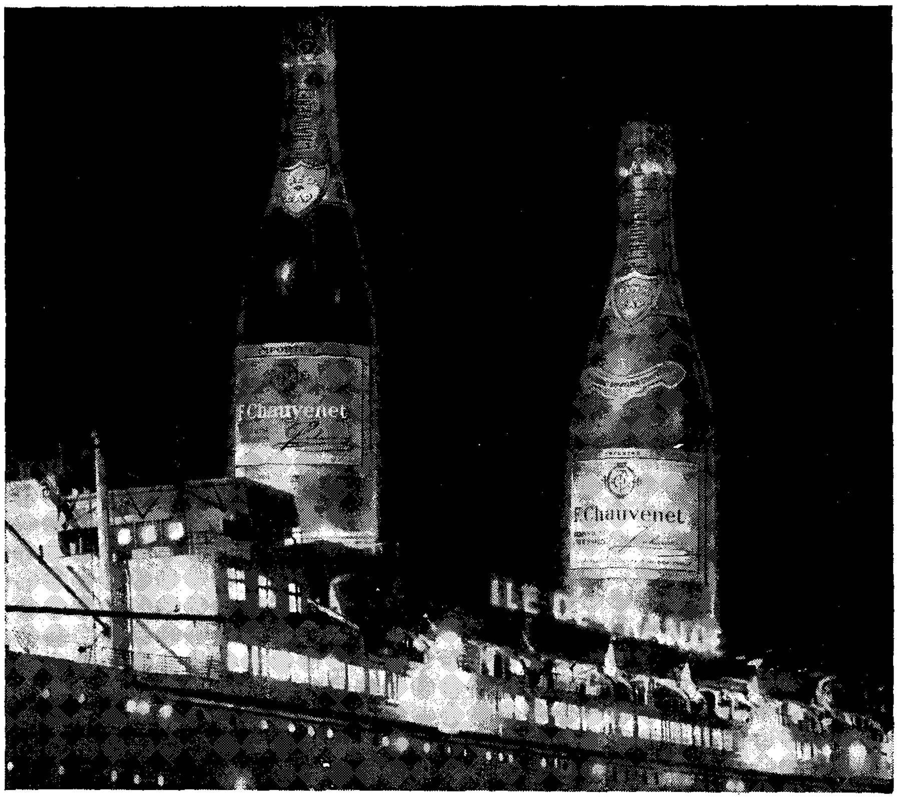
Presently he hits his full stride:

> Nobody can seriously pretend that the royal round of gracious boredom, the protocol of ancient fatuity, is politically useful or morally stimulating—the state visits to countries like France and Portugal which successfully fulfil the monarchy function of disguising important political issues—such as the barbarity of the French Government's policy in Algeria, and the openly anti-democratic constitution of Portugal—in a sludge of generalized patriotic feelings.

This is good, stirring, ungrammatical invective, but it will seem misdirected to Mr. Osborne's American readers, who, without benefit of the institutions he assaults, have managed to achieve most of the conditions he deplores. Still, his instincts are sound, and his fluency in the difficult and declining art of imprecation almost places him beyond the responsibility to talk perfect sense.

No such plea can be entered for Mr. John Wain, the next writer to air his views, nor does he require one. His essay is by far the most thoughtful in the book. Mr. Wain begins by arguing that the artist's function "is always to *humanize* the society he is living in, to assert the importance of humanity in the teeth of whatever is currently trying to annihilate that importance." This requires, he continues, that the artist place himself into some intelligible relationship with other men, that he weigh his society and find some coherent attitude toward it. And the most striking thing about contemporary society is that its crucial discoveries, in both science and the arts, were made before the First World War. Our most "modern" ideas have been around a remarkable number of years:

> In short, the position is difficult because of the slowness of change, not its speed. The surface of life has altered very quickly, but the inner core was re-structured in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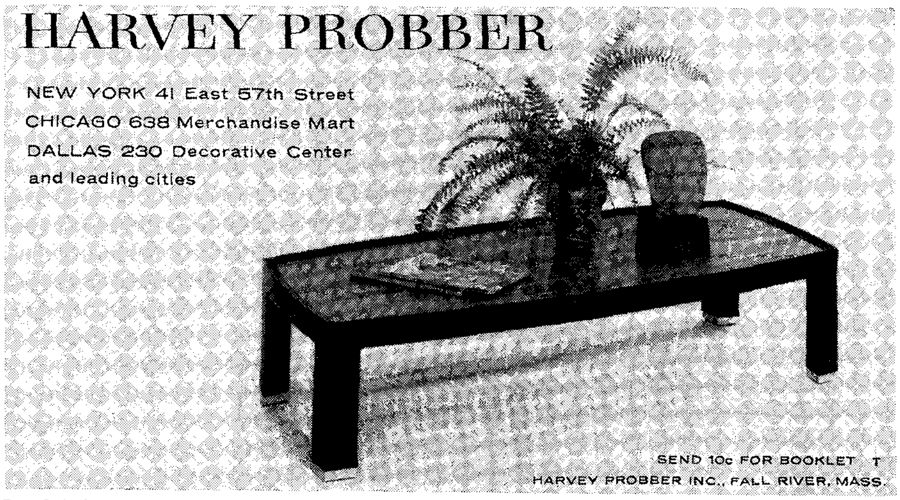
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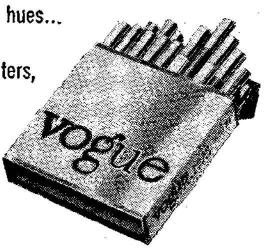
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about 1912, and until the next major step forward—which may not be for a century or two, if ever—it is unlikely to alter much. Journalists don't realize this because they think that things like television, artificial satellites, and cars with no clutches are signs of change—are, indeed, changes in themselves. But of course the only change worth taking notice of is a change in character.

Since he views the present as "a time of assessment," Mr. Wain holds that clear thinking is more urgently needed than originality. He concludes with this analogy:

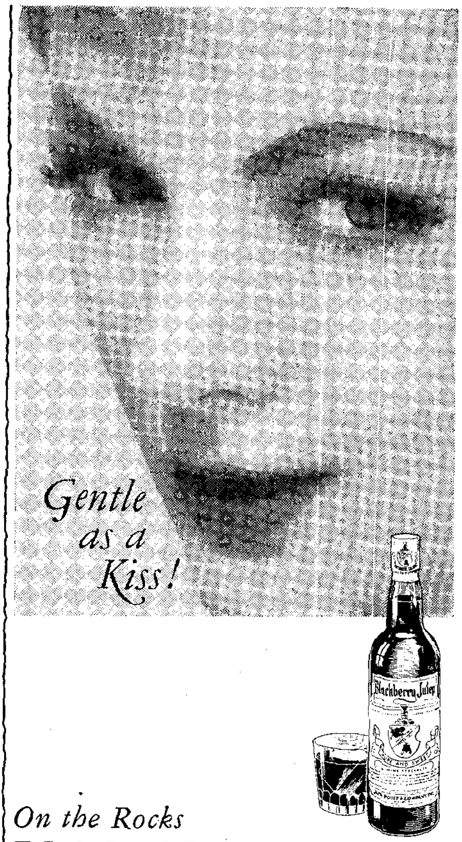
> The present phase of history finds Western mankind in the position of an inexpert tightrope walker, who has launched himself with a slithering rush, and now finds himself halted, with a sea of upturned faces below him, and the second half of his journey to go. *That* is why we cannot afford charlatanism; it is also why the young must continue to ignore their elders who jeer at them for being cautious, for dealing in half-measures, for not having "passion" or being "committed.". . . I believe we must have the nerve to go on step by step; and that means having the courage to say No to our fools, however influential and important they may be.

Thus Mr. Wain finds himself at loggerheads with Mr. Wilson, who is all for passion, and with Mr. Osborne, who believes "it is too late for caution." And each of these gentlemen is in fundamental disagreement with the other. The question obtrudes: What *is* "the pattern taking shape in British thought and literature"? I am sorry to say I cannot make it out. No two of these essayists agree. To Lindsay Anderson, a film critic and director, "Wain is talking already like an empty-headed, avuncular Tory." For a moment, it seems that Stuart Holroyd, the author of "Emergence from Chaos," is going to agree with Colin Wilson, for he, too, is down on humanists and hopes to see civilization saved by a spiritual revival, but Mr. Holroyd evidently declines to accept the proposition that the Outsider is the key to that salvation. Indeed, he doesn't mention the creature once.

> What is most urgently required at the present time is that men should recover a sense of their uniqueness, and should, with all their power, *will* to be immortal. It is no exaggeration to say that survival depends upon this. . . . Our present need is not so much to come back to religion as to re-discover it and re-create it. That is the task we must set ourselves.

But if we agree with Kenneth Tynan's interpretation of the pattern of British thought, both Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Wilson are superfluous threads. For the *Observer's* drama critic writes:

> I have mentioned metaphysics; and this may be the moment to deal with a group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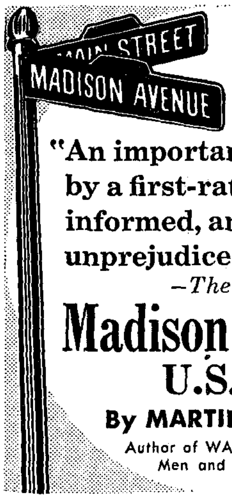

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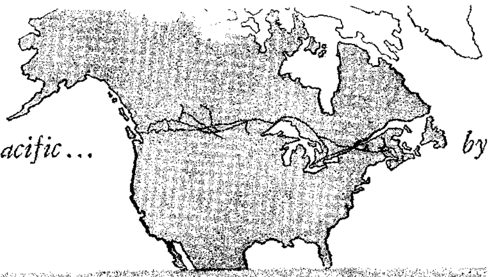

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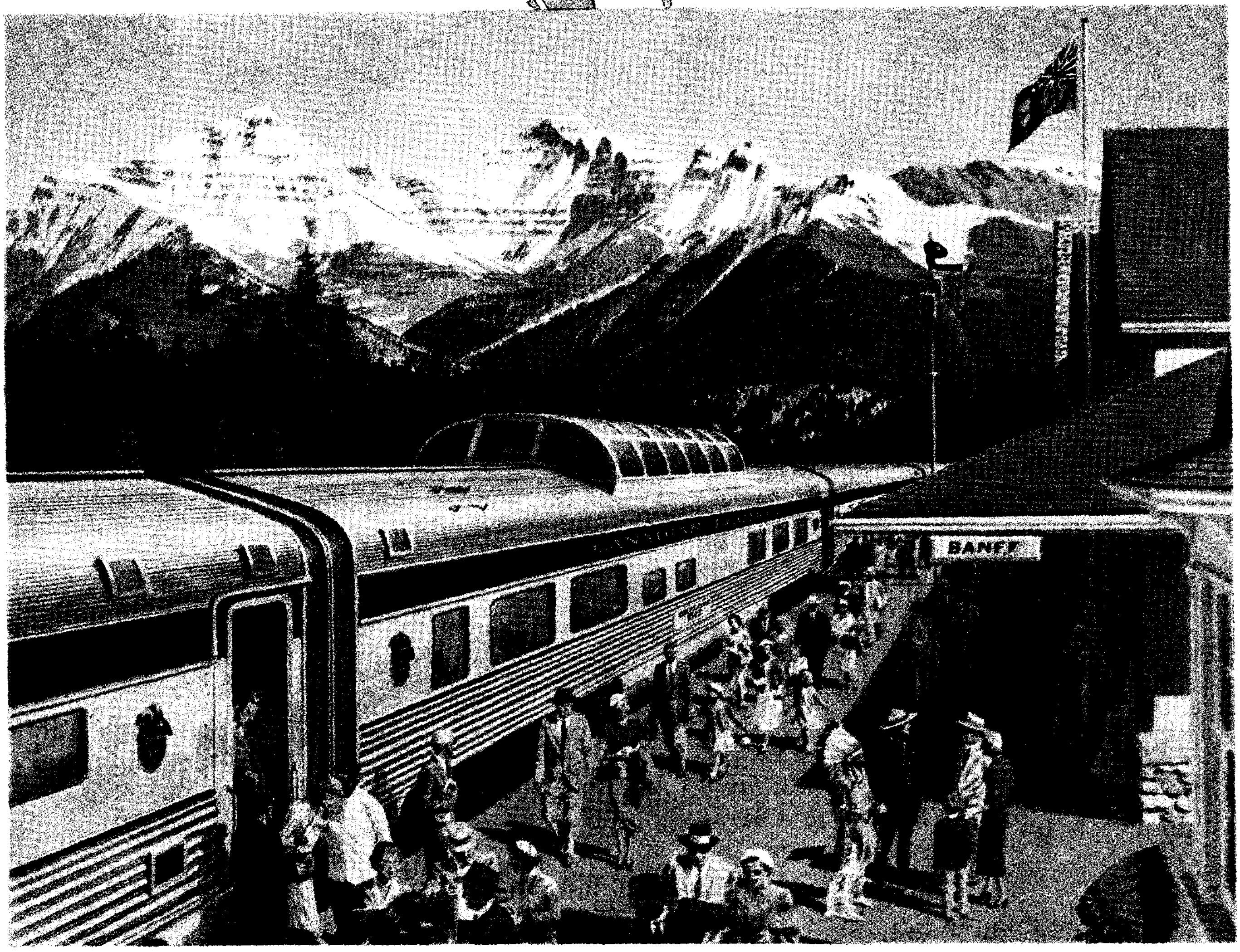

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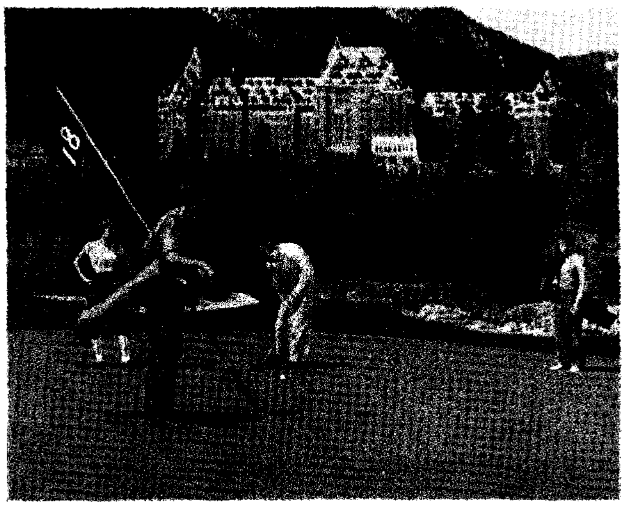

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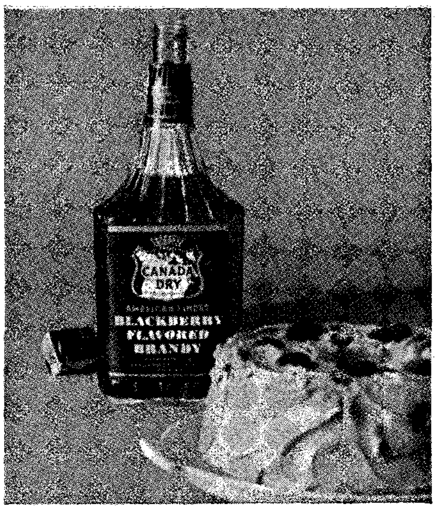
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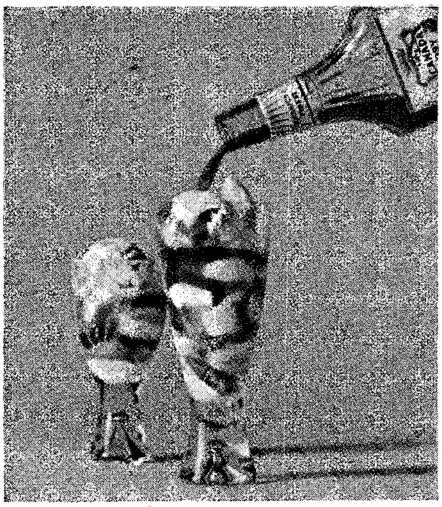

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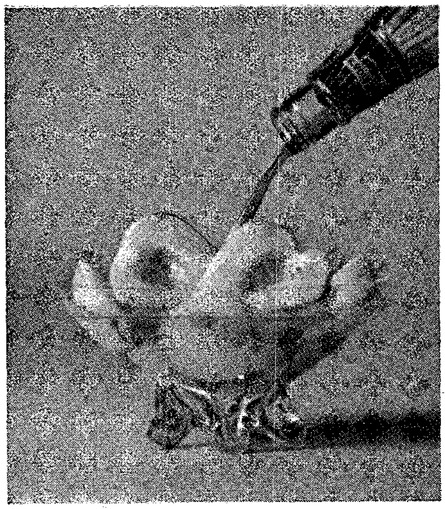

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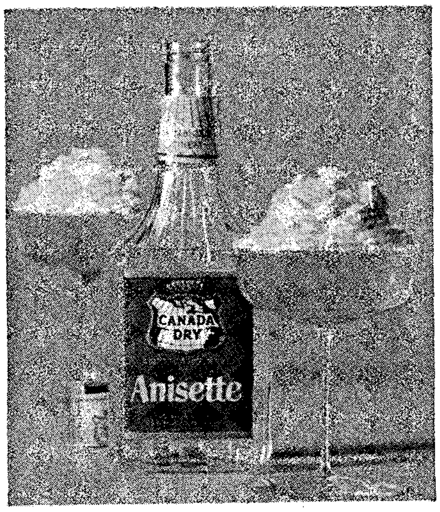
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of young writers who have recently made a determined attempt to capture the believing majority in the name of "a new religion" and "a spiritual revival." To people already conditioned by such uplift sedatives as "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale, they have offered the added incitement of intellectual arrogance. . . . But perhaps I am taking these striplings too seriously. Some of them, after all, have barely started Shavian.

And where, in this configuration, will we find a place for Bill Hopkins, a novelist who believes that "the duty . . . of all writers who are concerned with tomorrow is to concentrate on defining human characters at differing stages of ideal health"? A task that is not made any easier by the fact that

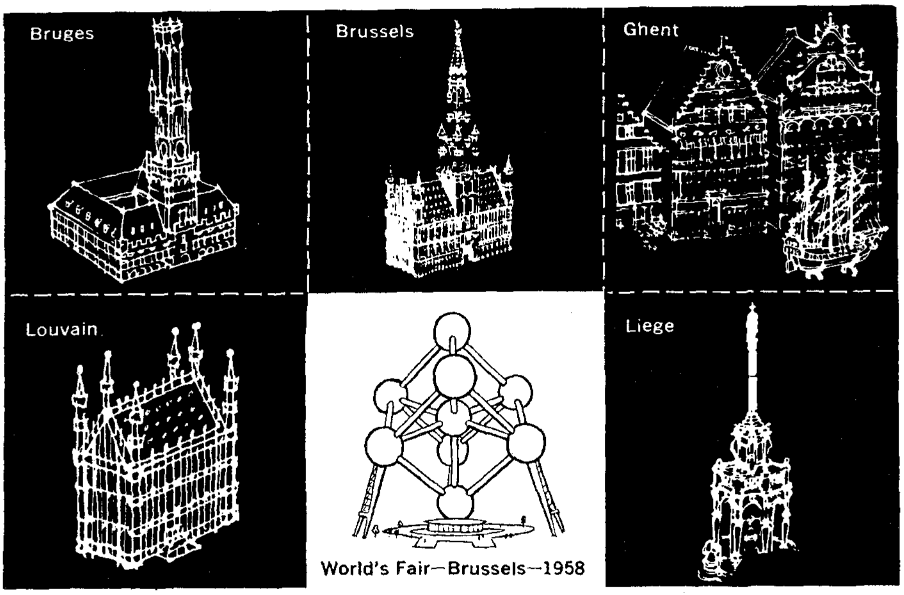
> A writer is rather a ludicrous figure at work. He must be. to put himself in an arena with berserk bulls to gauge how much damage the horns can do. The gorings constitute literally the blood and tissue of his work; they are part of his empirical research into life. Perhaps research is too dignified a term for the tattered and bloody creature he becomes if he persists until he reaches the level of a good writer.

This last reservation is sound, as far as it goes. But surely we ought to think twice before calling any creature, even one that has not reached the level of a good writer, a research. Let us see what Doris Lessing, another novelist, makes of the artist's function:

> Once a writer has a feeling of responsibility, as a human being, for the other human beings he influences, it seems to me he must become a humanist, and must feel himself as an instrument of change for good or for bad.

Which brings us all the way around to Colin Wilson, who seeks to annihilate everyone in Miss Lessing's camp with the emphatic pronouncement that "humanistic liberalism won't do."

If there is a pattern in all this, it is a subtle one. What "Declaration" seems to indicate is less an intellectual movement than a vast dispersion of thought and feeling. Perhaps the most telling contribution is by Mr. Kingsley Amis, who declined to submit an essay at all but whose refusal speaks eloquently: "I hate all this pharisaical twittering about the 'state of our civilization' and I suspect anyone who wants to buttonhole me about my 'role in society.' " It seems that when we lift the blanket labelled "Angry Young Men" we find not a group but an agglomeration whose members lack even that irreducible minimum of shared assumptions that makes dialogue possible. Conversation has given way to harangue,



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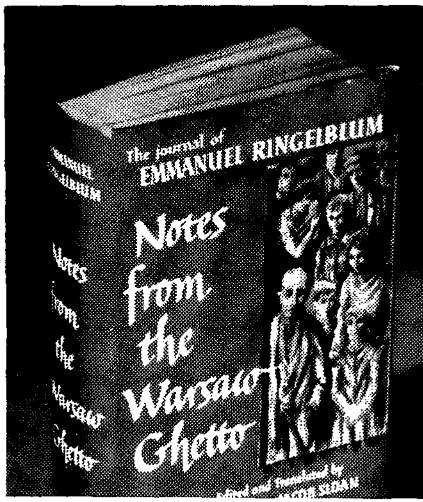
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and words are used not to persuade but to intimidate. Even John Wain, who insists upon the need to "humanize" our society, cannot resist driving the point home with an outburst of italic pugnacity: "*And he that is not with us is against us.*" It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the young intellectuals in Britain, like those in another country that comes to mind, are finding it uncommonly difficult to talk to one another, and almost impossible to listen.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREAT DAYS, by John Dos Passos (Sagamore). Roland Lancaster, a journalist, is fifty-nine years old. The brilliant success of his youth and the adventure and fame of his middle years are behind him. His wife, whom he loved, is dead. Alone and almost broke, knowing that he is dismissed as a has-been in his profession, he stakes everything he owns on one last attempt to recapture the confidence he felt in his great days. Gathering up all the cash he can lay hands on, he flies to Havana with a lovely red-haired waif named Elsa, who is about thirty years younger than he is. He has often been to Havana in happier days, and he believes that if there is a chance in the world for him, he will find it in that city. His plan is to uncover a great story, write it, court Elsa, perhaps marry her, and return to New York in triumph. But even at the beginning of his journey, as he waits for the plane that will carry him and Elsa toward their gamble, he knows that the hour is too late for him. The old belted English raincoat that he likes to wear feels hot and heavy, and he looks with disgust at the two battered pigskin suitcases that have travelled with him for years. He tries to dazzle Elsa with stories of his past life, but she is interested only in describing her miserable childhood and bemoaning her inability to love. With no communication between himself and Elsa, Lancaster is tormented by his thoughts until he can hardly tell which thought is fear of the present and the future and which is memory of the past. Everywhere he casts his mind he finds pain, and he mocks himself for an old fool and believes he sees mockery in the eyes of all who look at him. He cannot keep up with Elsa's drinking, let alone cut a ro-

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mantic figure in her eyes. She takes up with companions who despise him and who are detestable to him; his wallet, containing all the money he has, is stolen; his outline of a story is rejected by New York; and he is thoroughly brushed off by an old and very influential friend who happens to be passing through Havana. He decides to kill himself, but when it comes to the point, he discovers that he doesn't really want to die. Instead, he scrapes up some money to get himself and Elsa back to the United States, but, for lack of the fare, he breaks his own journey at Miami, where he faces the fact that he is a penniless, friendless failure. But he is still alive, and not only is he alive but he becomes aware that, in losing everything, even the shreds of his vanity, he has also lost fear. Lancaster was never a man to be pitied, but he was afraid of seeming pitiable, and at the end of his story, with all his pretenses gone, as he understands that he no longer dreads pity or mockery or anything else, because he sees himself at last simply as a man, he becomes a splendid figure.

THE OLDEST CONFESSION, by Richard Condon (Appleton-Century-Crofts). This flamboyant and exciting story is built around a remarkable person named James Bourne, the son of an American millionaire, who has chosen to become a professional criminal and now, after three years of industrious and cunning preparation, is ready to rob Spain of some of her greatest paintings. The scene is mainly Madrid, where Bourne runs a small hotel, for camouflage. The other principals in the story are Bourne's beautiful wife, Eve, whom he rescued from despair; Cayetano Jiminez, Spain's greatest bullfighter; and the Duchess of Dos Cortes, "an intense, formidably prejudiced woman of memorable, sensual beauty and suspended youth, a tribal yo-yo on a string eight hundred years long, whose pale, blond hair was dark at the root." These four, abetted by people who, like them, behave invariably in the grand manner, create a situation that is as ironic, as funny, as painful, and as hopeless as any that a human being can imagine. Mr. Condon is a fascinating writer.

NOTE: "Oooh, What You Said!," which has been published by Simon & Schuster, is a collection of nineteen of Arthur Kober's humorous short stories. All but three of them

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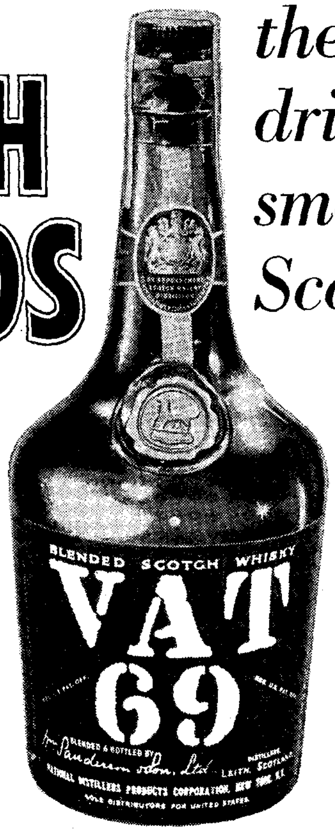

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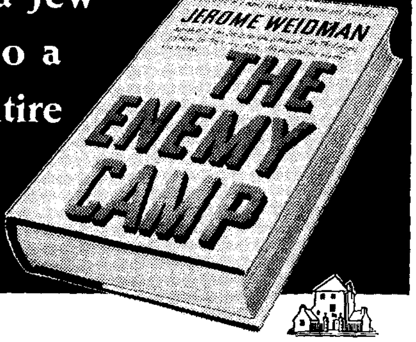

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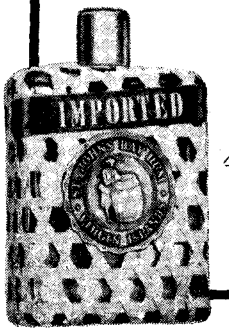

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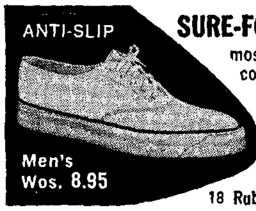

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originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

THE ITALIAN LAKES, by Gabriel Faure, translated from the French by George Millard, with a map and a hundred and sixty-nine photographs by various photographers (Essential Books). Yes, of course, the Italian Lakes—tiled roofs and terraced gardens and vines cascading from lichen-stained stone balustrades. If you haven't seen them in actuality, you have seen them, as a child, on the canvas backdrop of the Majestic Theatre (vaudeville Friday and Saturday, and long since torn down to make room for a parking lot). Also, it is a fact that any competent photographer can make parts of southern New Jersey look like the Earthly Paradise. Even so, if you are susceptible, and are not going to Italy this summer, the photographs in this book—of olive trees and chestnut trees, of fishing nets drying in the sun, of stone steps leading over a hill in the park of the Villa Trivulzio, of clouds, of the harbor of San Vigilio seen through hanging grape leaves, of lemon carts, cliffs, rowboats, oxen, pitted stone columns, and climbing roses, of the lake and the unreal mountains at Cadenabbia—are enough to make you take to your bed.

THE GREAT EB: THE STORY OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, by Herman Kogan (University of Chicago Press). An extremely able history—comprehensive, accurate, literate, and entertainingly enlivened by incident and anecdote—of the world's most celebrated compendium of general knowledge, from its scholarly inception in Edinburgh in 1768, through its transatlantic passage just before the First World War, to its present profitable, and presumably permanent, seat in Chicago. Illustrated with photographs.

NOTE: "Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures," a selection from among the Profiles and other reports that Philip Hamburger has written for this magazine over the past ten years, has been published by Rinehart.

•

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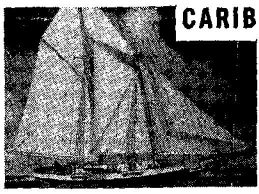

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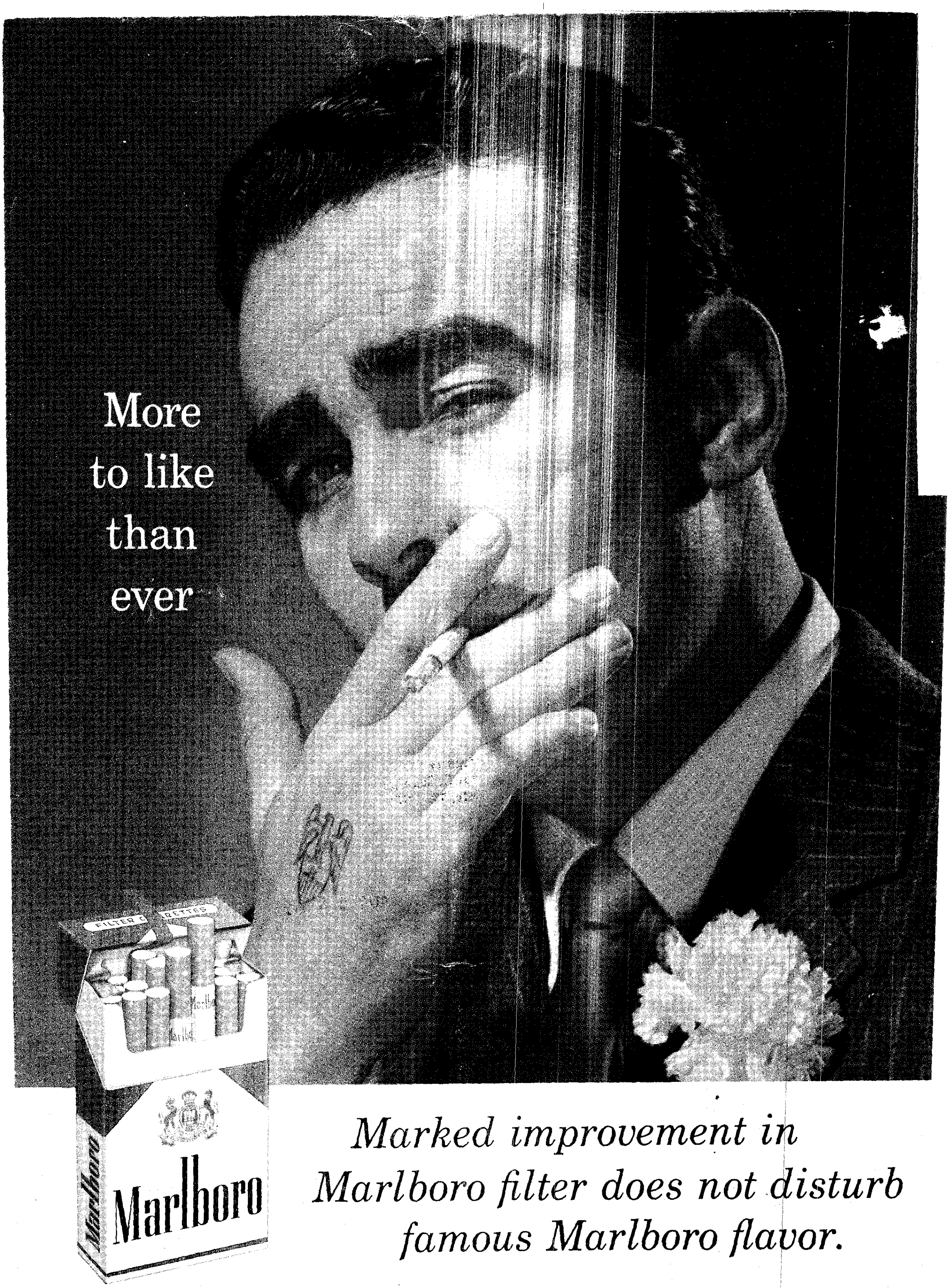
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